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THE  
BERWICK MUSEUM  
OR,  
MONTHLY  
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE  
FORMING AN  
UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY  
OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

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JUST AS THE BEE COLLECTS HONEY  
FROM EV'RY FLOW'ER AND SHEDS  
SO WHAT FROM VARIOUS BOOKS  
I GIVE, THO' NOT THE WHOLE

---

VOL. I

BERWICK  
PRINTED BY W.  
Anno 1



# THE BERWICK MUSEUM,

OR,

## MONTHLY LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

BEING A VIEW OF THE  
HISTORY, POLITICS, AND LITERATURE  
OF THE TIMES;

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*The Muse, to the Editor of the  
Berwick Museum.*

**L**ONG have we wish'd our empire to  
maintain,

Along the Tweed, and rule o'er Ber-  
wick's plain,

That we with all our influ'ence, might  
inspire

Each thoughtful swain, with more than  
mortal fire.

But, tho' we are, by ev'ry swain ad-  
mir'd,

Caress'd, esteem'd, beloved and desir'd,  
Yet we to few will ever condescend,

The envy'd favour of our smiles to lend,  
But woo'd now and nobly gain'd by  
these,

With pleasure we, to Berwick cross the  
sea ;

From proud Parnassus' top we take our  
flight,

And on the famed Halydown alight,  
Where Scotia bled, thro' all her noblest  
veins,

And, with her blood, o'erflow'd the  
neighb'ring plains ;

But the old Scotia boasts an honour'd  
name,

Yet England claims superior might and  
fame.

But to return, we mount our royal  
throne

On Halydown ; and claim it as our own.  
Thence we give laws to all the human  
race,

Who court our smiles and our fam'd  
altars grace.

Thanks for thy zeal, good Editor, and  
care ;

Thou largely shalt our genial influ'ence  
share !

Go on, go on, and all our will display,  
And states and kingdoms shall thy will  
obey,

So great shall be thy honour and thy  
fame,

That future ages shall extol thy name !

Given at our Palace, on Parnassus,  
this fifteenth of January, 1787.

EUTERPE, Secretary.

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# BERWICK MUSEUM;

O R,  
MONTHLY LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

F O R J A N U A R Y 1887.

## A PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION OF JANUARY.

THE sun has passed his southern boundary, and is again returning towards the northern climes; but winter is still in its meridian, and the soil strongly bound with frozen fetters. The skater, pleased with the slippery plain, flies over the polished surface with amazing swiftness. This is only here, indeed, a pleasing and healthful exercise; but in Holland, it answers many valuable purposes. The multiplicity of canals in that country, when the surface is congealed into a crystal road, affords a path to the peasant, on which he travels with the fleetness of a bird. He carries, with the greatest ease, the produce of his little farm to market, and returns with pleasure to his family, before the sun has reached the western verge of day.

The winds that bear on their wings the freezing particles of the north, scatter the grosser vapours, and render the atmosphere clear and serene. The stars glitter with redoubled lustre, and the silver regent of the night darts her borrowed beams with uncommon splendor. But the groves, the

meadow, and the lawns, are deserted; death-like silence reigns amidst the vales. Pinched with cold, the labourer hastens to his cottage, and joins his family seated round the blazing hearth. Hail, ye soft sequered seats of innocence, where ambition, that dreadful scourge of nations, is unknown; where contentment smiles amidst the rural repast, and where the luxury of modern times has found no admittance! So, if happiness has not quite forsaken the earth, she has taken up her abode within the narrow limits of the peasant's cot. The weighty yoke of poverty is there, indeed, often felt; but the more poignant anguish of disappointed pride is unknown. The wants of nature afflict the sequestered tenant; but he is wholly a stranger to artificial wants which form the share of the miseries of those who move in a higher sphere, excluded from the noise and frauds and artifices of the grand villain; in no danger from the thief that conceals himself under the mantle of darkness; nor

ed with the fear of being ruined by a fraudulent bankruptcy; he eats his frugal meal with satisfaction, and sleeps in peace beneath his homely roof, till the beams of the morning call him again to toil.

What pleasing object seems yonder to decorate the dreary waste, and smile amidst the frowns of winter? It is the early snow-drop of the garden, raising its head above the carpet of the snow, and exposing its tender form to the piercing blasts of the northern gale. Hail, little harbinger of the spring! Thy appearance, even amidst the piercing cold, excites the pleasing idea of returning summer, when the earth will be again enamelled with flowers, and the little songsters of the field fill the groves with harmony, when tuneful Philomel will wile her melodious strains in the night, and the early lark soar aloft to hail the cheerful blushes of the morning dawn. How greatly is the power of vegetation displayed in this delicate plant, this little peer of the flowery tribe! It pierces the frozen glebe, and opens itself a passage through the snow, as if desirous of contrasting its own delicate whiteness, with the mantle that covers the surface of the ground.

The southern climes now glow with the heat of summer, and the inhabitants of that pole enjoy a perpetual day, while the wretched Greenlanders are surrounded in perpetual night. But why are they called wretched? They have certainly their pleasures, as well as we, and wish to be happy, by what we call happiness. North, where darkness reigns almost half the year, and the winter is their season of festivity. Like the provident bee, they lay up their food in the sum-

mer, and spend the dreary season in the caverns of the mountains. These are their cities, the scenes of their social conversations, their feasts, and their mirth. Perhaps, in one of these subterranean mansions more real pleasure and heartfelt satisfaction is enjoyed by this ignorant people, than by the more polished nations of warmer climes, in their sumptuous palaces. Nature seems, indeed, to have blended an equal portion of pleasure and pain in the life of every individual, though both are of a very different kind; for what is stilled pleasure by one, is often considered as disgusting by another. Hence we form false ideas of happiness, and are too often induced to think our own portion more bitter than that of our neighbour. But, alas! we know not the secret cares that prey upon the heart; we see only the pleasures that float upon the surface, without being able to perceive the pains concealed at the bottom. We should therefore do well to be contented with the station of life in which Providence has thought proper to place us, and to remember that, if our lot be not the happiest here, we shall enjoy hereafter an ample retribution.

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### *An Essay on Ecclesiastic and Civil Government.*

**T**HERE are two things which require order and regulation amongst men, viz. what relateth to heaven, and what relateth to this world. The things which relate to heaven, we call Ecclesiastic; and the things which relate to this world, we call Civil.

Order cannot be preserved in the world without Governors; whose business it is to observe

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whatever is according to order, and whatever is contrary thereto ; and to reward those who live according to order, and to punish those who offend against order. Without such a wise regulation the whole race of mankind must inevitably perish, since in consequence of hereditary corruption, there is an innate desire in every man to obtain power and pre-eminence, and to appropriate to himself what belongeth to others ; which is the source of enmities, envyings, hatreds, revenges, deceits, cruelties, and many more evils ; wherefore unless men were kept under some external restraint by the laws, offering the rewards of honour and wealth agreeable to their desire, to those who do good, and threatening the loss of honour, wealth, and life, to those who do evil, the whole race of mankind must inevitably perish.

It is expedient therefore that there should be governors, to keep the multitude of mankind under regulations of order ; and that these governors should be persons skilled in the knowledge of the laws, full of wisdom, and the fear of God. It is expedient also that order should be maintained amongst the governors, lest any one, thro' lust or inadvertence, should allow offences against order ; and this may be best effected by an appointment of governors of different degrees, some of higher, and others of lower authority, who shall be governed themselves by the laws of subordination.

Governors in matters Ecclesiastic, or such as relate to men's concerns with heaven and another life, are called Priests, and their office is called the priesthood ; but governors in civil matters, are such as relate to men's concerns with this world, are called Magistrates, and their Chief, where such a

form of government prevail, called King.

With respect to the office of Priests, they are to teach men the way to heaven, and likewise lead them therein ; they are to teach them according to the doctrine of their church derived from God's word ; and they are to teach them to live according to the doctrine. Such Priests as teach the doctrine of truth, and lead the flocks thereby to goodness, and so to the Lord, are the true shepherds ; but such Priests who only teach, but do not lead to the life of God, are the evil shepherds.

Priests ought not to claim themselves any power over the souls of men ; inasmuch as they cannot discern the true state of the interior, or heart ; much less ought they to claim the power of opening and shutting the kingdom of heaven, because that power belongeth to the Lord alone.

Dignity and honour ought not to be paid unto Priests on account of the sanctity of their office ; but the Lord giveth all such honour to the Lord, from whom all power cometh, and not unto men ; whereas an unwise Priest claimeth the honour to himself, and taketh it from the Lord. They ought not to claim honour to themselves on account of the sanctity of their office, but to prefer honour and wealth to the salvation of the souls committed to their care ; but they who claim honour to the Lord, and themselves, prefer the salvation of souls to honour and wealth, and the honour of any employment in the person of him who is employed therein, but is only employed to him on account of the office in which he is employed ; and what is thus done doth not belong to the person employed, but to the employment itself, being separated from

son, when he is separated from his employment. All personal honour is the honour of wisdom and the fear of the Lord.

Priests ought to instruct the people, and to lead them by the truth of instruction to goodness and righteousness of life; but they ought not in matters of faith, on any account, to use compulsion; inasmuch as no one can be compelled to believe contrary to the dictates of his understanding. Every person ought to be allowed the peaceable enjoyment of his religious opinions, howsoever they may differ from those of the Priests, on this condition, that he maintain them quietly and peaceably; but if he maketh disturbance thereby, he ought then to be separated from the community; for this is according to the laws of order, whereon the priesthood is established.

As Priests are appointed for the administration of those things which relate to the divine law and service, so Kings and Magistrates are appointed for the administration of those things, which relate to civil Law and Justice.

Forasmuch as the King cannot extend his single administration to all persons and cases, therefore there are governors under him, who are each of them invested with the power of administration, where that of the King cannot be extended. These governors taken collectively constitute the royalty; but therein the King is the chief and the head:

Royalty itself is not in the person of any one, but is annexed to the person. The King who fancieth that royalty is in his own private person, and the governor who fancieth that the dignity of

government is in his person, are alike unwise.

Royalty consisteth in governing according to the laws of the realm, and in decreasing judgment according thereto from a principle of justice. He is a wise King who considereth the law as his superior, and he is an unwise King who considereth himself as superior to the law. The King, who considereth the law as his superior, annexeth royalty to the law, and maketh himself subject thereto; because he knoweth that the law is justice, and all justice as such is divine; but the King who considereth himself as superior to the law, annexeth royalty to himself, and fancieth either that he himself is the law, or that the law, which is justice, is derived from himself; in this case he claimeth to himself that which is in its nature divine, unto which he nevertheless ought to be in subjection.

The law, which is justice, ought to be enacted by persons skilled therein, who are at the same time full of wisdom, and the fear of God; and the King and his subjects ought afterwards to live in obedience thereunto. He is a true King, who liveth in obedience to the laws of his kingdom, and setteth therein a good example to his subjects.

An absolute Monarch, who fancieth that his subjects are his slaves, and that of consequence he hath a right to their lives and properties, if he exerciseth such a power, is not a King, but a Tyrant.

The King ought to be obeyed according to the laws of the realm, nor in any wise to be injured either by word or deed; for hereupon the public security dependeth.

## C E N S U R E.

**CENSURE** is a tax, which all men of merit pay to the public; it is a folly to pretend to escape it, as well as a weakness to be affected by it; there is no defence against reproach but obscurity. A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censure of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be neglected. A spiteful saying gratifies so many little passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. Justice seems more agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he, whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. Ill nature is too often taken for wit. When eminent merit is too often robbed by censure and detractions, it does but increase by such endeavours of its enemies. It is a poor and mean pretence to merit, to make it appear by exposing the faults of others: it is something to sparkle among diamonds; but to shine among pebbles is neither pleasure nor credit. The ill we do exposes us not so much to hatred, as our good qualities. If we had no defects of our own, we should not take so much pleasure as we do to remark defects in others: we speak ill of others to recommend ourselves; and it is more from an esteem of our own opinion, than we extol the good qualities of others, than from an esteem of their merit. We raise the reputation of some to pull

Vol. II.

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down that of others; and to raise down that of others to raise our own. Censure often shows more your to false merit than injury to true. We speak ill of others from vanity than malice. There is a certain sign of an ill heart, a man inclined to defamation; this is a neglect of what is due to himself, and an offence of seeing it in others. A low race of men take a pleasure in finding an eminent man's character levelled to their common by a report of his defects. Impudence and impertinence generally arise from some hint or suggestion of our own demerits. A maxim of morality to speak nothing but truth of the living and good of the dead. Lord Shaftesbury left his name and character to posterity, to foreign nations, and some years were past, to his country. The common character of a society is thought concerned; a good character is calumny. What you detract from another's perfection, you give to your own. It is the common refuge of a pointed ambition to ease itself of detraction. Never give an appearance of things, nor haste to condemn any body. Remember, there are things more probable than are not true. We are so much concerned at being injured by calumny, as those who are readiest to cast it on their neighbours. The way to avoid calumny, says Bias, is to be exercised in such things as are praise-worthy. Socrates said, it is truth I mind, not censure. Aristotle says, that those who are much censured, censure with a light. Diogenes said, You abuse me, I may commend myself; the world will believe me no Axamander, being laughed at singing, said, I must learn to sing better. Epictetus says, Com-

if what is said of you be true, and reform, that you may not deserve censure. Plato says, if any one scandalize you; live so, that your friends may not believe them. As charity ought to begin at home, so ought our censures; for the greatest offender in the compass of a man's knowledge, is generally himself. A free and generous confession enervates reproach, and diffuses slander. There are some forlorn maids, who mingle with their own sin, and contrast familiarities out of malice, and with no other design but to blast the hopes of lovers, destroy the expectations of parents, and benevolence and good will of friends. Were all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches, which we spread abroad concerning one another. Censure generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind, in those persons with whom we converse. Nothing is so universally blamed, or practised as scandal. I would have a man examine and search into his own heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil disposition of mind which is here mentioned: First of all let him consider, whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others; secondly, whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous, on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured side; thirdly, whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as extend to the discredit of another. Truth is as far

far from falsehood as the ears from the eyes; and conscious demerit is the great foundation of that credulity of reports, to the disadvantage of others which does such dishonour to humanity.

*Meditations on a Teapot.*

IT certainly may be excused if a man are sometimes visionary, (the wisest and best being often so) and carry their speculations beyond the bounds of reality; and fanciful people, by right reason, can never be convinced of their mistakes. Pray, reader, be serious, while I set down one of my reveries.

What is the world said I to myself but a large china warehouse? And what is man, who makes so useful a part of it, but a china teapot? St. Paul says, man is of the earth earthy, divines call him a *temperament of clay*, philosophers and physicians assert that the stamina of the human body are mere earth, chemists find, by an analysis, that white earth is all that remains of us at the bottom of the crucible, the preacher, in his elegant sketch of anatomy, and of our dissolution, expresses it the pitcher (or water pot) is broken at the fountain. But to proceed.

In this said warehouse we see things of the same materials and composition; though differently modified. These are ranged only in different orders; each in its own, some in higher, and some in more inferior stations, some of finer clay and of more gaudy out-fits, some made to honour, and some to dishonour. But alas! all are alike as to the colour and make of parts within; and both high and low are subject to the same disasters, though not equally; the higher being more out of reach; but those

That are higher are liable to greater falls, and to be broken into smaller fragments; all alike must be mended by the same ways and means, if mended at all, and when not to be mended, must meet with one common fate, be swept among the mass of things and forgotten.

As to man, the teapot, the epitome of this warehouse, who makes so respectable a figure in it, was he not formed out of clay, like his brother? Was he not originally manufactured in the Asiatic country? Is he not equally as brittle in his texture, as easily broken, and when broken, does he not as readily return to, and mix with earth, his first principle? And this analogy has been very happily and justly considered by one of our most celebrated poets, who says, or rather sings,

Here <sup>he</sup> living teapots stand, one arm  
held out;  
One bent the handle this, and that <sup>the</sup> arm  
spout.

A walking tripod is mentioned by Homer, and two speaking pots by Æsop.

Does not a teapot, as well as man, its semblance, contain the four elements, air and water, earth and fire? Is it not, as well as man, devoted mostly to the service of women, who, after those principles are exhausted, pay as little regard to either, as to a potter's common earthen vessel? Has it not been observed that foreigners have been often more courted, and had higher places assigned them than our own natives? And is not every teapot of excellence from the ladies, placed in the most conspicuous place, and more prized than any of our home-grown commodities, though equally strong, useful, and handsome? What is a nabob but a

large rich china jar, or if you please a teapot, finely ornamented, though fit only for show in the dressing-room of a lady? Is not his exotic dress, like the outside figures of an indian vessel, both alluring and engaging? What is a citizen but a teapot of greater magnitude, ready to receive and as ready to pour out what he receives? What is a tradesman but a teapot of coarser ware, and fit only for common use, who, when cracked, is treated with carelessness, and when broken (no uncommon incident in a tradesman) is counted as dirt, and consigned to oblivion, among the fragments of phœbeian earthen ware?

Is not a fine lady a vessel of polished china? Is not her reputation as frail? Can you solder up the flaws either of the one or the other so completely as not to be pried into and commented on? If white lead repairs the blemishes of a lady's face, does it not also repair the cracks and defects of china? And are not both liable to a failure in the same places where they were mended before?

If then mortal man be a teapot, in this world of china-ware, would it not be a laudable custom to try sufficiently the ware we want, to be sharp-sighted with regard to defects before we buy, and wink wistfully at, or be blind to defects after the ware is called our own, suit as we ring and examine suspected vessels before we purchase them, and pretend not to see afterwards those parts that are clouded with impurities? And might not this practice prevent that loathing and dislike we shew to living vessels, which for some time have ornamented our houses, and made a considerable, at least a showy part of our furniture, and not treat those said living vessels, as we do a piece of vulgar china

† That is, in this world of China ware.

were, suffering them to be soiled with dirt, and placed so low as to be insulted by every common broom.

No wonder, gentle reader, after those sublime meditations, that I should fancy myself a—*TRAPOT*.

*A meditation among Books.*

**F**ROM every thing in nature a wise man may derive matter of meditation. In meditations various authors have exercised their genius, or tortured their fancy. An author who meant to be serious, has meditated on the mystery of weaving; an author who never meant to be serious, has meditated on a *broomstick*; let me also meditate, and a *library of books* shall be the subject of my meditations.

Before mine eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged; different in their opinions, as in their bulk and appearance; in what light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array, under fit commanders? or, as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want, or seduced through wickedness into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party-favour, and the partiality of friends, than to merit or service?

Shall I consider ye, O ye books! as a herd of courtiers or strumpets, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No, let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell; or, as a certain poet, expressed himself,

Where hot and cold, and wet and dry,  
And beef, and broth, and apple pye,  
Most slovenly assemble.

Who are they whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity? They are *law books, statutes, and commentaries on statutes*. These are *ests of parliament*, whom all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the *sphinx* of antiquity, they speak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not.

These are *commentaries on statutes*; for the perusing of them, the longest life of man would prove insufficient; for the understanding of them, the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail.

Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding;—yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief. Behold for our comfort, an *abridgement of law and equity*! It consists not of many volumes; it extends only to twenty-two folio's; yet as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled ox, so may this compendium contain the essential gravity of many a report and adjudged case.

The sages of the law recommend this abridgement to our refusal. Let us with all thankfulness of heart receive their counsel. Much are we beholden to physicians, who only prescribe the bark of the *Quinquina*, when they might oblige their patients to swallow the whole tree.

From these volumes I turn my eyes on a deep embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable; they are *controversial disputes*; so has the world agreed to term them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the custom of mankind join words, that reason has put

asunder ! Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of devilish handsome, and the like ; and thus controversial and divine have been associated.

These controversial divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the Most High as a fencing-school, where gymnastic exercises are daily exhibited, and where victory serves only to excite new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith he who bestowed religion on mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute outworks which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

The next in order to them, are the redoubtable antagonists of common sense ; the gentlemen who close up the common highway to heaven, and yet open no private road for persons that have occasion to travel that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and manner nothing dissimilar. Let me review them as they stand arranged. These are *Epicurian* orators, who have endeavoured to confound the ideas of right and wrong, to the unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and stock jobbers. These are *enquirers after truth*, who never deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their researches. These are *sceptics*, who labour earnestly to argue themselves out of their own existence ; herein resembling that choice spirit who endeavoured so artfully to pick his own pocket, as not to be detected by himself. Last of all, are the composers of rhapsodies, fragments, and, (strange to say it) thoughts.

Amidst this army of anti-mar-

tyr appearance : its meagre aspect and dirty gaudiness of habit, make it bear a perfect resemblance to a decayed gentleman. This wretched monument of mortality was brought forth in the reign of Charles the Second ; it was the darling and only child of a man of quality. How did its parent exult at its birth ! How many flatterers extolled it beyond their own offspring, and urged its credulous father to display its excellencies to the whole world ! Induced by their solicitations, the father arrayed his child in scarlet and gold, submitted it to the public eye, and called it, *Poems by a Person of Honour*. While he lived, his booby offspring was treated with the cold respect due to the rank and fortune of its parent : but when death had locked up his kitchen, and carried off the keys of his cellar, the poor child was abandoned to the parish ; it was kicked from stall to stall like a despised prostitute ; and after various calamities was rescued out of the hands of a vender of Scotch snuff, and safely placed as a pensioner in the hand of free thinkers.

Thou first, thou greatest vice of the human mind, Ambition ! all these authors were originally thy votaries ! They promised to themselves a fame more durable than the calfskin that covered their works : the calfskin (as the dealers speak) is in excellent condition, while the books themselves remain the prey of that silent critic the worm.

Complete cooks and conveyancers ; bodies of school-divinity and *Tommy Thumb* ; little story-books, systems of philosophy, and memoirs of women of pleasure ; apologies for the lives of players and prime ministers, are all consigned to one common oblivion.

One book, indeed, there is, which pretends to little reputation, and by a strange felicity obtains whatever it demands. To be useful for some months only is the whole of its ambition; and though every day that passes confessedly diminishes its utility, yet it is sought for and purchased by all: such is the deserved and unenvied character of that excellent treatise of practical astronomy, the *Almanack*.

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AN ESSAY ON

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

MONTAIGNE tells us of a gentleman of his country, much troubled with the gout, who being advised by his physicians to abstain from salt meats, asked what else they would give him to quarrel with in the extremity of his fits; for that he imagined, cursing one minute the Bologna sausages, and another the dried tongues he had eaten, was some mitigation of his pain.

If all men, when they are either out of health, or out of humour, would vent their rage after the manner of this Frenchman, the world would be a much quieter one than we see it at present. But dried tongues and sausages have no feeling of our displeasure; therefore we reserve it for one another: and he that can wound his neighbour in his fame, or sow the seeds of discord in his family, derives happiness to himself.

I once knew a husband and wife, who without having the least tincture of affection for each other, or any single accomplishment of

mind or person, made a shift to live comfortably enough, by contributing equally to the abuse of their acquaintance. The consideration of another's uneasiness, or; what was still better, that it was in their power to inflict it, kept pain, sickness, and misfortune from touching them too nearly. They collected separately the scandal of the day, and made themselves company for one another, by consulting how they might disperse it with additions and improvements. I have known the wife to have been cured of a fit of the cholick, by the husband's telling her, that a young lady of her acquaintance was run off with her father's footman; and I once saw the husband sit with a face of delight to have a tooth drawn, upon my bringing him the news, that a very particular friend of his was a bankrupt in the Gazette. Their lodges at cards were what chiefly tormented them; not so much from a principle of avarice, as from the consideration that what they had lost, others had won; and upon these occasions, the family peace has been sometimes disturbed. But a fresh piece of scandal, or a new misfortune befalling any of the neighbourhood, has immediately set matters right, and made them the happiest people in the world.

I think it is an observation of the witty and ingenious author of *Tom Jones* (I forget his words) that the only unhappy situation is a state of indifference. Where people love one another, says he, they have great pleasure in obliging; and where they hate one another, they have equal pleasure in tormenting. But where they have neither love nor hatred, and of consequence no desire either to please or plague, there can be no such thing as happiness. That

this observation may be true in the general, I very readily allow; yet I have instanced a couple, who, though as indifferent to each other as it was possible for man and wife to be; have yet contrived to be happy through the misfortunes of their friends.

But it is nevertheless true of happiness, that it is principally to be found at home; and therefore it is that in most families one visits, one sees the husband and wife (instead of contenting themselves with the miseries of their neighbours) mutually plaguing one another; and after a succession of disputes, contradictions, mortifications, sneers, pouts, abuses, and sometimes blows, they retreat separately into company, and are the easiest and pleasantest people alive.

That this is to be mutually happy, I believe few married couples will deny; especially if they have lived together a fortnight, and of course are grown tired of obliging. But it has been very luckily discovered, that as our sorrows are lessened by participation, so also are our joys; and that unless the pleasure of tormenting be confined entirely to one party, the happiness of either can by no means be perfect. The wife therefore of a meek and tender disposition, who makes it the study of her life to please and oblige her husband, and to whom he is indebted for every advantage he enjoys, is the fittest object of his tyranny and aversion. Upon such a wife he may exert himself nobly, and have all the pleasure to himself; but I would advise him to enjoy it with some little caution, because (tho' the weekly bills take no notice of it) there is really such a disease as a broken heart; and the misfortune is, that there is no tormenting a dead wife.

Happy is the husband of such a woman; for unless a man goes into company with the conscious pleasure of having left his wife miserable at home, his temper may not be proof against every accident he may meet with abroad; but having first of all discharged his spleen and ill humour upon his own family, he goes into company prepared to be pleased and happy with every thing that occurs; or, if crosses and disappointments should unavoidably happen, he has a wife to repair to, on whom he can bestow with interest every vexation he has received. Thus it was honestly and wisely said by the old serjeant of seventy, who, when his officer asked him how he came to marry at so great an age, answered, "Why, an please your honour, they tease and put me out of humour abroad, and so I go home and beat my wife." And indeed happy is it for society, that men have commonly such repositories for their ill-humours; for I can truly assert, that the easiest, the best-natured, and the most entertaining man I know out of his own house, is the most tyrannical master, brother, husband, and father in the whole world; and who, if he had no family to make miserable at home, would be the constant disturber of every party abroad.

But I am far from limiting this particular privilege to the husband; the wife has it sometimes in her power to enjoy equal happiness. For instance, when a woman of family and spirit condescends to marry for a maintenance a wealthy citizen, whose delight is in peace, quietness, and domestic endearments, such a woman may continually fill his house with roars and hurricanes; she may tease and fret him with her superiority of birth; she may torment his heart

with jealousy, and waste his substance in rioting and gaming. She will have one advantage too over the male tyrant, inasmuch as she may carry her triumph beyond the grave, by making the children of her husband's footman the inheritors of his fortune.

Thus, as an advocate for matrimony, I have entered into a particular disquisition of its principal comforts; and that no motives may be wanting to induce me to engage in it, I have endeavoured to shew that it is next to an impossibility for a couple to miscarry, since hatred as well as love, and indifference as well as either (I mean if people have sense enough to make a right use of their friends' misfortunes) is sufficient for happiness. Indeed it is hard to guess, when one reads in the public papers that a treaty of marriage is on foot between the right honourable lord Somebody, and lady Betty Such-a-one, whether his lordship's or the lady's passion be love or hatred; and to say truth, it is of very little consequence to which of these passions their desire of coming together is first owing; it being at least six to four, that in the compass of a month they hate one another heartily. But let not this deter any of my readers from entering into the state of matrimony, since the pleasure of obliging the object of our desires, is at least equalled by the pleasure of tormenting the object of our aversion.

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*A Lady's Adventures, continued  
from Vol. II, page 610.*

**M**Y father arrived at Paris just on the conclusion of the Partition Treaty, and took up his

lodgings in the house of an Englishman, who had been settled there for some time, and was a Roman Catholic. He went seldom abroad, and kept no company, excepting some gentlemen of his landlord's acquaintance who were men of learning, and according to the genius of that polite people, extremely fond of him as he was a stranger. One day his landlord came up and told him that an exempt and two officers of justice waited for him below. His surprise at this was increased, when upon his coming down the exempt told him that he had an order to carry him before the Lieutenant de Police. It was in vain for my father to dispute; he went into a coach which waited for him along with the exempt and the officers, and easily persuaded by the manner in which they spoke, and by their mysterious behaviour, that he was a close prisoner; but he could not extort any thing from them, that could inform him upon what account. In short, he was carried before the lieutenant, who asked him his name and country; upon my father's declaring both, the lieutenant ordered his officers to bring in the witnesses, who immediately appeared to be two friars; the lieutenant then read a paper importing that such a person (naming my father) had sacrilegiously seduced a nun in the Convent de ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ and had wickedly contrived to set the said convent on fire, the better to facilitate his design of carrying her off. This information was signed by the lady abbess of the convent, the two witnesses, and the nun herself. The lieutenant then asked the witnesses upon oath, if the person before them was the man whom they heard and saw in the above terms seduce the said nun,

and who had confessed to them that he had debauched her. They expressly swore it was. Upon which the lieutenant ordered him to prison. My father begged to be heard in his own defence, and the lieutenant was so civil as to tell him that he would be very well pleased if he could offer any thing to extenuate a crime, which both the laws of God and man made so black. But as all my father could say was a positive denial of the fact, he was committed to prison. Next day two officers carried him in a coach to the Copvent de ——— where the Lieutenant de Police, who waited for him, told him, that he was brought there to be confronted with the afore said nun, but that he could not be permitted to come within the grate, nor to speak with her. In a short time the lady abbess attended by several nuns appeared, and among them he discovered one clothed in a penitential habit, who being advanced far enough to have a full view of his face, was stopped by the abbess and the other nuns, all shewing in their countenances the greatest marks of abhorrence whenever they were obliged to look at my father. The lieutenant, after he had again read the afore said information, asked her aloud, if the man before her was the criminal; and she declared he was. My father was quite confounded at this declaration, for being conscious of his own innocence, he had all along entertained hopes, that whenever the nun saw him he should be acquitted. She had no sooner made this declaration but she was hurried away to her cell, and he to his prison. Next day he had notice to prepare for his trial; and was told that he might have an advocate allowed him, if he had any

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thing to offer in his defence. My father, not to be wanting to himself, demanded that his landlord might be admitted to see him; this was granted. The landlord came, and gave him an additional cause of grief, by informing him that the affair had been represented to the King by P. Le Chaife, his Majesty's Confessor, with such aggravating circumstances, that the judges had orders to proceed against him with the utmost severity, adding, that the two priests who were witnesses against him were men of unblemished reputation, which made his case still the more desperate; that though for his own part he believed him innocent, from the knowledge he had of his morals, yet that he was afraid there were too strong proofs in the case for him to flatter himself with the hopes of escaping, unless the mystery of innocence was soon cleared up. "But, (says he) give me leave to propose one thing.— The Grand Monarch has, ever since King James came over from England, shewed a great delicacy with respect to whatever concerns the natives of Britain, and, if you please I will employ my interest with my Lord ——— a great favourite with King James, (and with whom I am perfectly acquainted) to represent your character, and your conduct since you came to Paris, in such a manner to his master, that he may interpose, and at least procure you a longer time to prepare for your trial; this (continues he) I think is all the chance you have to prevent your suffering an ignominious death." — My father on any other occasion would have been very tender of applying to the court of St Germain, but upon this emergency gave his friend leave to employ all his interest with that court, and

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to make in his name all the protestations of respect; nay, I am not sure if some of them did not exceed what in a strict sense would have been found to be consistent with his engagements as a member of the church, and a subject of the then government of England.

*To be continued.*

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*A new Method of shortening the Operation of Churning, described and recommended.*

SIR,

**M**Y ears having of late been often serenaded with the monotonous music of the butter churn, from morning till night, I have endeavoured to find out some contrivance for accelerating that operation, so particularly tedious at this season of the year: and I have the satisfaction to inform you that my endeavours have not been unsuccessful.

I recollected to have heard when a boy, that a bit of soap slipped into the churn, would effectually plague the dairy-maid by preventing the cream from ever producing butter. Whether this effect would follow, I never had the mischievous inclination to try. However, I took it for granted, and imputed it to the alkaline salt contained in the composition of the soap. From thence I conceived, that some chemical preparation of an opposite quality might produce an opposite effect. I could think of nothing so likely to answer this purpose, and at the same time so innocent, as the vegetable acetous acid. Accordingly, when the next operation of churning had been going

forward for half the day, I caused a little distilled vinegar to be poured into the churn, and the butter was produced within an hour afterwards. It has since been regularly made use of for this purpose, and always with the desired success.

If the supposition be admitted, that the cream of old milk, (and such is milk for the most part at this season) contains much stronger alkaline salt, or at least more of it than new milk does; then the effect of the vinegar is readily accounted for on the known principles of chymistry. It is an acknowledged property of alcalis to unite with oil into a saponaceous mass, and to render them intimately miscible with water. But it is likewise well known to chemists, that there is a nearer affinity, (as they term it) a much stronger elective attraction between acids and alcalis, than between alcalis and oils. Consequently, the acid being mixed with the cream immediately, attaches to itself the alkaline salt, which is the bond of union, as we may call it, that holds together the oleaginous and aqueous particles, and leaves them easily separable from each other.

It may perhaps be objected to this mode of practice, that the acid mixing with the cream would render the butter unpalatable; but this on experience I do not find to be the case; and indeed I should not myself have suspected it; as the butter is usually well washed in two or three changes of clean water, by which the whole of the acid is carried off; or if some few particles remain, they are so few as not to be perceived by the taste, and perhaps have rather a desirable effect than otherwise, by acting as an antiseptic, and preventing the

butter from becoming rancid so soon as it otherwise would do.

Whether it may be beneath the dignity of your plan to pay any regard to a communication of so trifling a nature, I will not presume to determine. But I apprehend you will agree with me, that by a strict attention to the minutiae of rural æconomics, the farmer will be the better enabled to pay his rent, and to live comfortably. By the accumulation of pence, the pound is acquired. And I have reason to think, the farmer would find himself some pence the better in the course of a year, by attending to this information; at least, I am confident it would shorten the labour of many a weary arm, and prevent much vexation to a number of good housewives.

My experiments have not as yet ascertained the exact quantity of the acid which is necessary to produce the proper effect, nor the precise time of its being mixed with the cream. But I apprehend, a table spoonful or two to a gallon of cream will be sufficient; nor would I recommend it to be applied till the cream has undergone some considerable agitation,

Yours, RUSTICUS,

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*A dialogue between a Tutor and his Pupil, chiefly upon the Study of History and Politics.*

Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi propere-  
mus et ampli,  
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

MORAT. EPIST.

*Tutor.*

UPON my word, I begin to fear these Novels will entirely divest you of all relish for other kinds of reading which are certainly more useful, and to a taste not depraved, equally, or more pleasant.

*Pupil.* Indeed, Sir, to confess the truth, I am such a bigot to these kind of books, that I am but little inclined to give them up for others, which I entirely agree with you may be more useful, but I am sure, not more, or indeed, equally pleasant.—Nay, there is something so wonderfully pleasing in taking part, as it were, in the adventures of some fictitious hero of the piece, or in weeping together with some disappointed lover, and the like, that while I can but enjoy myself in this manner, I envy not the laborious student, who can pore over dry lessons of morality, metaphysical researches, or the whole region of politics and parliamentary debates.

*Tutor.* Indeed I must blame your opinion—I do not think it by any means a right thing, for those of your age especially, to engage too deeply in the studies you condemn, nor, indeed, do I so far blame your choice of books, as entirely to condemn them.—'Tis the excess I blame, and that too often in the lowest class of this sort of reading. Novels and romances are to be met with, where the best and truest pictures of human life are delineated, and which tend to inculcate the most amiable virtues, and best lessons of morality. This, to be sure, is not in general, the character of romances; but though the pictures of life represented in them are not so faithful or so numerous, I do not wish to discourage them. The young mind may certainly be allowed to amuse itself with them. They tend to call forth its generous feelings, and to inspire such a manly deference towards the fair-sex, with such a romantic spirit, as, I verily believe, will keep up, in a great measure, that courage and contempt of danger which every Briton ought to possess.

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self.—Nay, there is in general something of so generous a cast in those compositions, that they cannot but enlarge our mind and ideas, and root out all narrow thoughts and conceptions.

But surely such studies ought now to give way to more useful and important ones; you are past the age in which they are not merely allowable, but to be recommended.—Had you begun when quite young with the strict truths of morality and philosophical reasoning, or with tedious histories, you might have conceived a lasting disrelish to them, or have been of so cold a turn of mind, as to despise the beauties of imagination and poetry.

*Pupil.* Well, I am glad, then, I have not begun with those dry studies so soon, if I might possibly have lost by their means a relish for the noble flights of Homer, Virgil, Gray, Milton, with an hundred others, whom you must do me the justice to own, I have never neglected.

*Tutor.* I cannot refuse it you—and I have conceived no low opinion of you, from your love of such writings.—I only wish your love of them had led you to make deeper researches into History, that you might be the better able to understand not only their various allusions, but the people and nations many of them have written about.

There is no fear of the rapturous sallies of your imagination being stopped by an attention to the graver subjects I would recommend.—If you have a turn for adventures and romance, I am sure the life of Charles the Twelfth, that famous King of Sweden, would give you the highest delight.—The Roman History will shew you some of the finest heroes, whether in war or in council, that the world ever saw.—But the first history a man should read, ought

certainly to be that of his own country.—He feels himself interested in what he reads; he is as much pleased with the good acts of a sovereign of several centuries ago, as the people themselves were, who lived at that time; or displeased at the encroachments and tyranny of a bad sovereign; for he considers the good done as a benefit intended to himself, though at so distant a period; and equally considers such bad actions as an evil of which he himself might feel the ill consequences, and which might have hurt the happiness or privilege of the subject as long as the kingdom itself remained.

I will be endless to mention the peculiar delight you must receive in reading the history of your own country, in preference to that of any other. The History of England abounds with as great men in all capacities and noble actions, as the history of any one nation whatsoever.

*Pupil.* I remember to have heard it remarked, that our English Histories are too much filled with tedious debates and minute descriptions of the transactions of the several Parliaments, so as to make them more like dry journals than pleasing histories.

*Tutor.* It is certainly a just observation; and I do not wonder that young people are disgusted with them on their first perusal.—Our Histories have indeed been urged as a mark of the grave turn of mind, which fits an Englishman for the disquisition of such subjects; but the disgust wears off as we grow older, and feel ourselves more interested in the political management of our country.—And this brings me to a subject, which I have long intended to converse with you about.

*Pupil.* Pray, what may it be, Sir? I should guess Politics.—

*Tutor.* The very same.—And that you may be somewhat more inclined to hear what I have to say concerning them, I shall begin with quoting a passage on this subject, from an author of great sense and observation: “It is a mark of the social and public spirit of this nation, that there is scarcely a member of it who does not bestow a considerable portion of his time and thoughts in studying its political welfare, its interest, and its honour. Though this general taste for politics, from the highest to the lowest orders of the people, has afforded subjects for comic ridicule, yet I cannot help considering it both as a proof of uncommon liberality, and as one of the firmest supports of civil liberty. It kindles, and keeps alive, an ardent love of freedom. It has hitherto preserved that glorious gift of God from the rude hand of tyranny, and tends, perhaps more than any other cause, to communicate the noble fire of true patriotism to the bosoms of posterity.” This is very true; besides, Politics are immediately connected with History. Not that I wish you should ever become an eager zealot for any political party, or that an indiscreet warmth should lead you into debates out of which you cannot extricate yourself without dissension, and (as is too frequently the case) without conceiving an hatred, perhaps never to be rooted out against your antagonist. This I have known to be the sweets which many a furious politician has enjoyed, as the fruits of his mad zeal and ridiculous obstinacy.

What I mean, when I recommend Politics to you, is to have a knowledge of the present proceedings of your country in such matters, without which you cannot be fit for common conversa-

tion; but above all, a substantial knowledge of the constitution of your country (which by the bye, *Mr. de Lolme*, not to mention other authors will instruct you in) without this it is impossible you can be a proper judge of the transactions in the political world.

*Pupil.* Good God! how often have I heard men blamed for entering into such a study as that of Politics!—

*Tutor.* That I do not doubt—but then there are pretenders who start up, and will give their opinions of any political measure with as much confidence, or propagate their conjectures on any future state of affairs with as much sagacity as a prime minister, or any other person who has made Politics the prime study of his whole life.

But I do not wish you to busy yourself with shrewd conjectures of what would be the state of all Europe, should the King of France; or any other mighty monarch die; nor with the political intrigues of foreign courts and ambassadors [this may be in character for statesmen]—I only wish you to have such a knowledge of these matters, as will not only fit you for conversation and commerce with mankind, but furnish your mind with subjects of contemplation. Under this head, Politics, you ought to consider the kingdom in its various improvements in learning and the arts, as well as in commerce and power: these are all properly connected, though perhaps not what are generally and exactly understood by the word Politics. And “What” (to use the words of the author I before quoted) “can constitute a more rational object of contemplation than the noble fabric of society, civilized by arts, letters, and religion? What can better

employ our sagacity, than to devise modes for its improvement and preservation?"

Indeed, I wonder how the man who is so happy as to be a subject of Great Britain, can so shamefully neglect this study, without having even a curiosity to know how his country goes on; or for what wise institutions the government of England is so much the admiration of the whole world; or in what consists his own, an Englishman's peculiar privileges, which are the envy of the subjects in every other state, and which have gained his country the name of "The Land of Liberty."—But to enjoy this study properly, or to turn it to any advantage, we should first—

*Pupil.* I was just going to ask what I perceive you are about to inform me of.—

*Tutor.* We should first, then, be well versed in History; we should read it with discernment, and accustom ourselves to consider and think of what we read, that we may be enabled to form right ideas of man and society.—But I am proceeding too far on the subject; I hope I have said enough to engage you to turn your thoughts to other things than those which have as yet engaged them.

*Pupil.* Indeed you have—I begin to see such studies as these in a different light from what I have as yet considered them in—and already begin to feel the importance of being a member of such a state as ours, though I know so little concerning it;—and I seriously am determined to sit down to study it without delay.

*Tutor.* You will, I am sure, reap the benefit of such studies. It will be needless for me to say more on this subject: your own daily experience will shew you

the proper means to make you such a politician as I have endeavoured to delineate, distinct from the noisy and ignorant tribe of party-men, who are hurried by their foolish zeal they know not whither, into debates and dissensions.

But to return to our books.—I cannot sufficiently recommend to you the study of History. You will read the Histories written by Herodotus and Thucydides with me very soon, as you have made sufficient progress in your Greek for that purpose: these will afford you a vast fund of entertainment and useful knowledge; and in your avocations from business with me, do act like a man; and let what you do read, be such as becomes a man endued with reason and contemplative powers.—What an exquisite delight is it to bring back to your mind, a long series of glorious heroes of old, and their noble actions! to see the rise and progress of empires; to watch the circumstances which led to their exaltation, and by what means their downfall was expected. What a wide field for Morality! And how glorious to call to mind the virtuous actions of great men, to be inflamed with a passion for glory, and an eager desire to follow their examples! Nay, in a word, can any thing be more glorious than to know the history of the whole world! I could enlarge without end on the great delight resulting from such studies; but you are able to figure them to yourself.

*Pupil.* I assure you I am quite inflamed with a desire of such studies, and from henceforth abjure the meagre food I have as yet fed upon.

*Tutor.* I do not wish you to give up all other kinds of reading neither; a change, and especially for such as Poetry, will agreeably

amuse and open your ideas equally; and you will thus return to your more serious subjects with greater avidity.—'Tis the more trivial volumes which I am averse to.

*Pupil.* I perfectly understand you:—but if a man's genius inclines him to any particular kind of reading or study, would you wish to stop this, and make him follow what he does not approve, and cannot of course make any progress in?

*Tutor.* I would by no means balk a man's genius, provided it is turned to an useful and manly subject. Was this to be the case, and all were compelled to follow the same studies, we should not possibly have such adepts in the various arts and sciences as we now have. It is in frivolous pursuits that a man's genius, or to speak more properly, his depraved taste ought to be balked.—So that I do not say, that every individual must follow the same studies which I have been discoursing upon, to the very height, if his talents lie another way.—I only mentioned them as studies which every one would find their advantage in (and absolutely necessary to be known, in more than a superficial manner, by every one who makes the least pretension to be a scholar or a gentleman) and more particularly opposed them to readings of an inferior nature.

Where the genius is not particularly otherwise inclined, I know none more worthy of a man's attention.—Do not imagine I mean to make religion a secondary study; this certainly ought to be our very first care; but we will talk of this some other time; at present I am only to be understood of what is generally meant by Learning. I shall not at present enlarge upon the study of

other things, such as the various arts and sciences, which are necessary to be known, in a great measure, by every one whom more important avocations do not forbid; but not to be too deeply attended to, unless, as I before said, our particular genius is that way, or we intend to make them our primary object.—Nor, indeed, is it possible for any one man to be deeply skilled in every branch of learning.—Let him turn his thoughts to the most useful and entertaining to himself.

But of these things I will speak more largely at some future opportunity; at present I have only endeavoured to direct a taste in some measure bad in itself.

*Pupil.* You only say 'in some measure bad; I wish you would be more explicit.

*Tutor.* I say, in some measure, because I do not entirely condemn Novels, Romances, and various kinds of reading of equal importance; where they are the best of the kind (and good many are) I gave you my reasons at first for approving of them.—I have endeavoured then to direct this taste which indeed is very blameable when carried to excess, and to conduct a wavering mind to the study of what may worthily fix his attention.

*Pupil.* What do you say to Travels and Voyages?—

*Tutor.* These I consider as a branch of History. Where they are written by real Travellers, and people to be depended upon, they make you more particularly acquainted with the country, and peculiar dispositions and customs of a people; as in history these are given in a more general way, and indeed you have only the striking features of a people in general.

I would advise you to look for every place mentioned in your histories and travels, in a map, or globe, which I will take care to provide you with.

This will be doubly improving yourself; besides, it is impossible either clearly to understand many parts of history or common conversation, without a competent knowledge of Geography.

*Pupil.* Well—I am certain I shall improve as much from the lecture you have now given me, as I have from any former one; though I hope I have made as good an use of those I have already received as can be expected.

*Tutor.* Indeed I have no fault to find—but come—So fine a morning must not be entirely spent in this manner; the health of the body is of as much consequence as that of the mind; for indeed the latter cannot subsist without the former—So to horse.—

*Pupil.* With all my heart.—I believe you will not say, you ever found me slow in this particular; nor shall you in those more noble studies you have now recommended to me.

prosperity must surely be invincible;” and he intreated the gods to moderate his success by some disgrace.

As he was willing that his son should have a complete education, he wrote immediately to Aristotle in these terms: “I acquaint you that I have got a son; I return thanks to the gods not so much for having bestowed him upon me, as for having given him me during your lifetime, as I have reason to believe that you will make him a successor worthy of me.”

Alexander had received, from nature the happiest gifts; a noble elevated genius, capable of investigating every science; he had a lively brilliant imagination, and conceived the deepest propositions with the greatest facility: in a word, reason in him seemed to forerun maturity. Aristotle soon discovered the excellent qualities of his pupil. His first study was history, that inexhaustible source of instruction for princes, by the examples with which it furnishes them. When Alexander had attained his thirteenth year, Aristotle began to form his judgment, and gave him rules for discriminating between true and false reasoning: morality was his next study, as the basis of prudence and wisdom: he then gave him just ideas of the most amiable virtues, such as temperance, magnanimity, clemency, and humanity.

Whilst he made him acquainted with rhetoric, he taught him that kind of eloquence which is necessary for a prince; that is to say, a language more replete with sense than figures, more masculine than ornamental, abounding more with matter than words. Aristotle instructed him also in poetry, not as an art which he should make his peculiar study, but that he might not be unacquainted with its beau-

#### CHARACTER OF

### ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

**A**LLEXANDER, who was born in the year of the world 3646, was the son of Philip, king of Macedon and Olympias. When the news of his birth was announced to his father, he had just gained intelligence that Parmenio had gained a battle over the Illyrians; and that the ears which he had sent to the Olympic games had obtained the prize. These glorious events induced him to say, “that a prince born in the midst of such

ties. Alexander's taste was too refined not to feel sensibly the effects of enchanting numbers. He accordingly held Homer in the greatest esteem, and considered his works as the most perfect production of human genius. He there met with sentiments worthy of a king, such as already animated his breast: he there found models of that intrepidity and magnanimity which glowed within him. Mutarch tells us, that he was fond of reading and conversing with men of letters.

Alexander was scarce seventeen, when some Thracians, subjects of Macedon, having revolted whilst Philip was engaged in an expedition, he marched against them at the head of the remainder of his father's troops, took their city by assault, drove out the inhabitants, and re-peopled it with citizens of different nations.

Upon the death of Philip, who was treacherously slain, Alexander, then but one and twenty, mounted the throne of Macedon: and from that moment his conduct and courage surpassed all that could be expected from his age and experience. Disdaining the artifices of policy and negotiation, he resolved, that strength, diligence, and activity should conquer his enemies: all those who at the beginning of his reign had endeavoured to throw off their allegiance, were compelled to submit, and Alexander became more absolute than Philip had ever been. He constantly pursued the plan he had laid down in the pursuit of his great designs. As he was endued with the firmest resolution, difficulties that seem insurmountable, proved no obstacles to him. His attention was at first principally engaged in obtaining the affection of his subjects: he then rigorously punished those who had been

guilty of murdering his father. He gained the hearts of his whole army by a spirited harangue on the state of their country.

It would carry us far beyond our design to enter into his wars and conquests, as the glory of his arms against the Persians, the Tyrians, &c. &c. would fill a volume with victories. In his expedition to India, after having compelled the petty kings of that country to submit to his arms, he was wounded by an arrow in the leg, upon which occasion he made that memorable speech recorded of him. "The whole world styles me the son of Jupiter; but my wound makes me feel that I am a man." After Porus was obliged to submit, Alexander asked him how he chose to be treated? "Like a king," replied Porus. Do you ask nothing else resumed Alexander? "No," subjoined the captive prince, "these words comprehend every thing." Alexander, touched with his greatness of soul, restored Porus his kingdom, and went in search of other conquests.

When the Macedonians judged he would carry his thirst of victory too far, and they seemed backward in following him, he said to them, "Return to your native country, dastardly deserters of your king, and boast that you have abandoned him. For my part, I will here find either that victory you despair of, or a glorious death." This speech the great prince of Conde highly admired, and used often to repeat with an enthusiastic satisfaction.

Impartiality, however, compels us to acknowledge that Alexander was a mixture of good and evil: virtues and vices were blended in his composition. Nothing could equal his greatness of soul, or his sentiments: he testified his liberality upon every occasion from

his earliest youth ; and his impetuosity in surmounting every obstacle that opposed his career, may justly entitle him to be styled the architect of his own power. The deference and respect he paid to the wife and daughter of Darius, whilst they were his prisoners, do him the highest honour, and place him in this instance, upon a level with Scipio ; thereby extending his empire over himself and his strongest passions. Would we could pay him the same eulogium in his condescension to Thais ; or that we could say the burning the palace of Xerxes at the request of that celebrated courtesan was not a great mark of his weakness. But, on the other hand, his friendship when once testified, was sincere and immutable ; and, in return, he met with real and disinterested friends ; a happiness seldom conferred on royalty. After the siege of Tyre, all his good qualities seemed to degenerate. His actions appeared tinctured with cruelty and injustice. His usurpations and invasions were unparalleled. Intoxicated with power, his arrogant ambition knew no bounds : so true is it uninterrupted prosperity is not to be supported by human nature. In a word, this prince had all the virtues that adorned a hero ; but these were carried to madness and fury ; whilst he was bereft of those essential to a prince, and which constitute him the father of his people.

The terrors of death had seized on his mind, and to drown them in intemperance seemed at length his sole employment. At the last festival he gave, he drank what was called the Cup of Hercules, containing an enormous quantity of wine ; but he had scarce completed his draught ere he fell

from his seat. A fever ensued ; when finding there were no longer any hopes of life, he gave his ring to Perdicas. Being asked to whom he resigned his empire, he answered, "to the most worthy," adding, "he perceived they were preparing for him strange funeral games," and presently expired. This prince was at his death but thirty-two years old, twelve of which he had reigned.

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THE  
LORD OF CREQUI.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

*Concluded from Vol. II. page 637.*

"YOU knew him ? Tell me—  
tell me then every particular—forget not one—there is not one that my grief will not cherish—you saw him die ?"—

"Madam, the Lord of Crequi died in the field of glory, after having saved his Sovereign's life. He died, Madam, adoring you—whom he never ceased to love—and you—pardon me—is this what Crequi could have thought—you are going"—"Ah ! it is plain you know not what passes in my poor distracted heart : I am going—I am going to die at the altar."

"What if Crequi had not fallen."  
—"O heavens ! why cannot he rise from his grave ? I would fly into his arms—he should know—he should see that never love was like mine—never was woman now so wretched—I tell you again, this day will be witness of my death, the end of all my woes—no, I will never complete this hateful union—my dear Crequi

shall have my faith, my whole soul, my life—Stranger, what ails you?—You tremble—you weep.”

—“You still love him then, that husband who adored—who adores you?”—“Who adores me!—What is it I hear?—Is he not among the number of the dead?—Can he be living?”—

“Yes, he lives.”—“He lives! ah! where is he, where is he?—Let me see him, let me run to him, let me die in his arms—where, where is my dearest Raymond?”—“At your feet, my dear Adelaide,” exclaims the Chevalier, overcome by excess of joy, and shedding a flood of tears, “at your feet—my misfortunes, my love, the horror of suffering far from your presence, have disfigured my features: but recollect Crequi, your faithful lover, by the unspeakable tenderness of his heart, by this token of your love”

—(He shows her the bracelet).

—“And you, have you preserved the ring?”—Adelaide has just strength to present her hand to her husband, and to shew him the ring which she had always worn. The Chevalier covers it with kisses and tears of joy. Adelaide, almost fainting, supported by her women, recovering her senses, exclaims:—“It is—it is my dear Crequi!” and instantly rushes into his arms.

The young Raymond, astonished at this scene, runs to his mother:—“My son, behold your father, your lord.”—“My child!” exclaims the Chevalier:—“Is it my son I see, that I thus press to my heart?”

How undefinable is the situation of Crequi and Adelaide! Each is lost in the ecstasies of joy; they weep and weep again.—“It is you my dear Adelaide!”—“My dear Crequi, I have found you again—we shall live for each

other!”—A thousand times they repeat these endearing words; then sink into that expressive silence, which is the language of the heart. All their sufferings are now forgotten. Their joy—their felicity; resembles celestial rapture.

The joy is universal. All are eager to see again the long-lost Crequi; they crowd around him; they kiss his hands; they embrace his knees:—“It is our good master, it is our good master!”—These acclamations are heard by Gerard. What is this I hear—my son—my Raymond?”—“Yes, my Lord, your son himself; he is not dead.”—The old man forgets his age and infirmities, springs from his seat, and proceeds some steps:—“Is it possible, is it possible? Lead me, lead me to him—I feel—I feel—I shall die with joy”

One would have thought that a miracle had restored the vigour of the old Banneret: he rushes into the arms of Crequi:—“It is thou, my dear Raymond!”—“O my father, my dear father, I see thee again!”—“Ah, my son, my son Raymond!”—For some moments Gerard could speak no more. The efforts of paternal tenderness revive him:—“My son, my son—my eyes hardly see thee—but dear child, this heart that thou revivest feels thee. O my God! now let, rest thee thy servant depart in peace. Thou hast restored my son—I die content.” The tears of the Chevalier are his only answer: he folds to his bosom by turns, his wife, his child, his father.

The Lord of Renti, whom an unexpected affair had called to another part of the castle, is struck by the universal acclamations. He runs to the spot; but, under that appearance of misery, is incapable of recollecting Crequi. In this moment of hesitation, the Cheva-

lier addresses him in a tone of sensibility, not without some degree of pleasantry :—"Yes, my dear Renti, I am Crequi. I am so much altered by my sufferings, that you cannot recollect me ; but my heart is ever the same ; and I trust that you will be gallant enough to leave me my wife." Renti, astonished, confused, flies to this dear relation :—"It is you, my dear Chevalier ! Adelaide is too virtuous not to tell you the whole truth ; you will be informed that I loved her long before she was your wife, and I shall love her to the last moment of my life. The desire to maintain her rights and those of your son—of all that was dear to you—to rescue them from the tyranny of a vile usurper, has influenced my conduct no less than love. Once more I appeal to the generosity of Adelaide. I have merited her esteem and yours. My dear Crequi, I restore her to your arms : I demand no other proofs of gratitude, than the sentiments that are due to me. You will both permit me then to continue your most faithful and disinterested friend. "My dear Chevalier," he continued, "the feast was ready." It is still my happiness we shall celebrate—it is the happiness of Crequi, the dearest and best of friends."

The happy husband of Adelaide is penetrated by the magnanimity of his rival :—"My Lord of Renti, fear not on my side an unworthy jealousy, which is neither made for Adelaide nor me. In her virtue and your delicate honour, I have a sufficient security. Next to her husband I desire that she may regard you with the greatest tenderness. Can I yield to you in generosity and friendship ?"

Crequi now retires to dress himself in a manner more conformable to his new situation. The banquet was worthy of the occasion. The Chevalier, like another *Aneas*, related his adventures. The whole company feel the different revolutions by which he had been agitated. Some tears were shed, but were soon lost in the transports of universal joy. Baldwin and his partizans had vanished from the Castle. Crequi, in the sequel, had so much greatness of mind, as to receive his excuses, and to pardon him. All around experienced his benevolence and liberality. The wood cleaver was nobly rewarded ; nor was the faithful dog forgotten. The grateful care of his old master prolonged his life. With regard to the venerable Banneret, the return of his son had excited such a violent emotion, that he did not long survive this unexpected event. He expired in the arms of the Chevalier, repeating, "I have now nothing more to live for ; God has heard my prayers ; I have seen my son again ; his hand will close my eyes."—Crequi long deplored his death : he founded a monastery to his honour ; he even repaired and beautified those which had been erected by his ancestors ; and had the satisfaction of living to an extreme old age with his dear Adelaide. Their tenderness continued undiminished to the grave.

"Their evening came at last, serene  
and mild ;  
"Enamour'd more as more remembrance swell'd  
"With many a proof of recollected love,  
"Together down they sunk in social sleep ;  
"Together freed, their gentle spirits flew  
"To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

THE HISTORY OF

M I S S W I L L I A M S.

IN July, 1773, some business calling me to London, I took a lodging in the house of Mr. Mason, a reputable tradesman, near Charing-cross: in this house I occupied the middle apartment, and frequently heard the not unpleasant sound of a light female footstep on the floor above me; and on the staircase. Good manners forbade my opening my chamber-door, to indulge my curiosity with a sight of my fellow-lodger; but chance soon gratified my wish, by my accidentally coming in at the street-door as she was stepping out. There was something uncommonly interesting in the appearance of this young person, exclusive of either youth or beauty, though she possessed them both, not being above eighteen years old, and very handsome. It proceeded from a look of diffidence, and an unfashioned air, which denoted her to be unpractised in the arts or habits of the world.

She passed along, and I entered my landlady's parlour, impelled by an earnest desire to know something more of the fair vision which had glided by me. Mrs. Mason readily informed me of all she knew relative to this young woman, whose name she said was Williams; that she had been recommended to her by a person whom she had formerly known; and who had kept a little school at Horsham, in Sussex: that she had lodged and boarded with her about four months, paying regularly for her entertainment at the end of the week; that she never went out, but to church, which she daily frequented, or to take a walk round the Park: that no creature had

come to visit her, nor had even a letter been directed to her, since she had been under her roof; that she was of a grave, but not of a melancholy cast, worked well at her needle, seemed fond of reading, and sometimes sung sweetly, in her own chamber, when she thought no one could hear her; that she often declined accompanying her to the public gardens, nor could ever be prevailed upon to sit five minutes at a time in the shops: that she sometimes mentioned her having a friend in the country, whom she much wished to see, but did not expect that pleasure soon.

From this account I found it impossible to form any reasonable conjecture with regard to the real situation of the young woman. Her forlorn and friendless state, might induce a belief of her being one of those unhappy females who have been seduced from the fostering arms of paternal affection, and kept secluded from the world to gratify the suspicious temper of her betrayer, who, conscious of his designing to abandon her, might naturally suspect her fidelity to him. But in such a case the absence from her friends would be a source of sorrow; and Miss Williams was not sad; her confinement, too, was voluntary, and her constant attendance on the service of the church spoke a mind devoid of guilt, or its attendant shame. If she were privately married, her husband would either write, or come to her, and she would necessarily bewail his absence; and if she was what she appeared to be, a virtuous single woman, it was almost impossible she should be so totally unconnected with the whole world, as not to have one friend or correspondent in it.

In short, after puzzling myself, in vain, about this fair mystery, I gave

up all hopes of being able to unravel her destiny, and endeavoured to banish her entirely out of my mind; when one evening a loud rapping at the door, and the entrance of a person in a sedan chair, who inquired for Miss Williams, revived mine and my landlady's curiosity, who flew out of her parlour, and lighted up a gentleman nearly of my own age to her young inmates apartment, and putting out her own candle, and gently stepping into a closet adjoining to Miss Williams's room, sat herself down to listen to the conversation.

In about three quarters of an hour, I was surprised and shocked at hearing a sudden noise, like that of an heavy weight tumbling on the floor, which was instantly followed by a loud and piercing shriek, and almost as suddenly echoed by Mrs. Mason from her concealment, which she now quitted, and called out for help for the *dead gentleman*. On this alarm, I flew up stairs, and found the *unfortunate* Miss Williams kneeling on the ground, with a ghastly aspect, and vainly endeavouring to raise a lifeless body, whose weight seemed too ponderous for her strength. I aided her with all of mine; and our landlady coming to our assistance, we with some difficulty laid the corpse, for such it now was, upon the bed.

My servant was instantly dispatched for a surgeon, who arrived in a few minutes. During this interval, the unhappy girl shewed every symptom of the deepest sorrow; she fixed her eyes upon the lifeless form that lay before her, and exclaimed, "Oh! he is gone! my father, friend, and benefactor!" At the same time, drops, chafing, sprinkling of water, and every other means, were used to call back the parting spirit which had so lately left its long accustomed

manfion. But when the surgeon had vainly tried to make the stagnated blood flow from the opened vein, and steadily pronounced that life was fled, distraction seized on the now wretched maid; she tore her hair, beat her breast, and hardly was with-held from doing violence to herself. At length, quite overcome by the too strong exertion of her passions, she fainted quite away, from whence she was recovered to a state of languid stupefaction, and seemed insensible to all around her. In this melancholy situation she was conveyed into my apartments, where I left her with Mrs. Mason; and returned up stairs to have a consultation with the man of the house and the surgeon, to determine in what manner to proceed, on this extraordinary event.

My landlord had already searched the pockets of the deceased, but found neither letter, or address of any kind, that could indicate who he was. In his pocket-book there were Bank of England bills to the amount of two hundred pounds, one-half of which were endorsed, in a very particular hand-writing, *Mary Williams*.

We all remained totally at a loss in what manner to proceed, when my landlord, who was extremely anxious for the credit of his house, and of course unwilling that a coroner's inquest should be held there, observed, that his wife must know more of the matter than we, as she had been listening to all the discourse that passed between the deceased and Miss Williams, previous to his death. Mrs. Mason was accordingly summoned from her attendance on the afflicted fair one, and questioned with regard to what she had discovered in her auditory; but all our inquiries were fruitless: she said Miss Williams only called him *Sir*, and addressed

him with the respectful manners of an affectionate daughter; while he seemed to treat her with the familiar tenderness of a fond and long-absent father.

As my landlady's information did not suggest the least rule for our conduct in the present difficult crisis, her husband insisted on her endeavouring to persuade Miss Williams to acquaint her with the name and abode of the deceased, that he might be conveyed home that night, and save them any further trouble; but after all her most earnest enquiries, she received no reply from the almost petrified Miss Williams, but, "Alas! I know not."

I confess I was startled at such an answer, and began to fear her reason was disordered by the shock her sensibility must have received from the sudden death of one whom I considered as her parent or guardian. I therefore advised her being immediately let blood, and suffered to give full vent to her sorrows, without being interrupted or importuned for the present, by any farther questions. With much difficulty I obtained a promise of profound silence from Mrs. Mason, and leaving the fair mourner in possession of my apartment, took a bed at the Hummums.

On my return home in the morning, I found the searchers had entered Mr. Mason's house, and a very riotous mob was gathered round it, who threatened to pull it down, if they were not suffered to see the corpse of the man whom they said he had murdered. When I had made my way through the croud, I found both Mr. and Mrs. Mason in the utmost distress, not knowing how to act, as Miss Williams, though to all appearance in her perfect senses, persisted still in denying her having any knowledge of the name, family, profession, or

abode, of her deceased friend, saying only that he had been her benefactor from her earliest years and that she had no other friend but him.

I then took upon me to persuade her to be so far communicative with regard to her departed friend as might relieve the people of the house from the irksomeness of their situation, and to relate by what chance she became acquainted with her benefactor. I framed my address towards the weeping maid with all the softness and gentleness I could possibly assume: she heard me patiently, and even seemed to suppress her sighs, and stop her flowing tears, to listen to my speech; and when I had ceased speaking, she rose, and with a look of the most perfect innocence, and all the firmness which attends on truth, replied to my question in the following words:

"The deepest trace that remains upon my memory, with regard to my existence, is, that I was placed, when a child, in a very wretched house at Guildford, under the care of a parish-nurse, who treated me most inhumanly. I had one day given some of my breakfast to a little kitten that cried for hunger; which so enraged this brutal woman, that she fell upon and beat me most unmercifully.

"It happened, that at that moment, my ever dear benefactor passing by, and hearing my shrieks, humanely stops in and rescued me from the hands of my tyrant. He had justice enough to inquire into the cause of her severity, and on being informed of it, became more interested in my favour. He set me on one of his knees, and placed the kitten on the other; and when I stroked it, and rubbed out, "Ah poor pussy!" he caught me in his arms, and seemed delighted with the tenderness of my expression to

the innocent cause of my sufferings. He gave the nurse a proper reproof, and bade her to take care of the child and the cat, and he would call to see them again in a few days.

"When he left me, I thought my little heart flew after him, and his idea was never absent from my mind.—I could not then be above four years old, and yet I think if I had never seen him more, I never should have forgot him. His was the first voice that had ever soothed my infant ear with the soft sounds of fondness. In about ten days he returned, and brought an order to the nurse to deliver me to him, which she most unwillingly obeyed; but positively refused to let me take the half-starved kitten with me, unless he would pay her a guinea for it; he complied with her exorbitant demand, and so rendered two little animals happy.

"From this scene of misery I was conveyed to a very decent house at Horsham, and treated with the utmost kindness by the person to whose care I was entrusted—I remained three years, during which time I saw my benefactor but thrice. At the expiration of that time, I was removed to a school in the same town, kept by two sisters of the name of Tyrrel, and there I continued till the elder of them died, and the school was broke up. The youngest sister then brought me to this house, and recommended me to the care of Mrs. Mason.

"During the ten years I lived with these good women, I received an annual visit from my friend. I found he always paid a year before hand for me, and left ten guineas in the hands of one of my mistresses, exclusive of my common expences for clothes, and other necessities, in case I should be sick, or he should fail to come at his

usual time, which was generally the end of July, or beginning of August.

"For the last three years I spent at Horsham, I was continually resolving that the next time I saw my friend, I would inquire his name, and how I became indebted to his goodness? But the moment I beheld him my resolution vanished. No words can ever describe the respectful tenderness I felt for him; and I should readily have persuaded myself that it was filial love, if I had not ever recollected the particular circumstances which had first introduced me to his notice. Fatal timidity, which has left me as totally ignorant of every thing that relates to myself, as I am of my patron's name or family!

"The good Mrs. Tyrrel, when she left me in this house, gave me about forty pounds, which she said belonged to me, as it was the surplus of the money that had been left in her hands for my use. She bid me keep up my spirits, and said when my father (for so she always called him) came to Horsham, she would let him know where she had placed me. The good woman lived to fulfil her promise; for my departed friend informed me, last night, that she died about a week after he saw her last.

"I have now, Sir, related every circumstance with which I am acquainted, relative to my more than father, and my unhappy self. I implore your advice in the present crisis. With regard to his dear remains, let them be treated with that respect I owed him living; and the last farthing I am mistress of, shall be expended for the pious purpose. I am, thank heaven and my departed friend, who had taken care to provide me with a proper education, well qualified to get my

bread, by work or service, nor do I feel an anxious thought about my future welfare."

I confess, I was charmed with the spirit of candour and generosity that appeared in Miss Williams's account of herself. A mean mind would never have revealed the lowliness of it's situation; and the frankness with which she acknowledged her's, raised her to the highest pitch in my esteem. While she was speaking, it occurred to me, from the circumstance of the particular season of the year when her friend made his annual visit into the country, that he might possibly be a lawyer, as the months of July and August are the usual time of the assizes; and that it was likely he might be, like myself, an old bachelor, and might probably have chambers in some of our Inns of Court.

Upon this surmise, I set out directly for the Temple, luckily met with the porter, described the dress and figure of the person who lay dead at Mr. Mason's, and inquired if he knew such a one? The man instantly replied, "It must be my good master, Counsellor G——, whose servants were all alarmed at his staying out last night, as he has not done such a thing these ten years, and his elder brother, 'Squire G——, of Sussex, came to town this morning, and is now waiting to see the Counsellor at his chambers."

I begged of the porter to conduct me thither, and met the gentleman he mentioned, whose appearance confirmed his relation to the deceased. With the best preparation which the time would admit of, I informed him of the circumstances of his brother's death, and took occasion to mention his attachment to Miss Williams. We set out together in Mr. G——'s coach; and the moment he be-

held the corpse, nature proclaimed the consanguinity of brotherhood; for he wept bitterly.

The body was immediately put into a coach, and conveyed to his late home. Mr. G—— saw Miss Williams, spoke kindly to her, and bid her be of comfort; said, he doubted not the veracity of the story I had told him, and was sure his brother had made a proper provision for her in his will, and desired to see her and me together, in a few days. In less than a week he sent to desire she would come to his lodgings, in Soho-square, and bring a friend with her; upon which summons she intreated Mrs. Mason and me to accompany her.

Mr. G—— received us very politely, but with an air of real concern for our young friend, that after the most diligent search thro' his brother's papers, he had not been able to find a will, nor any memorandum wherein her name was mentioned, except one of a very slight nature, in a pocket-book, which was fourteen years old; he therefore intreated her to recollect, if possible, what kind of connection there had been between his late brother and her, and assured her, that if she could claim any relationship, or even promise of provision from him, he would do more than justice to her plea.

The honest generous girl frankly declared she had not the least claim to his intended bounty, and without the least hesitation or variation related the same story with which the reader is already acquainted. I saw Mr. G——'s countenance much moved, during her artless tale; which when she had finished, he produced the pocket-book he had mentioned, in which were only these few words: "August 3d, 1759, I have this

day taken a female child under my protection, whom I mean to educate and provide for, as she is friendless, and of an amiable disposition. Her name is Mary Williams."

"Now, madam," said Mr. G——, "I am fully convinced you are the person here mentioned, from the particulars of your own story. Your candour in relating it deserves a reward; and my respect for my brother's memory inclines me to fulfil his wish. I will therefore, to-morrow morning, order my lawyer to draw up a deed of gift, which shall convey to you the sum of one hundred pounds per annum, during your life; and if a match worthy of your merit should be proposed to you, I will then add one thousand pounds to it, upon your wedding-day. In the mean time, accept of this sum (presenting her with the hundred pounds in bills, which had been found in Counsellor G——'s pocket, with her name indorsed) as a present from your late benefactor, and may you long enjoy my little gift!"

Mr. G—— might have gone on much longer, without interruption.—Gratitude had overpowered every faculty of the gentle Williams's soul, and left her but just strength sufficient to throw herself at his feet, bursting into a flood of tears.—Mrs. Mason was struck dumb with astonishment, and stared at the good man as a supernatural being. For my part, "although unused to the melting mood," I found it necessary to apply my handkerchief to my eyes, and remained silent, because I could not speak.

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*Extract of a letter from Paris.*

SOME months since the following singular circumstance hap-

pened: I had spent the evening at Paris, and did not return to Clignen-court 'till half past twelve o'clock. I immediately retired to my chamber, and was in the act of undressing, when I was surprised with the report of a gun, or pistol, and instantly afterwards, with a cry of distress. The report was so loud, that I imagined it to have been a gun fired off in the garden, close to the house. I lost no time in taking my double-barrelled gun, which I always kept loaded, and hurried with my servant, who was also armed, into the garden. I instantly fired off my gun, and attentively listened for some time, but heard nothing. We then conjectured, that it was one of the gardeners, who had fired off his gun, probably suspecting some idle people were lurking about the house, or were rolling the garden, which has frequently happened, as most of the families who have houses at Clignen-court retire to Paris in the winter, and have only a gardener to take care of the house and garden. These gardeners frequently fired off their guns about nine or ten o'clock, to shew that they were upon their guard; we therefore concluded that it was upon this account that the gun was fired, yet could not account for the cry of distress that succeeded the report. The next day, however, my gardener came to me, and informed me that I had saved a gentleman's life, by critically firing my gun. It happened that a gentleman had spent the evening at Montmartre, and was returning from thence to Paris, by the way of Clignen-court, and Chapelle, as thinking it the safest road; he had not passed more than three score yards from my gates, immediately under my garden wall, when a fellow fired a large horse pistol at him, without

saying a word ; although it was fired within two or three paces of him, yet the balls happily missed him. The gentleman seeing another pistol in the villain's hand, he instantly closed with him, and threw him down ; they grappled together for some time, but the robber proved the strongest, and got the gentleman under him ; at this moment he cocked his other pistol to shoot the poor gentleman, when I fired off my gun ; little imagining the villain was so nigh me, or I could easily have taken him. Upon the report of my gun, he fled with such precipitation, that he dropped his pistol, which was in the morning found cocked and loaded with a brace of balls. The gentleman, thus providently saved from assassination, had the presence of mind to observe the route the robber took, which was across the chassé, to the great road leading from Paris to St. Denis. The gentleman then hastened to Chapelle, little more than a quarter of a mile from Clignen-court, situated upon the road between Paris and St. Denis ; here is a guard of the Marechaussee ; to them he related what had happened ; three of them were up, and their horses were ready saddled and bridled in the stable. They lost no time in the pursuit, for they took the robber before he got into St. Denis. It appeared, that this fellow, whose name was Jean Mazurier, had followed the business of robbing for some years upon the roads about Paris, and had frequently eluded the vigilance of the Police.

He followed some occupation at Paris, where he had a wife and family ; but, the better to carry on and conceal his practices, he hired an obscure lodging at St. Denis, from whence he would sallied forth to commit his depredations,

and afterwards retreat to one or other of his lodgings, as necessity required. In his apartments at St. Denis, was found a great number of articles which he had plundered at various times. He was committed to the goal at St. Denis, and tried at Paris ; he was sentenced to be broke, and then put upon the wheel, where he was to remain till he died. The French expression is thus : " Pour reparation condamne a avoir les bras, jambes, cuisses, et reins rompus vif, par l'exécuteur de la haute justice, sur un échaffaud, qui, pour cet effet, sera dressé, au village de la chapelle sur la grande route ; ce fait, son corps mis sur une roue, la face tournée vers le ciel, pour y demeurer, tout, et si, long tems, qu'il plaira à Dieu lui conserver la vie ; ses biens acquis confisqués au roi."

This dreadful sentence I saw put in execution, with all its horrors the 18th instant, about four o'clock in the afternoon. The cavalcade arrived from Paris, the prisoner in a cart with his confessor, and the two executioners ; attended by a party of the City Horse, and of the Marechaussee. In the rear were two or three coaches with certain officers appointed to attend executions. After the prisoner had spent about half an hour in prayer and confession, he mounted the scaffold, together with the priest and the executioners ; the criminal was a most wretched spectacle, he was ragged and dirty, and his long black hair in great disorder ; his beard had not been cut since his confinement ; he was an uncommon tall, stout, well-made fellow ; but a countenance the most diabolically horrid I ever beheld. One of the executioners appeared afraid of him, for he trembled exceedingly when he approached him,

and was obliged to be encouraged by the other executioner to do his business.—The unhappy criminal did not appear in the least terrified with his approaching fate; he calmly looked upon the horrid instruments of torture with surprising fortitude, and surveyed the immense concourse of spectators with attention.

He seemed to lay himself down on the cross with as much indifference as a man would to sleep; and as the executioners were tying his legs and arms to the cross, he desired them to bind them faster. The principal executioner then, with a large iron instrument, in shape something like a cricket-bat, gave him the coups on his legs, thighs, and arms, which at each stroke he broke; this he did with wonderful dexterity and alertness: he then gave him, across the stomach, what is called the coup de grace. This stroke of favour is ordinarily meant to put the criminal out of torture; but it is sometimes given with greater or lesser force, according to the atrociousness of the crime.—Sometimes they are strangled immediately after their limbs are broke; but no such favour was allowed this criminal; he received only a very slight stroke across his breast, which but added to his misery.—The executioners now took him from the cross, and truss'd his broken limbs under his body, and tied him upon the wheel, with his head hanging over the wheel.—The executioners then left him, and walked about the stage, conversing and laughing with the most savage unconcern.—The confessor did not leave him a moment, but gave him all the spiritual comfort that was in his power, assuring him, that if he had repented, and confessed all his crimes, the Almighty God would have mercy upon him; and

he doubted not but he would be in Heaven as soon as the laws of his country, which he had violated, were satisfied; and that his sufferings were now nearly at an end; and begged him to reflect, that his Saviour had suffered greater tortures for the salvation of mankind. In this manner did he converse with him for more than two hours, the wretched sufferer frequently telling the confessor what dreadful agonies he was in, and praying to be strangled; but he never once groaned, or cried out, except at each coup that broke his limbs.

The confessor was seated so nigh the criminal, that his hair frequently touched the knees of the priest, who was so much affected, that he was in tears the whole time, and I believe could no longer endure the dreadful scene, for he went to the attending officers of justice, and to the executioners, and earnestly requested that they would put the unhappy criminal out of his misery, for that he had confessed every thing laid to his charge, and that it was now cruelty to let him suffer according to the full rigour of the law. After some conversation, they acquiesced to the proposal of the worthy priest. The executioners then put a small cord round the malefactor's neck, and strangled him. The priest for some time did not think he was quite dead; the principal executioner, to convince him, put his fingers to the arteries of his temples, opened his eyelids, and, I think, opened his mouth, and touched his tongue.

This horrid operation being ended, they untied the body from the wheel, and put it in a cart, which immediately drove away, escorted by a party of Horse to see it interred.

The stage erected for this melancholy purpose was about eight

teen feet square, and about eight feet high, the cross seven feet in length, and its diameter about four inches. It was placed horizontally, in the middle of the stage, and notches cut in it, for the limbs to give way the more readily upon the stroke.

At one corner of the stage was the wheel, which had been one of the forewheels of a coach; it was fixed upon a piece of wood about three feet high, which turned upon its axis.

The executioners were well dressed, decent looking men. One of them, I observed, had two watches, and wore white silk stockings.

The office of "executeur de la haute justice, in France, is very lucrative, and hath not that infamous stigma attached to it, as in England; and, to make it as respectable as possible, he is called a King's officer, and has certain privileges allowed him.

The concourse of people to see this execution was immense; the tops of the houses were covered with spectators.

The curiosity of the French to see executions, is, I think, even greater than that of the English; but I am sorry to say, from my own observation, and that of others, the French appear to want that commiseration, and sympathetic feeling, which so eminently abounds in the breasts of the English.

When a criminal is once condemned, they say, it signifies little how much he suffers, because he deserves it. This apparent want of humanity in the French, certainly proceeds from the nature of their government; they are devoted to the will of their Prince; and as all law is supposed to proceed from him, they religiously pay obedience to his ordinances and mandates, as supposing the

Grand Monarque as infallible in his temporal affairs, as the Pope is in his spiritual.

When racks and tortures become familiar to the eye, they lose part of their dread; and spectators may become as callous to the sufferings of a criminal racked upon the wheel, as multitudes are to simple hanging. — At this execution, I never saw people less concerned, I heard several exclaim, when the limbs of the criminal were breaking, *Sacre Dieu cela est bien juste, il le merite bien.* In a country town, where I once resided, there was a man to be racked for murder. An English gentleman lodged opposite to the place of execution. The lady of the house, who was an Avocat's wife, congratulated him upon the fine prospect he would have of the execution, and begged permission to introduce some ladies, of her acquaintance, to enjoy the spectacle from his apartments; the gentleman shocked with her want of all delicacy and humanity, replied, that he was much surprized at her request, and asked how she could endure to behold the miseries of a fellow-creature? to which she angrily replied, that she did not look upon him as a fellow-creature; he was a savage, a beast, *un chien sanglant,* and deserved suffering the severest tortures, and she could behold him without pity.

The gentleman, upon the day of execution, went out of town, and locked his apartments, which was such a disappointment to the Avocat's wife, and her friends, that upon his return, she gave him notice to quit her lodgings, and called him "unbarbare Anglois." — There was some reason why this woman's spirit was uncommonly roused. The murderer had killed an Avocat of her acquaint-

ance. The murderer suspecting this Avocat had cheated him in making his father's will, he went into the Avocat's office, and with a broad sword cut him to pieces; when taken, he was asked what could induce him to commit so cruel a murder? He replied, with all the sang froid possible, that he did not see there was any cruelty to kill an Avocat, they were all frippons, and deserved to be put to death: however, as there is no general rule without an exception, so it was in this case; the unfortunate Avocat was universally esteemed for his probity, and his fate was singularly melancholy, for he left eleven children unprovided for.

The criminal that is condemned to be broke upon the wheel, is never acquainted with his sentence till he is led to the place of execution, and sees the engines of torture prepared for him; he may suspect the dreadful death intended for him, but he is amused with the hopes of pardon, or a sentence less severe than being broke, till the fatal moment arrives that is to undeceive him. There is certainly more appearance of cruelty than of mercy in this: but it is done with a view that the law shall not be robbed of its victim, by his becoming his own executioner. It is also customary to give false spirits to the unhappy criminals, by giving them a quantity of wine, almost to intoxication; just before they leave their place of confinement for execution.

I saw a girl of sixteen years of age, who was hanged at Montrenil for stealing a quantity of linen from her mistress, who was so elated with the wine which had been given her, that she desired to walk to the place of execution: when she arrived there, she was in such a hurry to mount the lad-

der, that her confessor stopped her and obliged her to kiss the cross, and join in prayers with him.—

This poor girl's fate claimed great commiseration. It was a first offence, which she was induced to commit towards the support of her mother, who had several children. The value of the linen stolen did not exceed sixteen livres; but the law is always rigorously enforced in France against every breach of trust in servants. There was every extenuation in favour of this poor girl, and she ought to have been saved, for she was eminently beautiful.

To conclude this long letter, so full of extraneous and digressive matter, I must observe, that the government of no nation in the world takes so much pains, or put themselves to so much expence to bring criminals to condign punishment as the French nation; and though I should be very sorry to be an advocate for introducing punishment by torture in our almost complete constitution in England, yet it must be confessed that it is by this mode of punishment that property is more secure in France than in England. The dread of being racked upon the wheel, secures their houses from burglary; makes it safe travelling from one end of the kingdom to the other, by day or by night, without any apprehension of being attacked.— The same may be observed of the metropolis, Paris, which from her excellent government, secures her citizens from the depredations of abandoned miscreants. I once asked an ingenious Ex-Jesuit of my acquaintance (who had made the tour of Europe) why he did not visit England? He replied, that though he had great curiosity to see England, yet he could not think of going to a country where he was certain of being robbed,

which he could not afford. Your English newspapers, said he, are always full of robberies and murders, and, 'till your rulers introduce the rack, and have an established Marechaussee, I will never visit England. As to murders, I believe there are more committed in France than in England. Any person who will visit the *Morne* at Paris, for one year, may be pretty well convinced of the truth of this assertion; but they are principally committed in infamous houses, from whence the bodies are thrown into the river *Seine*; nor can I think it in the power of the Police to prevent it.

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*Entertaining Account of the Formosan Sun-Worshipper, afterwards known by the name of George Psalmanazar.*

AT the commencement of the present century, a person arrived in England, totally a stranger to our language and manners, but speaking a little miserable French. His stature was rather diminutive, his eye expressive, a certain wildness in his aspect, and his dress a kind of loose garment, with which he was enveloped in a manner apparently calculated for the purpose of singularity. Latin he spoke with uncommon fluency, and Greek he understood most accurately. His custom was, to lay in some field, to rise at twilight, and in the most public part of the town, to prostrate himself, and pay the profoundest adoration to THE SUN. He gave a loud utterance to his petitions; but the language in which he delivered his sentiments on these occasions, was literally an unknown tongue, for it bore not the least affinity to any other under heaven. Still to excite universal observation, the diet of this person was of the most extraordinary kind; for he eat raw

flesh without any bread, and drank only water.

Proceeding for some time in this singular manner, and being regular in his public worship of the Sun, several of the learned men of the time were induced to hold conferences with this person. He expressed not the least aversion, and in return to their inquiries, he gave the following short account of himself: That he was a native of the island of Formosa, conveyed from his country by the stratagem of some Europeans, and landed at *Marseilles*; had travelled through France on foot, into Greece, Egypt, and various other countries, but had persisted in the Formosan faith of the Sun being the Supreme Deity; and had constantly adhered to the diet and regimen of life, prescribed by the religion of his ancestors. The frankness with which these declarations were made, the pertinacity in which they were persisted, and above all, the singular manners and capacity of the man, drew daily a concourse of people to see him, and the Formosan Sun-worshipper became the general subject of speculation. The learned were divided in opinion. The famous Doctor Mead suspected a cheat; but, with all his accuracy, he was unable to detect the imposture. Doctor Gibson, at that time Bishop of London, was completely duped, and that by one of the most extraordinary exertions of transcendent ability, ever, perhaps, displayed. The supposed Formosan was rigidly questioned as to the language of his native country; and as a proof of his complete acquaintance with it, he actually wrote a grammar, comprising characters which he had devised for letters, different from every oriental and modern character known to exist: he accompanied this grammar with a Copy of Formosan

words, and every grammatical rule was laid down with most astonishing precision. The whole, in short, was a master-piece of invention; and so impossible did it appear to Bishop Gibson, that the mere invention of any man could produce such a performance, that he placed the grammar in his cabinet of literary curiosities, and shewed great civilities to the author of it. The good Bishop was mighty solicitous to convert the supposed Formosan from Heathenism to Christianity; but the impostor persisted in his worship of the Sun; a general abhorrence of the Christian, Jewish, and Mahomedan faith; and indulged his appetite with *raw flesh*.

This farce being carried on for a considerable time, whether the impostor became tired of deceiving, or that the curiosity of the public being satiated, they became tired of the impostor; whether the force of internal principle operated a change in the man, who never was charged with the commission of a vice; whatever was the cause, he at last threw off the masque, made a public, and a most ingenious confession of his imposture, reserving only this secret within his breast—That he never could be prevailed on to disclose his name, family, or the country which had given him birth. All that he declared of himself was, that so far from being a native of Formosa, he only had learned from books that such a place existed; and, instead of having peregrinated the globe, “out of Europe,” to use his own words, “he was not borne, nor had ever travelled.”

This candid declaration, added to the extraordinary abilities, and inoffensive behaviour of the man as a citizen, procured him the pardon of those whom he had deceived, among which number was

Lord Pembroke, the illustrious benefactor, from whom the University of Oxford obtained the famous collection of marbles. The Formosan being thus laid aside, it became necessary that some name to distinguish him should be adopted, and he assumed that of George Psalmanazar.

Now, for the good deeds of this impostor, which he wrought in atonement, for his former errors. Having acquired the English language in perfection, and being otherwise a man of profound learning, Lord Pembroke, observing the sincerity of his reformation, became his patron, and recommended him to several works of literature. He writ an excellent History of Printing, and, applying himself to the study of the Hebrew and other oriental languages, he became qualified for the execution of a task afterwards assigned him, by which he rendered an essential service to this country, and to the republic of letters. This task was, *The Ancient Universal History*, the Jewish, Babylonish, and indeed all the eastern part of which was written by George Psalmanazar, for so I must call him, as his real name was never discovered.

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*Extract taken from the 23d letter of Mr Savary to his Friend, dated Grand Cairo.*

I Shall finish this letter, Sir, with a fact, which will prove to you, that the events which happened in the time of Jacob, are renewed in our days in Egypt. Whole clouds of locusts covered the plains of Syria the last year; they laid waste the country, and destroyed the corn even to the very root. Famine was, as usual, the consequence of this scourge. A countryman in the neighbourhood of Damascus felt:

the effects of the general desolation, to supply the urgent necessities of his family; he was obliged to sell a part of his cattle. This resource was very soon exhausted.—The unhappy father, borne down by the present calamity, foresaw still greater to come; pressed by hunger, he went to the town to sell his implements of labour. The invisible hand of providence guided his footsteps, as the angel formerly conducted the young Tobias. Whilst he was cheapening some corn, nearly arrived from Damietta, he heard tell of the successes of *Maurat Bey*, who, after vanquishing his enemies had entered Grand Cairo in triumph. They painted the size, the character, the origin of this warrior; they related the manner in which he had arisen from the state of slavery to his present greatness. The astonished country man immediately knew him to be one of his sons, carried off from him at 11 years old. A ray of hope revived in his breast: he lost no time in conveying to his family the provisions he had purchased, recounts what he had learnt, and determines to set out for Egypt. His wife and children bathed him with their tears, offering up their vows for his safe return. He went to the port of Alexandretta, where he embarked, and landed at Damietta.

“A son who had quitted the religion of his forefathers to embrace Mahometism; and who saw himself encircled with all the splendor of the most brilliant fortune, is it likely that he will acknowledge him?” This idea hung heavy on his heart; on the other hand, the desire of restoring his family from the horrors of famine, the hopes of recovering a child, whose loss he had long bewailed, supported his courage; and

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animated him to continue his journey; he enters the capital, and repairs to the palace of *Maurat Bey*; he presents himself to the Prince's attendants and desires permission to speak to him. He urges, he ardently solicits an audience; his dress, and his whole appearance, which bespoke poverty and misfortune, were not calculated to obtain him what he sought for; but his great age, that age so respected in the East, pleaded in his favour, one of his officers informed *Maurat Bey*, that a wretched old man desired to speak to him. “Let him enter,” says he. The peasant advances with trembling steps on a rich carpet, which covered the hall of the Divan, and approaches the Bey, who was reposing on a sofa, embroidered with silk and gold.—The various feelings which oppressed his mind, deprived him of utterance. Recollecting, at length, the child that had been stolen from him, and the voice of nature getting the better of his tears, he throws himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, he cries out, “you are my child.” The Bey rises him up, endeavours to recollect him, and on a further explanation, finding him to be his father, he seats him by his side, and loads him with caresses. After the tenderest effusions of the heart, the old man painted to him the deplorable situation in which he had left his mother and his brethren. The Prince proposed to him to send for them to Egypt, and to make them partake of his riches and his power; provided they would embrace Mahometanism. The generous Christian had foreseen his proposal, and lest young people might have been dazzled with it, had not suffered one of his children to accompany him. He steadfastly re-

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jected this offer of his son, and had even the courage to remonstrate with him on his change of religion. *Maurat Bey*, seeing that his father remained inflexible, and that the distress his family was in demanded immediate succour, ordered him a large sum of money, and

sent him back into Syria with a small vessel laden with corn. The happy countryman returned as soon as possible to the plains of Damascus. His arrival banished misery and tears from his rural dwelling, and restored joy, comfort, and happiness."

## P O E T R Y.

*For the Berwick Museum.*

*An Ode for the New Year, by Mr Warton.*

### I.

IN rough magnificence array'd,  
When ancient Chivalry display'd  
The pomp of her heroic games;  
And crested chiefs, and tissued dames  
Assembled, at the clarion's call,  
In some proud castle's high-arch'd  
hall,  
To grace romantic glory's genial rites;  
Associate of the gorgeous festival.  
The Minstrel struck his kindred  
thrug,  
And told of many a steel-clad king,  
Who to the tourney train'd his hardy  
knights;  
Or bore the radiant red cross shield  
Mid the bold peers of Salem's field;  
Who travers'd pagan climes to quell  
The wizard foe's terrific spell;  
In rude affrays untaught to fear  
The Saracen's gigantic spear.—  
The list'ning champions felt the fab-  
ling rhyme,  
With fairy trappings fraught, and shook  
their plumes sublime.

### II.

Such were the themes of regal  
praise,  
Dear to the bard of elder days;  
The songs, to savage virtue dear,  
That won of yore the public ear!  
Ere Polity, State and Age,  
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage,  
Had stem'd the torrent of eternal strife,  
And charm'd to rest an unrelenting age.  
No more, in formidable state,  
The Castle shuts its thundering  
gate;  
New colours suit the scenes of soften'd  
life:  
No more, bestriding barbed steeds,  
Adventurous valour idly bleeds:  
And now the Bard in alter'd tones,  
A theme of worthier triumph owns:  
By social imagery beguil'd,  
He moulds his harp to manners  
mild;  
No longer weaves the wreath of  
war alone,  
Nor hails the hostile forms that grac'd  
the Gothic thron.

### III.

And now he tunes his plausive lay.  
To Kings, who plant the civic bay;  
Who choose the patriot sovereign's  
part,  
Diffusing commerce, peace, and art;

Who spread the virtuous pattern  
wide,  
And triumph in a nation's pride:  
Who seek coy Science in her cloister'd  
nook,  
Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an art-  
less tide;  
Who love to view the vale divine,  
Where revel Nature and the Nine,  
And clust'ring towers the tufted grove  
o'erlook;  
To Kings, who rule a filial land,  
Who claim a people's vows and  
prayers,  
Should Treason arm the weakest  
hand;  
To thee, his heart-felt praise he  
hears:  
And with new rapture hastes to  
greet  
This festal morn, that longs to  
meet,  
With luckiest auspices, the laughing  
spring;  
And opens with genial blessings on her  
wing!

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*For the Berwick Museum.*

*The MUSES, to the Contributors  
to the Berwick Museum.*

TO thee, Bob Short, our truly noble  
friend,  
The tribute of our royal thanks we send,  
For Nature's laws as thou hast amply  
shown,  
Are, by thy comprehensive genius known;  
The devious paths, in which the planets  
move,  
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs  
above,  
Tho' known to few, to thee are all as  
plain,  
As is the plough or harrow to the swain.  
Nor is the path in which the comets  
blaze,  
And fill the world with terror and amaze,  
Unknown to thee, thou canst their or-  
bits show,  
And teach them when to come and  
when to go.  
But what can be too arduous or refin'd,  
For thy aspiring and discerning mind!

To Peg the Finisher next our thanks  
we owe,  
Who can such rare and solid learning  
shew;  
So great her worth, that tho' of female  
race,  
Our honours shall her noble temples  
grace;  
When no man cou'd, or wou'd defend  
our laws,  
She bravely stood, and gain'd the glow-  
rious cause,  
Attack'd our foes Hefthorian, in the field,  
And made the bravest of their heroes  
yield.  
But what need we attempt to swell her  
fame;  
Great Tom de Scott still trembles at  
her name,  
And sooner wou'd behold the meikle  
de'il,  
Than her sage truths and just detections  
feel!  
Great Hurlothand'ro next deserves  
our praise,  
Who so much sense, and so much wit  
displays;  
On bold Newtonic wing he soars on high,  
Thro' all the regions of the ambient sky,  
And, as he soars, views Nature's secrets  
thro',  
And nobly shews her what she ought  
to do!  
None, none but thee of all the human  
kind,  
Could e'er the depth of Short's grand  
problem find!  
The Philomaths attempted long to gain  
its depth and scope, but all attempts  
were vain,  
Till thou, endow'd with more than  
mortal soul,  
In more than words didst shew the  
wond'rous whole!  
We honour thee, great Sir, and as most fit,  
Thou evermore on our right hand  
shalt sit!  
Vox Populi must have our favour too;  
To him our love and best esteem are due,  
Whose gen'rous mind by truth and can-  
dour sway'd,  
Deserves to be our Lord Chief Justice  
made,  
And shall be so: our royal cause main-  
tain,  
And make love, peace, and equity to  
reign,  
Make all our foes De Soot's just fate to  
share,  
And, in ter'rem, hang them high in air!  
Who boldly dare to climb Parnassus' hill,  
And bid defiance to the Muses will.

Toss headlong down at once, without  
dismay,  
O'er rocks and shelves to rav'nous  
birds a prey,  
That others seeing their alarming fate,  
May learn their conduct and their ways  
to hate.

Nor must we pass T. H. the faith-  
ful, by;  
He, in our favour too, is ranked high!  
What though not all can gain Parnassus'  
height,  
And fill the world with wonder and de-  
light.

Yet, as he justly labours to ascend,  
His labour shall in lasting honour end,  
And as a proof our love for him is great,  
We make him Short's Prime Minister of  
State!

Given under our Hand this Seven-  
teenth day of January, 1787,

*EUTERPE, Secretary.*

*For the Berwick Museum.*

## AN ODE TO WINTER.

**H**ARK, how the stormy Boreas blows,  
Attended with cold fleets and snows;  
And all his black'ning train:  
Or biting Eurus joins the throng,  
With dismal clouds that pour along,  
And deluge all the plain.

The frozen earth becomes his prey,  
That soil himself must now obey,  
His beams do faintly show:  
All nature that was lately seen,  
All dress'd and cloth'd in verdant green,  
Is now all dress'd in snow.

How chang'd is now the varied scene,  
For hill and dale is now the same,  
One vast wide waste appear!  
The eye the boundless track surveys,  
No change relieves, but dazzling rays,  
Are seen both far and near.

The limpid stream scarce moves along,  
But as it flows, congeals among,  
The rocks that are in its way:  
A thousand various figures form,  
That sparkle in the sun at morn,  
And thousand sun's display.

Now Luna rises clear and bright,  
And spreads abroad her silver light,  
Supplies the loss of day:  
When she again withdraws her beams,  
The Northern lights with livid streams,  
And blazing colours play.

When winter with his frozen hand,  
Has bound in icy chains the land,  
When nights are cold and long.  
May I some worthy friend enjoy,  
Whole liv'ning converse ne'er can cloy,  
Or hear the social song.

While thro' life's path we hold our  
way,  
In different roads all of us stray,  
In hopes of pleasure there:  
If friendship's balm did not bestow,  
Its fragrance on us here below,  
'T would not be worth our care.

Man's winter will arrive at last,  
Then all his joys are nearly past;  
Death soon will close the scene:  
May we then join beyond the skies,  
The happy, where no storms arise,  
But Springs for ever reign.

*TURDA.*

*For the Berwick Museum.*

## A PASTORAL,

*Inscribed to Miss Haraduski, a  
Polish Lady, and an intimate of  
Jena.*

Q! tantum libeat mecum tibi sordida  
rura,  
Atque humiles habitare casas!

*VIRG.*

**H**OW often I've made the lone grove,  
With my pipe's rural music rebound,  
And how oft have I sung of my love,  
To the vallies and woodlands around.  
I cannot suppress her dear name,  
(Since perhaps she may see these fond  
lay.)

O ye gods! 'tis fair Jena I claim,  
And 'tis Jena alone whom I praise,

Not all the gay pride of the Spring,  
Nor the Summer's more gaudy attire,  
Not all that rich Autumn can bring,  
Can e'er paint the dear girl I admire.  
The blossoms of Spring soon decay,  
And the Summer's fine robes disappear,  
Proud Autumn's rich gifts pass away,  
But my Jena's the same round the year.

Her blooming cheeks, where beauty  
thrives,  
Glow like the rose at break of day.

Her lips surpass the ruby's blaze,  
Her eyes outshine the star of morn,  
Her hair the finest black displays,  
And modest smiles her face adorn.

How light would be Winter's bleak train,  
Should my Jena prove faithful and true,  
I'd laugh at the snow, hail, and rain,  
And all changes of season subdue.  
Her form the three Graces might wear!  
She wou'd each one you'd have sworn;  
Had you seen the nice shape and fine air,  
Of the beautiful maid I adore.

But vivise charms of red and white,  
She treats as low, evanid things;  
In virtue is her chief delight,  
From whence unfading beauty springs.

Her air majestic is, and free;  
Her shape is symmetry itself;  
Yet stoops to those of low degree,  
Nor daps the place her pride in self.

Pale envy never spots her cheek,  
Red anger ne'er deforms her brow,  
Rash censure she's averse to speak,  
But kindest actions loves to do.

Her charms tho' great are not divine,  
Nor can she stand in heaven's stead;  
But nymphs and swains do gladly join,  
To hail her, peerless Grace, on Tweed!

*Beaumont Banks, 1787.*

P.

HONORIOUS.

*Tweedside, near Berwick, 1787.*

*For the Berwick Museum.*

COULD I with Phœstratus sing,  
'Tis Grace on Tweed should be my  
theme,  
Her praise should make the vales to ring,  
While list'ning ev'ry purling stream.

*For the Berwick Museum.*

But of his Muse I'm not possess'd,  
No more than that of Pope or Steele;  
Yet though I lull you, Sir, to rest,  
I will attempt the charms I feel.

*To the Authorefs of the Verses ad-  
dressed to L———t R——— of  
the L——— at B———.*

For nature with unsparing hand,  
Has deck'd this maid in choicest charms;  
Her lover's heart for to command,  
And solely reign within his arms.

TO thee, ah fair unknown! I tune my  
lyre,  
To thee, whose muse has set my soul  
on fire,  
If ever pity warm'd thy tender heart,  
Ah fair one, pity me,—thy name im-  
part,  
Then to Ma chere, my passion I'll dis-  
close,  
And who will be so happy as thy ROSE.

Had P. this lovely maid but seen,  
He ne'er would sing the nymph on Till;  
And by the poet Beaumont's Queen,  
Unsung would have remained still.

*Berwick, January, 1787.*

In Grace's face the lily strives,  
Its utmost beauties to display;

# STATE OF POLITICS.

**T**HIS mid-winter month, as might be expected, has been productive of very little new matter to the political world; consequently our politicians have had very little to exercise their speculative talents upon: excepting a continuance of their observations on the Commercial Treaty recently concluded with the French court. But this unfortunately happens to be a subject which most of our would-be-politicians, paragraphical scribblers, are totally ignorant of. Hence the many gross effusions of ignorance, folly, and stupidity we daily see blackening the pages of diurnal history, in the various newspapers of the day. This same treaty, which requires a very comprehensive knowledge of the political system of Europe, and of the present state of trade and navigation of the several powers of the same, to qualify any man to think, speak, and write accurately upon it, is yet daily commented upon with the greatest freedom, we had almost said with the greatest effrontery, by men who seem to know nothing either of the one or of the other; while modest sensible judicious men are afraid to venture out with their opinions into public view, upon this momentous, important, and, to many people, very intricate national subject.

And here lies our danger, that the great bulk of those gentlemen, by whose voice the fate of our nation is to be determined, either are, or profess themselves to be, incompetent judges of the matter. Go among them, and ask each man privately or publicly his

opinion of the commercial treaty, he exposes himself by giving an explicit answer, saying, "I do not know: it is too commercial, too intricate, too abstruse, for me to form any judgment upon: I cannot dive deep enough into it, to form any founded opinion: I must therefore wait further information from those who know better than myself, the contents, tendency, and probable consequences of this grand contested affair."

The consequence is, that each man casts anchor in the ground he belongs to. The court member lies implicitly on the *ipse dixit* of the minister, takes his word for the whole, and votes plump with him; the opposition-men follow their leaders; and so the whole will perhaps depend upon the interest of the minister, and that bane of politics as well as of religion—*implicit faith, without examination, free enquiry, or rigid investigation.*

In this fluctuating and uncertain mode of thinking about this perplexed intricate subject, there appears something clear and pellucid to shine through the surrounding cloud of darkness, which may serve as a guiding star in this our political voyage, which we shall endeavour to state briefly and clearly, viz.

It is generally agreed on one side, and not denied on the other that the commercial treaty of 1786 is a copy, or transcript of the treaty of 1713, which was rejected by the legislature of that time, in opposition to the whole weight of court-influence most vigorously exerted in its support.

It seems also to be agreed, that the treaty of 1786 is not a very good or perfect copy of that of 1713; and that where they differ, the present agitated treaty suffers by comparison, being a worse edition, with all the faults, and without some of the beauties of the original.

Now, from the above premises, which seem to be undisputed and indisputable, we draw this inference; That a treaty of commerce and navigation, which was radically and essentially good in 1786—unless the world has turned upside down since, and the whole system of affairs therein is changed thoroughly and completely. The question then comes to this—Were the majority of the House of Commons of those days misled by their informants; and these last quite mistaken as to their own real interest and permanent welfare; or, did they wilfully mislead their patrons in the House of Commons to act against their own apparent interest?—It is incumbent, therefore, on the strenuous advocates of the present ministers, to prove that the ministers of Queen Anne only were in the right, and the parliament and people were all in the wrong, grossly ignorant of what was conducive to their own welfare, and that of the nation in general: or they must admit unequivocally, that the treaty of Utrecht was radically bad for this country. It will then remain with them to shew, what changes Great Britain and France have respectively undergone since that time, in their internal frames, and external circumstances, sufficient to render a measure radically bad and pernicious for this country at the former period, quite safe, eligible, and beneficial at this period, and in all future time. Until they shall perform this task, we

recommend to all worthy, well-meaning, though wavering Britons, to look with a jealous suspicious eye upon this and every boon that France may offer Great Britain.

Botany Bay has been alternately abandoned and resumed by our ex-politicians, in the course of this month: it has likewise been rejected for a substitute.—Because New Holland was by much too great an island for our ragamuffin colony, we deviated to the opposite extreme, by adopting a very small island, scarce visible on the globe, and scarcely findable in the great Southern Ocean, called New Norfolk, for the prison of our convicted criminals. Ultimately, if we may believe report, they are to be put in possession of both these islands.

If we were to consult reason and common sense on the occasion; we should conclude that ministers of state would not attempt the execution of either the one or the other enterprize, without waiting for the formality of taking the sense of parliament respecting such a gross expenditure of the public money. Whether our self-sufficient minister thinks this a mere formality that may be dispensed with occasionally; or thinks he may as well ask the advice of parliament after, as before the deed is done, is not for us to pronounce upon, but we must leave it to be developed by actions.

Ministry are reported to be excessively fond of negotiation; so much so, as to have commercial treaties on foot with almost all the powers of Europe, and even with the American States!—Their success in their first attempt at a commercial treaty with our fellow-subjects of Ireland, might have taught them a little modesty concerning their negotiating talents;

and men endowed with a moderate share of modesty and prudence, would have waited with some diffidence, to see the reception the French commercial treaty will be honoured with by the parliament and people of Great Britain, before they embarked in a number of divers other treaties with powers unnumbered and unknown. As to our treaty with the Americans, it will be time enough to begin that, when their treaty with their great and good ally expires, or is broken through, which ever period happens first; till then we can have no good commercial treaty, or any other treaty, with the Thirteen United States of America.

The meetings of British and Irish parliaments are fixed nearly as they were last year:—the ensuing session is like to be more comprehensive and extended in its views and deliberations. On our momentous subject we suppose that both parliaments will have occasion to bestow the most serious and profound deliberation. How far they will agree or recede from one another in opinion and judgment must be left to time to discover.

Stocks have been very low and drooping this month, contrary to the expectation of many of the dealers in that commodity, at least as they pretended. Leaving various lesser adventitious causes out of the question, we believe the main cause which has depressed the funds has been the minister's design to bring forth another war budget now in the time of profound peace, in the approaching session. A new loan! more taxes! money, money, money! is the minister's constant tone.

The White Boys in Ireland seem to grant a truce previous to the meeting of the parliament of

that kingdom. It is high time the Irish government should redress their grievances, if they labour under any, or otherwise correct their irregularities, and restore the country to peace and good order.

We now see the fruits of the late treaties with France and Spain developing themselves to the public view of even the most cursory observers.—Our ministry ceded West Florida, which had been conquered, and gave away East Florida, which had not been conquered, both into the hands of the Spaniards, without reversion, and without any equivalent or consideration whatsoever. The use that is to be made of this cession and concession, it seems, is, these two provinces to be given by the Spaniards to the French, for a strong hold to keep the North American States in subjection to the French court, and to be a thorn in the sides of our West India islands, and a continual curb upon all the shipping going to and coming from these islands (Great Britain and Ireland) in peace, and perhaps to wrest them from us finally, whenever another war shall break out between the nations. What France fails of her pursuits in arms, she generally accomplishes by the insidious pen of negotiation.

The revolted Americans now feel severely the loss of their relation and connection with Great Britain; and they deplore the loss of that protection they enjoyed under her covering wing, from the depredation and cruelties of Barbary States! They can neither protect themselves by arms from all or any of them, nor yet make peace with one of those predatory powers! What were all their wise heads thinking of, when they were tearing themselves from the

arms of the mother-country, not to foresee that these things and many other calamities would be the consequences of the final separation they ardently sought after, and fought for against their best friends and guardians.

The Dutch are still quarrelsome among themselves, without rightly knowing what they quarrel about, or what either of the contending parties aim at, or what would please them if they could obtain their will. At the same time some of them shew a disposition of renewing their dispute with the emperor.—So much for French mediation between contending neighbours.

The King of Prussia carries on things with moderation and discretion, and appears to put the French court to the trial, to see what sort of a republican government they would wish to establish in Holland, in lieu of that they are secretly undermining, and endeavouring to blow up. In the mean

time his interference keeps the rank republicans of French manufacturing in awe, and restrains them within some bounds, which they would otherwise overleap, to the utter division of their divided and distracted country.

Portugal and Spain remain very silent; the former probably waiting to see what sort of a commercial treaty we shall finally make with France.

Russia somewhat in the same way as to us: how she stands with the Porte is difficult to say. Both parties study silence and profess moderation. Every thing in that quarter appears to hang on the thread of the Grand Signior's precarious life.

Poland, whose diet is the most turbulent in Europe, has commenced its era of tranquil deliberation, and quiet session.

The Emperor keeps looking on coolly among them all, only galling the Dutch a little on their old fore, the Scheldt.

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

**A** Letter from Paris, of the 8th inst. brings the following information:—"For several days past, a report prevails, that an alarming riot had taken place at Vienna. By the accounts given of that popular commotion it appears that it hath been of a violent nature. It is said, that the Emperor had been compelled secretly to leave his palace surrounded by the mutineers. The cause or pretence of the insurrection, is variously accounted for, but most generally ascribed to the Emperor's

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having ordered all the Nymphs of pleasure to be taken up and confined to different convents. The Monks, taking part for those prostitutes, united to excite rebellion amongst the ignorant multitude. Next day the Emperor issued out a proclamation, stating the reasons of his conduct, and then strengthened his arguments by the assistance of the military, and the most severe regulations against all kinds of riotous assemblies, and lawless combinations."

G

27. The mail from Holland, received yesterday, brings the following account, dated Constantinople, December 10. "By letters from Egypt, we hear, that an army of the rebels having recovered from their first fright, had made so good dispositions, as to give battle to the Captain Pacha, who suffered greatly in the engagement. But what alarms the Porte more than all is, that they have surrounded the Ottoman troops in such a manner, as to cut off all possibility of escape. Our Court, which, till the arrival of this unhappy news, discovered every mark of satisfaction, now evinces the greatest confusion and consternation; and as misfortunes seldom come alone, the Porte has, at the same time, received intelligence

of the commotions caused by the rebels in Albania. His highness, it is said, wishes to reduce them to their allegiance, and was making some arrangements for this purpose, but many important reasons have occurred to prevent his acting with vigour in Albania, as the Pacha of Scutari has declared that he acted from no other motives, than to relieve the oppressed provinces from grievous imposts; and this motive has gained him the popularity of the oppressed provinces. The Ottoman empire resembles an army which has been in service, and dispirited by great exertions. Palliatives only increase our disorders; and the public safety requires violent measures.

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## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*January 23.*

**H**IS Majesty went in the usual state to the House of Peers, and got to Westminster exactly at ten minutes past three o'clock; after being seated on the Throne, with the proper officers of State on each side, his Majesty was pleased to make the following most gracious speech to both Houses of Parliament; the Speaker, with the Commons, being at and below the Bar:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I HAVE particular satisfaction in acquainting you, that since I last met you in Parliament, the tranquillity of Europe has remained uninterrupted, and that all foreign powers continue to express their friendly disposition to this country.

"I have concluded a Treaty of Navigation and commerce with the Most Christian King, a copy of which shall be laid before you. I must recommend it to you to take such measures as you shall judge proper for carrying it into effect; and I trust that you will find the provisions contained in it are calculated for the encouragement of industry, and the extension of lawful commerce in both countries, and by promoting a beneficial intercourse between our respective subjects, appears likely to give additional permanence to the blessings of peace. I shall keep the same salutary objects in view, in the commercial arrangements with other powers.

"I have also given directions for laying before you, a copy of

a convention agreed upon between me and the Catholic king, for carrying into effect the sixth article of the last treaty of peace.

“Gentlemen of the H. of Commons,

“I have ordered the estimates for the present year to be laid before you, and I have the fullest reliance on your readiness to make due provision for the several branches of the public service.

“The state of the revenue will, I am persuaded, continue to engage your constant attention, as being essentially connected with the national credit, and the prosperity and safety of my dominions.

“My Lords and Gentlemen,

“A plan has been formed, by my direction, for transporting a number of convicts, in order to remove the inconvenience which arose from the crowded state of the goals, in different parts of the kingdom; and you will, I doubt not, take such further measures as may be necessary for this purpose.

“I trust you will be able in this session, to carry into effect regulations for the ease of the merchants, and for simplifying the public accounts in the various branches of the revenue; and I rely upon the uniform continuance of your exertions, in pursuit of such objects as may tend still farther to improve the national resources, and to promote and confirm the welfare and happiness of my people.”

26. Lord George Gordon appeared in the Court of King's Bench, and informed the Court, that he had an objection to state to a process which had been served upon him. Mr. Justice Buller informed him, he interrupted the business of the Court. Lord George answered, he was counsel for himself, and was as much entitled to

be heard, as any King's Counsel. Mr. Justice Buller replied, that the Attorney General could not be heard out of his turn. Upon this information, Lord George stepped within the bar, and took a seat between Mr. Bearcroft and Mr. Cooper. The Court having heard the motions of the King's Counsel, called on Lord George, who arose and said, that the nature of the business he had to state to their Lordships, would render an apology for the interruption he had given, totally unnecessary. There was a *misnomer*, or, at least a want of proper addition to the name inserted in a process served upon him, of which he did not intend to take advantage, either by moving in abatement, or availing himself of a dilatory plea, for he wished to accelerate his trial, and prove his innocence as soon as possible. For this reason he came forward to correct the Court, by pointing out the error in their process. This process was directed to “George Gordon,” without any addition whatever, which was an error; the other names were properly described, the Chief Justice had his style of William Earl Mansfield, and Pepper Arden was denominated an Esquire. He had as good a right to the additions to his name, as either of these, or even George Guelph himself. This process did not describe him, it ordered George Gordon to appear in Court, but did not say, whether the George Gordon summoned was the Honourable Lord George Gordon, George Gordon, Knight, Esquire, or Yeoman. He knew four Lord George Gordons,—which of them did this process mean? He knew above a hundred gentlemen of the same name, to which of them was this process directed? For these reasons he called upon the Court to correct

their process, which he knew was wrong, having as competent a knowledge of the business, as any man in Court. The Court informed the noble Lord, that in the present state of the business, the addition was unnecessary, but that in case of a process of outlawry, then the additions would be essential to the proceeding. Lord George rose and said, that unless the Court called upon him by his right name and additions, he would not answer, and bowing respectfully to the Bench and Bar, retired.

He was dressed in a black velvet coat, with rich wrought buttons of gold and silver mixed, a ruffe waistcoat, and his hair hanging on his shoulders, but powdered.

#### B E R W I C K.

*January 18.* Being kept as the anniversary of her Majesty's Birthday, was observed here as usual by ringing of bells, and firing of guns, &c.—There was a most brilliant Ball in the evening. The dresses of the Ladies were much admired for their elegance, plainness, and simplicity. Such an assemblage of beauty and taste filled every beholder with admiration. The order and harmony that reigned through the whole did great honour to those concerned upon the occasion.

*A Caution.*—A labourer's family, in the neighbourhood of Berwick, was by an artful woman lately reduced to great distress. The impostor was decently dressed, and seemed to be with child. She began by telling them several circumstances about their family, that they came lately to that place, they were very poor, and in some debt. Expressing their surprise how she knew aught about them she replied, that she knew every thing, that she was commissioned by heaven, but could not reveal

her message until they took an oath they would not divulge it for some time; then taking bread and water, she prayed, and gave it them as a sacrament. She then told them there was a great sum of money left for them, but it was under the power of incantment, and could not be raised without ten pounds, if they had not that much, they must borrow it, and she would return, which she did. They had then six pounds to pay a bill, which they shewed her, four guineas, and two twenty shilling notes. This she said would not do, but if they had any linen or cloaths, she could raise the other four pounds for them in Berwick, in the mean time she would tie what they had in a napkin and leave it with them, she would come in a few days, and all would be ready. After she was gone, they had the curiosity to look into the napkin. What was their astonishment to find only four halfpence, and two slips of white paper. Thus was the poor family robbed of their money, linen, and all their cloaths.

This may appear incredible, but from what I saw, I am convinced it was too true. For the sake of the poor family, I delayed for some time to communicate it, but lest other simple and credulous people should be overwhelmed in the same distress I now give it as a caution to the public.

**MARRIAGES**—2. Mr. T. Gilchrist, Surgeon, to Miss Ford.

At Dunfermline, Mr David Logan, Lieutenant of the Navy, to Miss Hall, Ford-hill.

12. Captain W. Fenwick, to Miss Staward.

**DEATHS.**—7. Mrs Thompson, wife of the Rev. Mr A. Thompson.

22. Mr T. Yelloly of Sunnyside.

31. Mr J. Smithers, aged 86.

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OR,

MONTHLY

LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

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# THE BERWICK MUSEUM;

OR,

MONTHLY LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

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FOR FEBRUARY 1787.

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*A Short Review of the Political State of Great Britain, at the  
Commencement of the Year, 1787.*

**A**N intelligent and reflecting mind, accustomed to speculate upon human events, to regard their causes, their progression, and their effects, and to form its general opinions from an expanded survey of the whole; such a mind will naturally stop at particular eras in the history of nations, and assemble their scattered rays into one concentered point of view. The political situation of this country, at the present juncture, may, perhaps, be regarded as forming one of those epochas; and may merit consideration, as detached from the general mass of time and matter, which constitute and compose what we denominate history. My object, in writing the following sheets, is principally to present a picture of the actual and existing moment, without either taking any ample retrospect of past transactions, or extending my conjectures far into an un-

ascertained and imaginary futurity. It is certainly curious, and it may be useful, to consider the relative and respective positions of the King and the People, of the Governors and the Governed, of the Ministry and of the Opposition, at the opening of a new year, before the incumbent pressure of succeeding events has diverted our attention to other scenes and objects. I shall confine my survey to a few of the great component features, and shall begin, where upon every principle, it is natural first to turn our eyes, with the consideration of the Sovereign.

It has fallen to the lot of few Princes, of whom history has preserved any authentic record, to enjoy so considerable a portion of the personal attachment, respect, and adherence of their subjects, after the unprecedented disgraces and calamities of his reign, as George the Third appears to pos-

self at the present moment. The loss of thirteen colonies, of both the Floridas, of part of our West-India Islands, and of Minorca—The surrender of whole armies—the ignominious flight of English fleets before those of France and Spain—the expenditure of a hundred and thirty millions of pounds—the abyss of ruin into which a long train of unfortunate councils has plunged the empire—the accumulation of taxes, under which every order of the community is oppressed and overwhelmed—and the degree of political insignificance, into which a country is fallen, who once dispensed her largesses and her subsidies to half the princes of Europe.—These misfortunes, multiplied, and almost unparalleled as they are, yet have not deprived his Majesty of the affections of his people. His popularity, which, during the first years of his reign, and in all the sunshine of youth, and internal prosperity, and external success, could not sustain itself against an obscure periodical paper, written by a private gentleman; has yet, to the admiration of mankind, survived this mighty wreck, and even renewed itself amidst the convulsions and decadence of the British empire. Many circumstances, curious to investigate, have conducted and combined to this extraordinary event. Had George the Third, like Charles the Second, or William the Third, remained childless on the Throne; and had her Majesty, like Catherine or Mary, been only the partner of a barren bed; it is to be apprehended, that during the rage of faction, and the disgraces of a civil and foreign war, with which England was shaken for so many years, the diadem rudely assailed, might perhaps have been torn from the royal brow. At that awful and memorable era,

when, in June, 1780, London blazed through all her streets, when, in the sublime language of Tacitus, “*Urbs, incendiis vastata, consumptis antiquissimis delubris, ipso capitolio civium manibus incenso.*”—*Odio et terrore corrupti in dominos servi, in patronos, liberti.*”—When the empire, convulsed and agonizing, seemed to await her final doom from the parricide hands of her own children, the monarch might have been involved in the general ruin. But the numerous family of the Sovereign; his private virtues, and domestic character, drew a veil, even in the opinion of his enemies, across the errors of his Government and Administration. The father, and the husband, protected and sheltered the Prince; born in happier times, and in a milder age, than his unhappy predecessor, Charles the First, whom similar virtues and qualities could not secure from the scaffold and the block! To this primary and fundamental basis of his popularity, are added several inferior and necessary supports. The character, and the conduct of his eldest son, the Prince of Wales; to the first of which the nation does not look with sanguine hope, or exultation, and to the latter of which, it has expressed its marked disapprobation in many instances, have unquestionably conducted to interest the English people in favour of their Sovereign.

The formation and existence of that political monster, “*The Coalition*,” at whose fatal birth were offered up as victims every appearance of public virtue or principle, and whose wild career soon plunged its author into ruin, may likewise be regarded as another auxiliary support to the personal popularity of the Monarch. The recollection of that vigorous, but

injudicious and arbitrary measure which closed the short reign of "The Coalition," has operated, and will yet long continue to operate on the minds of every class of men; from those who surround the throne, to those who are most remote from its influence or its benefits. The rapacious invasion and seizure of private property, so repugnant to the genius of the English government, and which formed the leading feature of that projected act of state, spread a terror through the island, which three years have not yet obliterated; and which all the efforts of genius, employed in its defence, have never yet been able to justify, or reconcile to the far greater part of the nation.

An adventitious and recent event, deriving its principal force and effect, rather from its name, than its actual existence; yet, by alarming the minds of every class of people for the safety of the Sovereign, has added new solidity to his throne, and diffused an unexampled popularity around his person. I need not say that I allude to the attempt, if indeed, that which rather existed in intention than in act, can be properly denominated an attempt upon the life of his Majesty: No circumstances of fanaticism, rebellion, or atrocity, accompanied this act, or gave it birth. It neither resembled the attempts made against Elizabeth, or against William the Third. Insanity alone armed the hand of a wretched female maniac, who was disarmed and seized with the utmost facility, as soon as her design began to manifest itself. The nation did not, however, measure its exultation, or mark its general joy, by any exact proportion to the actual danger from which their Sovereign had escaped. Henry

the Fourth, who was born for the delight of the human race, had he escaped from the dagger of Ravilliac, could not have received more universal, more flattering, or more cordial testimonies of the attachment of his people, than were laid at the feet of George the Third in eager profusion. Addresses are not, indeed, always to be regarded as the indisputable tests of the real sentiments or adherence of the English people; nor have any of our most beloved Princes received more numerous, or more adulatory ones, than did James the Second and Richard Cromwell. But, in this instance, the general joy naturally arising in every loyal breast, from the danger with which their Sovereign had been menaced, was perhaps augmented in its effect, by an obvious and unavoidable reflection on the character of the Prince who must have succeeded to the vacant throne.

This consideration obliterated at once the recollection of the faded glories of the English name; the remembrance of that unhappy war, which emancipated America, restored the prostrate genius of France, and rendered back to Spain the proudest trophies of more triumphant reigns. All these calamities were buried in the sentiments and expressions of exultation and pleasure, resulting from the recent escape of the King from the knife of an assassin.

To so extraordinary and improbable a point of popularity has George the Third been elevated by a combination of circumstances after a reign of six and twenty years; the first portion of which contains no event worthy the commemoration of history, except a peace unquestionably inferior to the just expectations of a victo-

rious nation: But, the latter part of which saw the altar of victory thrown down, and the Imperial Eagle, which had soared so high, trampled in the dust, insulted and expiring! A reign, already longer in its duration, than any, except that of George the Second, since the death of Elizabeth, has rendered the character of the King intimately known to every order of his subjects; and, although history will not rank him among those few chosen and immortal spirits, raised up by Providence in her bounty, for the felicity and admiration of mankind; yet will she, when faction and party are extinct, consign him no mean or unworthy place in the temple of departed monarchs. If he shall not be placed with Trajan and Antoninus, and Aurelius, yet shall he "soar above the limits of a vulgar fate." He has not, like Lewis the Fourteenth, wasted the blood of his people in ostentations and wanton invasions of the dominions of princes allied to him by descent, or connected with him by treaties. His wars, however inglorious, or destructive in their progress, originated in principles, which even rebellion must respect, although she may oppose. Fortitude, equanimity, lenity, benignity; all the virtues which adorn the humble walks of private life, are to be traced in the palace of George the Third, and have accompanied him through every period of his reign. If he has not rivalled the Medicis in the protection of the arts, and of science, he has at least extended to them a degree of patronage and of attention, which has neither been characteristic of, nor hereditary in the House of Hanover, since their accession to the throne of England. His continence, the decorum of his manners, and his

conjugal virtues, have, even in an age like this, produced an effect proportionate to their intrinsic merit; and have held him up to the public eye in a point of view, to which no heart of feeling, or mind of reflection, can ever be insensible. Adorned with these amiable qualities, and aided by the concomitance of circumstances which I have endeavoured faithfully to delineate, we shall not perhaps wonder at the advantageous position in which his Majesty appears to his people, and to all Europe, at the close of 1786.

A speculative mind, habituated to range with freedom, and to meditate without restraint on the events of life, will perhaps find as ample subject for admiration and astonishment, in the present unpopularity of the Heir to the Monarchy, as it may have done in the popularity of the Sovereign himself. A Prince of Wales is placed, by nature and by fortune, on so high and so favoured an eminence above mankind.—All his actions, and his very excesses, are beheld through so deceptive, or so favourable a medium. He is environ'd by such a splendor, resulting from youth and royal dignity, and expectation of future virtues, that it requires no small deviation from all that can excite attachment, or lay claim to esteem, in order to divest himself, if not of the approbation, at least of the personal adherence of the far greater part of those, over whom he is one day, probably, destined to reign. The errors of the father only illuminate and endear the son, who, as not being implicated in the disgraces, or involved in the misconduct of government, is ever by the multitude regarded as the sure pledge of future times of tranquillity and happiness.

Decorated, as the Prince of Wales peculiarly is, with the graces of personal elegance, improved by education, cultivated by letters, enlarged by an acquaintance with men, not often attained by persons so far removed from the walks of private and common life. Endowed even with powers of pleasing, and capacities of a convivial and a social kind, not inferior to those so much admired in Charles the Second. Affable even to familiarity, addicted to the enjoyments of the table, and certainly not insensible to the charms of beauty, and the seductions which accompany it.—How, may it be asked, can a youth, to whom Nature has been thus liberal, and on whom every eye is naturally turned with predilection and partiality, have contrived, before he has yet fully attained to manhood, to shake the affections, and to diminish, if not forfeit the respect, almost inseparable from his person and his dignity? It is an invidious, but it may be to future times, a useful task, to explain how a Prince of Wales may degrade himself in the eyes of a discerning, a candid, but an impartial people.

He may lay the foundation of this melancholy proof of his power, by a departure from that sacred and primeval law, written by the finger of Nature deep in the human heart, of filial piety and obedience; a duty as inviolable, and as much exacted from the Prince to the Sovereign, as from the least and lowest subject to his parent; a virtue, ever found to exist with most force and energy in those bosoms where Nature has implanted all the most benign and kindly affections!—He may accomplish it, by forming his nearest connections of familiarity and intimacy, not from among the youth who naturally surround the successor to the

Throne; but from the most obscure and unprincipled individuals with which a capital, such as this is, must of necessity teem. He may give the final wound to his popularity, and to the fond partiality of a great people, by forming a connection so ambiguous, so enigmatical and of so undefined a nature, that mankind with anxious, but fearful eyes, shall tremble to explore what they desire to ascertain: And if this extraordinary and nameless Union should be formed with a person of a religious persuasion different from that of the country in which so strange a scene is acted, it is only to contempt and ridicule that he can fly, to avoid general disapprobation and resentment. These, and I had almost said, only these, are the means by which a Prince of Wales can descend from the proud eminence on which he is placed; by which he can compel a reluctant people to deprecate his reign, and to anticipate with terror that event, to which they are usually too prone to look with warm and pleasing expectation.

I shall be told, perhaps, that Henry the Fifth, so dear to every lover of Glory, or of his Country, emerged from a similar cloud, which shaded and obscured him, before he ascended the Throne of England. But, where is the pretended similarity between the Conqueror of Agincourt, and the son of George the Third? Can the excesses of intemperance, or levity, probably exaggerated to us by that magic pen which Shakespeare held, or however accurately true they may even be supposed, form any real resemblance between the two Princes? It is like the similarity which Burnet has ingeniously discovered between Charles the Second and Tiberius, only consisting in their common attachment to the pleasures of wo-

men.—May that resemblance, so dear and so precious, be discovered in future years, and may the reign of George the Fourth, if ever it shall take place, equal in lustre, but exceed in duration, that of Henry the Fifth ! It is not yet too late to regain the esteem, and recover the affections of a generous people, ever prone to pity and to pardon the errors, which do not proceed from depravity of heart, or defect of principle. Time will insensibly draw a veil across his past irregularities, and consign them to perpetual oblivion. Let him express towards his Father and his Sovereign, a decent, and a filial reverence, however he may retain his private opinion on matters of policy ! Let him prove to a nation, deserving of his confidence, and anxious to find him worthy their's, that he is incapable of entering into any engagement from the possible eventual consequences of which, their happiness or tranquillity may ever be endangered ! Let him rise above the little policy, to which former Princes of Wales may, in other times, (and when from peculiarity of circumstances such a policy might perhaps be venial,) have condescended;—that of dividing the court and the country, and establishing the rival factions of the father and the son ! Then shall he be indeed the idol of an admiring people ; and imagination shall fondly see revive in the eighteenth century, on a Brunswick brow, the unfading laurels with which the temples of Plantagenet are for ever adorned !

Among the political phenomena of the present century, and certainly as the most prominent feature which characterises the close of the year 1786, may be confi-

dered the possession of the first executive office in this complicated government, quietly retained by a youth, who has already held the situation above three years.—Perhaps, no time has ever yet been held to singular and unexampled a circumstance. Favourites have, indeed, in every age, with unexperienced hand, presumed to guide the vessel of state, elate with the insolence of youth, and intoxicated with Royal favour. Their temerity, and their incapacity have usually, too, carried with them their own punishment, and soon conducted the pageant to ignominy, and frequently to death. But in a nation, and in a government regulated as this is, where favouritism is either unknown, or, at least restricted within narrower limits than in more despotic countries, the road to political elevation is widely different. The beams of Royal favour, though they may gild and illuminate, yet do not dispense in this temperate region, that fostering warmth which can supply every inherent deficiency, and impart every endowment requisite for the government of mankind. Genius and talents, however sublime and capacious, sustained by industry, and fortified by application, can alone conduct to, and sustain in so giddy an eminence. In addition to these requisites, Mr Pitt was aided by the lustre of hereditary fame, and of his father's services. Above all, he was indebted to a peculiar combination of circumstances, which perhaps more than all his virtues or endowments, elevated him to the premature possession of the highest employment of the State.

*To be continued.*

## A CHARACTER.

**W**ITH a heart to bless domestic life, our gracious Queen has a mind to adorn and ennoble the highest state of public eminence. While she displays that dignity which is requisite to her character, she renders it more amiable, than awful, by her extreme affability. She is to her children the parent of their wants, the tutress of their domestic accomplishments, the monitor, and administrator of their morals.

As a wife, she has sensibility to divide affliction, either by sharing its excess, or soothing its anguish; refinement of taste and sentiment to improve every pleasure that conjugal felicity can bestow; and good sense, to know that love, esteem, and respect, must be inseparable with those who are desirous of being the object of their husband's affections.

Her virtues, as a woman, are equally as eminent. As the patroness of merit, the pleader for the unhappy, the reliever of the poor, and the protectress of those who seek her aid; she has the prayer of the widow, the orphan, and the many who have been, and are the objects of her bounty.

As a Queen, she may very justly be termed the Sovereign. Amidst the intrigues of a Court, the cabal of party, and the vicissitudes of Government, she preserves the love, confidence, and admiration of all; however different their private pursuits, or their public principles. Every person has her regard; who is not an avowed enemy to the country over which she is the Queen, or to the King, to whom she is a wife. She has no interest or pleasure in the disposal of places and pensions. All

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her satisfaction is to see them filled by such as are approved by the nation, and her Sovereign. Nor does she think it increases her dignity, to intrigue for influencing the measures of Government, or have it said she directs where nature, policy, religion, and justice tell her she should obey. In a word; her virtues are too amiable for the exertion of power. She was born to have the love, and not the fear of mankind. Whatever had been her situation in life, she must have blessed her husband, children, family, and acquaintances, on whom her worthy disposition would have directed its efforts for their welfare and happiness.

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## THE LIFE OF

## MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

**T**HIS celebrated Roman orator and statesman was born at Arpino, in Tuscany, in the year of Rome 648, and 106 before the Christian era. From his ancestors, who were of the Equestrian order, he derived a patrician, but no very illustrious descent, for they had not rendered themselves famous in the annals of their country. From nature, he received every gift requisite, with the assistance of art to form the complete orator. To an agreeable person he added a lively imagination, penetrating judgment, and a heart susceptible of all the tender feelings of humanity.

The early expansions of the soul, the first sparks of uncommon genius, are readily discovered, if a sagacious parent fixes his attention to this point. Tully's father thought he saw in his son a fertile rich soil, which demanded only

the most skilful cultivation. Animated by this idea, he spared no pains to procure him the ablest masters, under whom he made so rapid a progress, that the fame of his learning brought numbers of his countrymen to the public schools, to hear and admire this growing prodigy. Among the rest of his talents, the art of speaking in public was the most distinguished: his application to the study of eloquence, his frequent practice of its rules, in declamations, while he was yet a boy, determined the walk of life in which he was most likely to become eminent. Accordingly, we find him acquiring renown by the very first cause he pleaded at the bar; for he obtained the suffrages of the judges, the admiration of the auditors, and the honour of clearing his client Roscius from the most infamous of all accusations, the murder of his father. Yet all this applause could not make Cicero perfectly satisfied with himself; he was sensible of some defects which might be supplied, and that in order to attain the summit of his wishes, which was to arrive at the highest dignity the Republic could bestow, some branches of knowledge, and rudiments of worldly science must be sought for beyond the limits of his own country.

The reputation of the orators and philosophers of Athens induced him to visit that seat of Grecian learning; and at Athens he remained two years, rather considered as a rival, than as a disciple of the most illustrious orators of the capital of Greece. Apollonius, one of the most celebrated, having heard him declame, observed a profound silence, while the rest of the auditors expressed the most vehement applauses. Our young orator enquiring of him the reason of his conduct, Apollonius re-

plied, "Ah! my friend, I certainly commend and admire you, but I pity the fate of Greece—In eloquence alone she still remains unrivalled, but you are going to snatch from us this last palm, and to transport it to the Romans."

Cicero, on his return to Rome, was to that city, what Demosthenes had been to Athens. His talents raised him to the first dignities of the state, and the noblest families courted his alliance and friendship. At the age of thirty-one he was *Questor* and *Governor* in Sicily. Upon his return he was promoted to the post of *Edile*, and afterwards he was elected *Prætor*, and finally *Consul*.

During his *Edileship*, Rome was afflicted with a dearth of provisions, and therefore he diminished the number, as well as the splendor and expence of the public shows, which as an *Edile* he was obliged to exhibit, and bestowed the sums thus saved from vanity and ostentation, in acquiring a more durable reputation by his discreet largesses to his indigent fellow citizens.

His *Consulship* will be for ever celebrated in history for the discovery of Cataline's conspiracy, as well as his fortitude and prudence in the conduct of that interesting affair, after the chief conspirators had found partisans in the senate disposed to mitigate their punishment. Part of the plan of this horrid conspiracy was the assassination of Cicero, who was to be dispatched in his bed by two Roman Knights, and they were to gain admittance to him early in the morning, under the pretence of urgent public business; yet though this fact, the design of setting fire to the city in several parts, the massacre of all the senators, and the giving Cataline possession of the gates of Rome,

were fully proved, Julius Cæsar opposed the putting the prisoners to death, and brought over many senators to his opinion; but the persuasive eloquence of Cicero carried such conviction home to their breasts, that it put an end to a long and important debate, by a majority of votes, dooming the criminals to suffer; and the sentence was no sooner passed than he carried it into execution, left the approach of night should produce fresh disturbances. Lentulus and Cethegus had great weight and interest, therefore he took care to have them strangled in prison without loss of time; the rest, of inferior note suffered soon after; and by this resolute step he overawed, and struck a terror into many considerable families, who it was supposed were still desirous of joining Cataline, if he could have entered Rome at the head of the rebel army.

The defeat and death of Cataline put an end to the hopes of his party, and the commonwealth being thus happily delivered from the most imminent danger, by the advice and activity of Cicero, public thanks were decreed him by the senate, and at the instance of Portius Cato, he was stiled the Father of his Country. Those who had before considered him as an upstart raised too rapidly to the highest dignities of the state, now revered and respected him as a consummate politician. But still he had powerful enemies remaining, and rivals jealous of his renown. The relations of the late conspirators were of the number of the first, and Publius Clodius the most formidable of the latter. Clodius was of Patrician birth, but as dissolute in his manners as Cicero was virtuous; possessed, however, of a great estate, he gained great popularity by his

generosity and affability, and he was caressed by Cæsar, who beheld in the integrity of Cicero, a great obstacle to his own ambitious views, he therefore espoused the party of Clodius, and the latter being tribune of the people, took that opportunity to accuse Cicero of having put the late conspirators to death on the authority of the senate, who as citizens, ought to have been tried and condemned by the people. Cicero too much terrified by this popular accusation, did not care to trust to his tottering interest, but hastily fell into the snare of his enemies, for thinking to avoid the storm by absence, he requested Cæsar to appoint him his lieutenant in Gaul, but Clodius, unwilling that he should escape in this manner, put an end to this negotiation, by assuring him that what he had done against him, was only a matter of form, which could have no serious consequences. Pompey likewise contributed to deceive him, by specious promises of protection. Thus was this great philosopher duped by men of moderate abilities, owing to his presuming too much on his own merit. Clodius having thus artfully detained him, caused a law to be enacted, that any person who had condemned a citizen unheard, should be banished, and Cicero being impeached upon it, was condemned to banishment by the votes of the people; and his friend Cato being soon after sent to Cyprus under the pretext of an honourable government, the management of the senate was left open to Cæsar, Pompey, and Clodius. The unhappy exile retired to Thessalonica, in the year of Rome 695, but the insolence of Clodius, and his increasing popularity, so thoroughly alarmed Pompey, that he found the want of Cicero's eloquence, and political abilities, and

in the following year, he procured his recall, and all Italy seemed to rejoice at the event. The day of his return to Rome was a day of triumph, and by the interest of Pompey, not only all his forfeited estates were returned to him, but his town and country-houses were rebuilt at the public expence. The faction of Clodius now became formidable, and every day produced some new insults on their part; at length, whether in consequence of a premeditated design of his own to murder Milo, or merely by accident, a rencontre happened between Milo and Clodius, when the latter was killed by one of Milo's slaves, and as it is alleged by Cicero, in defence of his master. Milo being accused of the assassination before the senate, upon this occasion Cicero composed a most pathetic oration, which is deemed by able judges to be his best; but he was so intimidated by the Clodian faction, and the unusual guard which Pompey had caused to surround the senate-house, that he had not power to deliver it, and it was probably for want of so powerful an advocate that Milo was sentenced to banishment.

Cicero was now restored again to the public favour, and being made governor of Cilicia, he put himself at the head of the legions and defended this province from the incursions of the Parthians, whom he afterwards surprised and totally defeated. For these military exploits, his army gave him the title of Imperator, and nothing but the domestic troubles of the commonwealth deprived him of the honour of a triumph at Rome. Yet his conduct upon other occasions, shewed that valour was not one of his most distinguishing virtues. At the commencement of the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar, he appeared to be of

a weak, fluctuating, timid disposition, neither taking courage to follow Pompey, who had been his protector, nor yet daring to declare openly for Cæsar; but when the latter had subdued his rival, Cicero is accused of having obtained his friendship by the basest adulations. In the commotions which followed the assassination of Julius, he favoured Octavius Cæsar, and though he boasted that his gown had conquered the armies of Anthony, he is reproached of having sacrificed the republic, rather than suffer the advancement of the man he hated, to an equal share of authority in the commonwealth with Octavius. No sooner then was the famous triumvirate formed, but Anthony, against whom he had written his *Philippicks*, demanded his life as one condition of their new alliance, and Octavius, to his eternal disgrace, abandoned him to the resentment of his enraged enemy. Cicero finding himself deserted, at first attempted his escape by sea, but his bodily infirmities not permitting him to bear the inconveniencies of navigation, he gave orders to be set on shore, declaring that he preferred dying in his native country, which he had formerly saved from the violence of Cataline, to the pain of living in exile. The assassins whom Anthony had hired to murder him, overtook him near one of his country-houses, not far from the sea-shore, and as soon as he was informed who they were, he ordered his servants to stop the litter, and quietly stretching out his neck to his barbarous executioners, Popilius Lena, a tribune, who owed his life to his eloquence, executed his infamous commission, by cutting off his head, his hands, and his feet, which he carried to Anthony. Fulvia the wife of Anthony, as vindictive,

and more cruel than her husband, pierced the tongue several times with a gold bodkin, and to complete their savage revenge by a kind of triumph over his memory, these bloody remains of the celebrated orator and saviour of his country, were exposed upon the very rostrum from whence he had been accustomed to harangue the people. Thus fell the illustrious Cicero, in the year of Rome 711, 43 before Christ, and the 63d of his age. His character is admirably drawn by the late Dr Goldsmith, in his History of the Commonwealth of Rome in these words: "He was endowed with all the wisdom, and all the virtues that could adorn a man. However, his wisdom, by directing his views over too wide a sphere, often overlooked those advantages, which are clearly discerned by short-sighted cunning, and his virtues being applauded by others, and receiving his own conscious approbation, inclined him to vanity. While no man saw the corruptions of the times more clearly than he, yet he had hopes of governing so corrupt a commonwealth without fraud. Thus, though he saw through every person he conversed with, yet he suffered himself to be the dupe of many, rather than deviate from the rectitude of his aims."

In our day, little attention need be given to his political character, but his literary reputation remains a bright example for imitation, and his works would have immortalized his name, if he had never been known as a statesman. His Treatises on Rhetoric, his three letters on Oratory, his Offices, and his Select Orations cannot be too strongly recommended to the rising generation. Those who are designed for either of the three learned professions, should study

them in the originals; for others, it will be sufficient to read the translations, by which their taste may be refined, their manners polished, their morals improved, and their style in conversation and writing, formed to spirit, energy, and elegance.

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*Extracts from Captain Cook's Voyages.*

*Continued from Vol II. page 606.*

SEVERAL of the officers who were in the boats now followed the captain; but the natives made signs that too many should not come at once, and appeared very circumspect, and upon their guard, for as the others approached, they retired, till having arrived at their houses, they fixed a line, made of the skin of the sea-horse across, and gave the gentlemen to understand, they were not to go beyond it. Having settled matters thus far, they brought out various articles of trade, such as sea-horse-hides and teeth, seal-skins, ropes made of hides, gloves, and half-boots, both curiously ornamented with embroidery. Many different things were purchased, and having come to a good understanding, the rope was removed, and the captain, officers, &c. were permitted to take a nearer view of their houses. Those which were supposed to be their summer habitations, were nearly of a cylindrical form, covered with the skin of the morse, or sea-horse, and propped up or supported by the bones of whales, as were likewise the roofs of their winter huts. The latter were about five or six feet below the surface of the earth, the bottoms covered with

boards, and the tops, after being secured with the bones of whales, as mentioned before, were covered with dried grass and earth, much like those of the natives of Oonalashta, but the entrance was at the front, and not on the top. In these were observed many sledges, and various utensils in the fishing way.

The men (for there were no women or children seen) were stout and well made; and, in general, below the middle size, though three or four were near six feet high; their colour nearly bordering upon the copper, their faces broad, high cheek bones, small eyes, flat noses, and thick lips; their teeth were bad, and appeared as if worn down to the stumps; they had no holes for the reception of ornaments, either in the under-lip or cheek; but they had blue beads, and many others of different kinds in their ears; their hair was very short, and some were shaved close; in general, they had but little beard. Their dress consisted of jackets with sleeves, some made of dog-skins with the hair on, others with the skin tanned and dressed, and fastened round the middle with a belt; their breeches, stockings, and shoes, were all of a piece, and made of the same materials as the jackets, their shoes were ornamented with embroidery, which does credit to their women, and shews great ingenuity and taste. They were all armed with bows, quivers and arrows at their back, and spears, headed with iron, exceeding sharp and bright, and inlaid with white and yellow metal; their bows were, by far, the best we had seen; but they would not sell one, nor would they trust them out of their hands; their

arrows were much like those of America. They readily shewed the goodness of their arms, by shooting several arrows, which went to a great distance, and with amazing velocity. The person who appeared to be their chief, was quite an old man; he had a mark or line across his nose, and extending beyond his cheek-bones, at the termination of which were the forms of two fish; this had the exact appearance of tatowing, and in all probability was done in that manner, but it was the only instance seen. There were numbers of dogs, which they keep for the purpose of drawing their sledges. Many of them had, evidently, been just killed, which induced the captain to suppose they were intended as sacrifices to their gods, to insure their success and victory in case we attacked them. In various spots, at some little distance from their houses, were piles of stones, in which were placed upright the ribs or jaw-bones of whales: the captain was very desirous of knowing the use or intention of them but could not learn.

The natives behaved with great civility; and the old chief made the captain a present of several fine trout, in return for some beads which he had received; and one of them brought a large piece of sea-horse flesh, which he made signs was very good; but the gentlemen declined eating. We were likewise entertained with a dance, three of them sung, at the same time striking a kind of drum with a stick, while three others danced, putting themselves in various postures, but keeping time to the strokes of the drum.

*To be continued.*

*A concise History of MAN.*

1. **M**AN consists of two parts, body and soul. To "know himself," he should consider both. Let us begin with contemplating first, the Human Body. The parts of this are either solid or fluid. Those of the solid, of which the rest are formed, are termed similar parts. Such are fibres, bones, membranes, ligaments, arteries, veins, lymphatic vessels, nerves, flesh, muscles, tendons, and those general coverings of the body, the cuticle, the skin, fat, and the cuticulus carnosus.

2. A fibre is a kind of thread, of which all the other parts of the body are woven. According to the difference of the substance of the fibres, they are different also.

3. The hardest part of the body, white, and void of sense, is termed a bone. The bones are covered with a thin skin, called the periosteum, extremely sensible.

4. Annexed to the bones are the cartilages, white, flexible, and smooth; most of which, in process of time, become bones, hard, and void of sense.

5. The various parts of the body are clothed with membranes, which are whitish tunics, extremely thin and flexible, composed of fibres interwoven with each other, as a piece of cloth is of threads. They are fastened together by a kind of cartilages, which are termed ligaments.

6. An artery is an hollow canal, composed of fibres closely twisted together, which conveys the blood from the cavity of the heart to all the parts of the body. All the arteries spring from two, the aorta or great artery, and the pulmonary artery. The latter conveys the blood from the right ventricle

of the heart, through the lungs into the left ventricle. The former conveys it from the left, to all other parts of the body. The pulse, which is in every artery, is only a continuation of the motion impress'd upon it by the motion of the heart.

7. A vein is a hollow canal, which receives the blood from the artery, and conveys it back to the heart. The chief veins are three, the vena cava, which pours the blood through a wide passage into the right ventricle of the heart, the pulmonary vein, which, in like manner, pours it into the left ventricle; and the vena portæ, which does not, like the two former, end in a large trunk, but spreads at each extremity, into numerous branches.

In the cavity of the veins, there are certain thin tunics, which are termed valves. These, during the regular motion of the blood, lie close to the side of the inner coat; but in case of any obstruction, recede from it and close the passage, to prevent the blood's falling back.

8. The lymphatic vessels are small canals full of valves, consisting of a thin, transparent tunic, which convey an extremely clear liquid into the mass of blood. Probably these (as well as the veins) and all the other vessels, are only continuations of the arteries.

9. A nerve is a round, whitish, slender body, arising from the brain, which is supposed to convey the animal spirits to all parts of the body. What these spirits are none can shew; nay we are not sure they have any being; for none can certainly tell whether the nerves are hollow canals, or only solid threads, inclosed in proper integuments.

10. The sorious, soft, reddish part of the body, is termed flesh,

All fleshy fibres are hollow, and divided through their whole length into little caverns, wherein the blood is detained, as occasion requires.

11. A gland is a soft and spongy body, which separates some particular liquid from the blood. The larger glands contain arteries, veins, and lymphatic vessels; but the glands of the intestines are only the tops of the arteries.

12. A muscle is a bundle of fibres joined and fastened together, with their proper veins, arteries, and nerves. It is divided into little cells by transverse fibres, parallel to each other, whereby it may be contracted and shortened, or relaxed and lengthened again. Its extreme parts are more closely compacted, which we term tendons; by these the muscles are connected with the neighbouring parts. A muscle generally consists of three parts; the upper termed the head, the middle, termed the belly, and the lower part, or tail.

Every muscle is divisible into smaller muscles, and those into still smaller, and so on, beyond all imagination. The last and smaller parts are muscular fibres. But there is no assignable point in any muscle, wherein there is not some nerve. And here all the nerves disappear (in other parts their extremities expand into membranes). It is therefore probable that the muscular fibres are only the nervous continued.

13. The cuticle, or scarf-skin, is an extremely thin and transparent membrane, void of sense, and covering the skin all over. The skin covers almost the whole body, and is formed of whitish fibres, intermixed with numberless branches of nerves, veins, and arteries.

On its surface are many furrows or indented lines, having generally hairs on each side, and

pores, or little holes of various sizes, serving for the transpiration of superfluous particles. Under the skin lie the subcutaneous glands, which are supposed to transmit through the pores an insensible stream, commonly believed to be of the same kind with what, when sensibly thrown out, is called sweat.

14. Fat, a whitish, oily substance, void of sense, is secreted from the blood, and lodged, in small, oval, membranous bags, which shoot out of the arteries. It is found in various parts, but chiefly under the skin, where (unless a man be emaciated) it runs continued with the skin over most parts of the body.

*To be continued.*

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### *An Interesting Story.*

SOME time since a venerable old man, who had passed all the offices, in one of the chief towns in Holland; with honour and reputation, and had gained great riches without reproach, had some thoughts of retiring for the rest of his days to his country seat. In order to take leave of his friends and acquaintance in a handsome manner, he invited the young and old of both sexes, those of the best fashion in the place, to an entertainment at his own house. They met together with great expectations, but to their no small surprise; saw a long oak table, hardly covered with a scanty blue cloth, on which were alternately placed plates of butter milk, sour curd, pickled herrings, and cheese. The rest of the cheer was made up with bitter and rye-bread, and cans of small-beer were at hand, for those who had a mind to drink; tren-

chers served instead of plates, and not a single servant attended. The company secretly cursed the old man's humour; but in regard to his great age, and still greater merit, they bridled their resentment, and seemed content with their homely fare. The old gentleman seeing the joke take, was unwilling to carry it too far; and, at a signal given, two clean boorish maids, in their country garb, shifted the table, and brought in the second course; the blue cloth was changed for white linen, the trenchers for pewters, the ryebread to household-brown, the (small) into strong-beer, and the mean food into good salted beef and boiled fish. The guests grew better pleased, and the master of the feast more pressing in his invitations. After he had given them time to taste of the second course, a third was served up by a *maitre d'hotel* in form, followed by half a dozen powdered lacqueys in gaudy liveries; the most beautiful flowered damask was spread on a sumptuous mahogany table; the richest plate and most curious china adorned the sideboard, whilst a profusion of soups, olives, tame and wild fowl, fricassees, ragouts, in a word, all that the art of a modern French cook could produce, ranged in a well-disposed judicious order, seemed to court the taste, and renew the appetite of the whole company: to this were added strong-bodied Chateau-Margen, generous Burgundy, sparkling Champaign; in short, a choice of the best wines commerce can procure to a trading country; and that nothing might be wanting that might please the senses, as soon as a sumptuous desert was brought in, a melodious concert of an agreeable variety

of instruments was heard in the next room; healths went round, mirth increased, and the old man, seeing nothing but the departure of him and of the gravest of the company was waited for to give a loose to joy and pleasure, rose up, and made the following speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, I heartily thank you for this favour; it is time for one of my age to withdraw; but I hope those who are disposed for dancing, will accept of a ball which I have ordered to be prepared for them. Before the fiddles strike up, give me leave to make a short reflection on the entertainment, which otherwise would appear whimsical, and the effect of humour; it may serve to give you an idea of our commonwealth: by living after that penurious manner, exhibited in the first course, our ancestors raised their infant state, and acquired liberty wealth, and power. These were preserved by our fathers, who lived in that handsome, but plain way, you have seen in the second course; but if an old man may be permitted before he leaves you whom he dearly loves, to speak his thoughts freely, I am indeed afraid, that the extravagant plenty you have observed in the last course, will, if we go on, deprive us of those advantages that our ancestors have earned by the sweat of their brows, and that our fathers by their industry and good management have transmitted to us.

Young people, I advise you to be merry this evening, but to think seriously to-morrow what I have been telling you to day. Good night."

J — S — E.

*The SISTERS; or, the contrast of  
Pride and Meekness.*

*A Story founded in Fact.*

SIR Matthew Medley was a gentleman well known in the county of Durham, as well for the long and respectable line of ancestry he had to boast of, as for the many private virtues that spread such resplendent lustre around him, and which endeared him to every one who had the happiness of being at all acquainted with him. With this character Sir Matthew sent his eldest daughter, Maria, to London for the completion of her education, and the improvement of her mind; but continuing in town just long enough to get a little of the fine lady, without becoming polished sufficiently to throw off her rustic manners, she returned half town and half country bred, but neither one nor the other, but a mixture of the worst part of both. Her want of sense, not to say ignorance, had been truly conspicuous in the country, and the little time she had been in London, had given her a degree of pride equal to it.

Her sister, Clarissa, cast in beauty's mould, and formed for love, delighted in a country life. She could not even bear the idea of London. Its noise and vanity she alike detested and avoided. Her mind had accomplishments equal to her person. Affable and good-natured, she won the good word of all that came near her, and interested every one in her happiness. With manners so extremely opposite to each other, it is no wonder that the sisters should disagree, and be continually at variance with each other.

Sir Matthew finding it out of his power to reconcile them to one

another, determined, for the sake of peace and quietness to send them both out of the house, and place Maria with Mr Blackberry, and Clarissa with his neighbour Sir John Friendly, until they should get married. He accordingly wrote a couple of letters, in which Sir Matthew begged of those gentlemen to receive his daughters, without mentioning any name, so that the letters would do alike for them both. In consequence of this, the Sisters, out of a frolic, agreed to exchange letters, by which means they went, each one, to the house intended for the other. Maria, for instance, to Sir John Friendly's, and Clarissa to Mr Blackberry's.

The young ladies had both of them, at this time engaged their affections, Miss Medley to Mr Fairlove, and Clarissa to Mr Myrtle, two young gentlemen every way qualified, both with regard to their person and fortune, to render the marriage state truly happy. The father had also chosen husbands for them, in his opinion more suitable to his daughters, on account of the largeness of their fortunes. The one was an honest farmer, a Mr Hedges, and the other 'Squire Cherry, a poor emaciated old beau! The former he intended for Clarissa, and the latter for Maria.

When the two lovers of the father's choice waited on him for the purpose of settling matters for their marrying his daughters, it so happened, that neither of them had ever seen either the one or the other. Sir Matthew, therefore, wrote them an introductory note to the young ladies, directing each of them according to the houses he thought his daughters had gone to, by which Farmer Hedges was sent to Clarissa, and 'Squire Cherry to Miss Medley, the very reverse of what Sir Matthew intended!

The gallants went agreeable to the direction they had received, but instead of finding the ladies to answer the description they had from Sir Matthew, they found them quite the contrary of what he had represented. Farmer Hedges, for instance, instead of finding the young lady he visited, haughty, proud, and insolent, perceived in her nothing but meekness, humility, and good manners; while 'Squire Cherry, on the contrary, was nearly petrified by the tremendous manner in which he was received, instead of finding a simple, good-natured girl, "as sweet as a lump of barley-sugar," as Sir Matthew was pleased to express himself, upon giving her character.

'Squire Cherry, and Farmer Hedges, returned, one after the other, to Sir Matthew, highly displeased with the reception they had respectively met with, when the old gentleman not being able to account for it, being still ignorant of his daughters having exchanged letters, and gone each of them to a different house than it was intended they should have gone to, became so much offended with them, as to order them both out of his house; declaring that they were two fickle, whimsical fellows, and should never marry a daughter of his!

The sisters took advantage of this, and pleaded so strongly in favour of their respective Swains, that Sir Matthew immediately gave his consent for their marrying; and they were accordingly joined together in the tender folds of wedlock, the old gentleman having first settled ten thousand pounds upon each of them, with a promise of the remainder of what he was worth, to be divided, at his death, between them.

Though Sir Matthew's paternal

affection was equally shared between them, it was not so with regard to the blessings of this world! Though Mr Fairlove, who wedded Miss Medley, was of the most complacent disposition, and accommodating manners, it was impossible for him to live long with her upon any terms. Her pride became intolerable, and he thought himself happy, at length, to make her a separate maintenance, and endeavour to forget every recollection of her in a voyage to the East Indies, where he had the misfortune to hear, soon after his arrival, of her ending her days in a consumption, by a dissipated and irregular course of life!

With regard to her more happy sister; she yet lives with the best of husbands, for so Mr Myrtle proves, and now enjoys the whole of her father's fortune, he having ended the troubles of this life some few months ago. Happy in her husband, and happy in herself, the fashionable delights, and splendid allurements of the hour, never draw her astray from those rural scenes, and that pastoral felicity, so genial to her nature, and in which her every bliss is found to center!

Nor is her praise to be confined to her domestic scenes alone. All around are made to feel her bounty, whose hand is ever stretched forth to relieve the wants of the distressed. In short, her virtue, piety, and charity, endear her as much to all around her, as her conjugal affections attach to her one of the most exemplary of husbands, who is so charmed with his young and beautiful wife, as to have erected a Temple at the entrance of the Arbour where he first beheld her, and which he has dedicated to the God of Love, with the following inscription;

K 2

Oft has my soul within this blest retreat,  
 With sweet emotion to Love's transports beat,  
 For here I first beheld Clarissa's charms,  
 And clasp'd the blooming fair-one in my arms.

To her I dedicate with fond delight,  
 This Temple sacred as the veil of night!  
 Let no unhallow'd steps pollute this grove.

Nor faithless Lovers near its borders rove.

*The Fatal Consequences of Absurd Opinions.*

THE Moors in Barbary profess the Mahometan religion; but it is so much disfigured by a heap of extravagant superstitions authorised by custom, and the artifice of their priests, who are firmly bigoted to their oral traditions, that it forms a very different system of faith from that believed by the Turks.

Among other absurdities destructive of the peace of society, it is a prevailing opinion, that to sacrifice a Christian is a work of great merit in the sight of the Deity; and some believe that they shall enjoy but a small share of happiness in the other world, if they do not intitle themselves to heavenly felicity by shedding the blood of a Christian. The assertion of this opinion, however, they hold in a very different sense. Some, that a Christian is to be killed in battle, duel, or fair assault; others that the manner is of no consequence; his death only forms the merit of the action.

Halis Pegelini, an Italian renegade, General of the Algerine galleys, having brought in a Spanish vessel, which he had taken after a very smart engagement, many of the dead and wounded Christians were landed; and the Moors, ac-

cording to their usual custom, flocked to the place with acclamations of the victory. An old bigotted Moor, perceiving the slaughter, threw himself at the General's feet, and addressed him in the following manner: "How supremely happy are you, my lord, in making such havock among the Christians, and of having almost daily opportunities of killing them! Your happiness in the next world must be complete, because you are one of the best servants of our Holy Prophet; whereas I, though always a religious observer of the law, never as yet had the opportunity of sacrificing a Christian to my Maker, I shall die distracted, if I fail in this duty; and, since you have so many in your power, make me happy by delivering one to me, that I may put him to death." Hali, who had embraced very different tenets, answered, with a smile, "Your request is granted." And pointing to a lusty young Spaniard, added, "Step aside into the wood, and that Christian dog shall be sent you to complete your felicity." The Moor, with joy sparkling in his countenance, thanked him for the favour, and retired to hide himself in the wood. Hali, ordering a musket, a sword, and a stick to be given the Spaniard, bid him follow the old man who was gone into the wood, and tell him that the General, his master, had sent him thither according to his request. But added, if the Moor pretended to offer him any violence, he should defend himself, and at least make him feel the weight of his stick. The Moor, perceiving the approach of the Christian, who came armed, was seized with terror, and ran out of the wood by another path, telling Hali that, as the Christian came armed, it was impossible for him to execute his design. "You old coward," replied Hali,

"would you kill a man that can make no defence? Imitate my example, and defend the standard of the prophet against the Christians; actions like these will perhaps be rewarded; but to murder people destitute of help is a crime of the blackest dye, and will certainly bring down the vengeance of heaven upon the head of the perpetrator.

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*Remarkable Instance of Female Presence of Mind.*

A Baker of Goussé, a village near Paris, remarkable for the excellence of his bread, sent his daughter some time ago to that metropolis to receive six hundred livres. Before she left the place, she went and told her sweet-heart, that, as she was going to Paris, she thought a better opportunity to pass the day together could not offer; he obeyed the summons, and having put on his Sunday clothes, went with his fair one. The few hours spent in town passed away most pleasantly, all was well till evening; but as they were returning home, the young man engaged the girl to go a little out of the high road, and there rest themselves, to this the girl had no objection. It happened that there was a quarry just by where they sat down; the lover, seeing nobody near, asked the girl for the money she had received; she thought he was joking, he reiterated his demand, she lovingly persisted in the refusal. At last he peremptorily told her, that if she did not think proper to deliver up the six hundred livres, without loss of time, he would throw her headlong down the precipice. The young woman, intimidated, gave him the money. He then said that he had still something more to insist upon, which

was, that she should take off all her clothes. The feelings of the poor girl can neither be conceived nor described; it was in vain that she cried, prayed, knelt to the savage, he added imprecations to his menaces; she obeyed him. The poor thing imagined that he would leave her her shift, she was mistaken. "Well then," said she, "turn about that I may not take it off before you;" he consented, and she vigorously applying both her hands to his shoulders, precipitated him into the quarry. Both his thighs were broken by the fall, and he was immediately sent to prison, where he is to remain till the sentence of the law is executed on him.

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*The Cat in the Court of Chancery.*

A Pastry Cook in the City, had a cat which he found very mischievous among his pastry, and being tired with the repeated depredations of her tender foot breaking through the tops of his more tender pattys, his interest got the better of his affection to puss, and he ordered his apprentice to tie her in a bag, and carry her half a mile from home, and there turn her loose in the street. This expedient did not succeed; the cat was at home as soon as the boy, though the experiment was often repeated, and the distance of her removal greatly extended. One day, upon seeing the cat unexpectedly return home, the poor Pastry Cook (who had a cause of twenty years standing in the Court of Chancery) exclaimed, "D—n the cat, I wish she were in the Court of Chancery, I am sure she would never get out of that place."—The apprentice hearing his master's wish, and being a little out of humour that his former attempts failed, and quite ignorant of the wit of his master,

instantly set off with the cat into Lincoln's-Inn-Hall, and turned her adrift. The cat, who found the Court as full of Lawyers, as his master's shop was of tarts, ran like a mad thing from side to side of the Court, and at length over the Chancellor's lap, threw down his ink, disordered his notes, and created so much confusion in the Court, that for a time it put a stop to all pleadings; till at length the Chancellor, with more warmth than became a man in his high station, (but he had a natural antipathy to cats) asked who it was that brought the cat amongst them? The poor boy, who had waited to see how puffs had conducted herself, was so terrified, that he thought it best to confess, and accordingly told the Chancellor that his master had often sent him out to lose the cat, but that she constantly returned, and hearing his master say that morning, that if he could but get the cat into the Court of Chancery, he was sure she would never get out again, he had, in obedience to his master's wish, though not his orders, turned her out among them. The Chancellor was a man of humour; and upon inquiring the name of the Pastry Cook, he found he was Plaintiff in a cause of long standing, (*Paste against Puff*) which he immediately ordered to be set down for hearing; and it happened that he decreed in favour of *Paste* though all the Council were unanimous for *Puff*, except two, who were hired to run down *Paste's* cause, though in truth they secretly wished him success.

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*Of the barbarous customs of the Africans.*

WE hear much of the cruelties of the Turks and Moors, but I have been long among them,

and seen very little of it. The histories that have given rise to these opinions, are the product of the imagination of the writers of voyages and travels; who, thinking it is their business to please, and knowing the generality of readers are always taken with the marvellous, have taken care to insert a sufficient quantity of that in all parts of their works, but though I saw none of the butcheries they describe, on trivial occasions, I had the unhappiness to be an eyewitness to one scene of barbarity, which these writers in general, tell us is now abolished, and which till this unhappy occasion, I had firmly believed to be so; this is the killing slaves, at the deaths of their kings.

The Moors have an opinion, that all the Europeans understand physic; on this occasion I was civilly commanded to be present at the bedside of the reigning Monarch, who was sick while I was there to overlook all that was done for him by their physicians. The behaviour of this prince, on his deathbed, for so it proved to be, in spite of all they could do for him, had something in it so decent, so great and awful, that I never can forget it; whatever he had been in his lifetime, he now shewed nothing of the tyrant, all was mildness and resignation, and while he shewed that he would be obeyed, he courted rather than commanded every body to it.

It was my office to give into his hand, whatever medicines he took; this gave me occasion to be always near him, and a witness of his deportment. When at length his principal physician signified to him, that he could not live many hours, he fetched a deep sigh, and said, I could wish it otherwise, but I submit to what my father has suffered before me, and what my son must

suffer after me. With these words, he took from a table, near the bed, the royal sword, richly ornamented, and drawing it from the scabbard, he presented it to his son, saying, only, "Son, remember me. Be an enemy to my enemies; but be doubly a friend to my friends." After this he turned in the bed, and calling for his five queens, he singled out one, whom he embraced with great tenderness, and parting with her, composed himself as if to sleep; he lived eleven hours after this, but never spoke nor looked up in all that time. As soon as he was dead, all the people were put out of the room, and the favoured wife sent in: here she remained five days, eating only every day a morsel of bread, and drinking one glass of water, at the end of this time the body of the king was buried, and this unhappy woman enclosed alive, in another coffin, and buried by his side. I had the honour of a command to attend at the funeral, and saw this unhappy queen lie down, as composedly in the coffin, as he had on his bed, and the earth was thrown over them together.

As soon as they were buried, there approached a number of slaves to the amount of sixty; who lying down upon the earth, kissed it several times, and wept and howled bitterly. These were sent by the people of the several neighbouring towns, and were devoted to die with their king. They were the next day entertained with drinking palm wine, and dancing till midnight, at which time they were all butchered by an officer appointed for that purpose, and that in the most savage manner that can be conceived. Toward the time when the fatal hour is approaching, they are made to drink more than before, and when they are thus made very drunk, the people who sit by to see the spectacle, begin to pull

them about, till at length they fall; as soon as one falls, the executioner turns him upon his belly, and presses down his face in the sand; a few minutes after this, he cut off his legs below the knees, and his arms below the elbows, then he cuts the thighs off above the knees, and the arms near the shoulders, and after this the head.

The rest of these miserable wretches see this, and are made to drink and dance more and more, and one by one are sacrificed in this manner; after the last is dead, there is a general acclamation, and the people all depart to their houses. The barbarity of this custom has made people believe no nation kept it up, but my own eyes have been witnesses of the fact, as here related.

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*Patriotism and Revenge united.*

WHEN the Saracens overran Europe with their armies, and penetrated as far even as Autwerp, Bidderman was lord of a city, which time has since swept into destruction. As the inhabitants of this country were divided under separate leaders, the Saracens found an easy conquest, and the city of Bidderman, among the rest became a prey to the victors.

Thus dispossessed of his paternal city, our unfortunate governor was obliged to seek refuge from the neighbouring princes, who were as yet unsubdued; and he for some time lived in a state of wretched dependance among them.

Soon, however, his love to his native country brought him back to his own city, resolved to rescue it from the enemy, or fall in the attempt. Thus in disguise he

went among the inhabitants, and endeavoured, but in vain to excite them to revolt. Former misfortunes lay so heavy upon their minds, that they rather chose to suffer the most cruel bondage than attempt to assert their former freedom.

As he was thus one day employed, whether from information, or by suspicion, is not known, he was apprehended by a Saracen soldier as a spy, and brought before the very tribunal at which he once presided. The account he gave of himself was by no means satisfactory: he could produce no friends to vindicate his character. But as the Saracens knew not their prisoner, and as they had no direct proofs against him, they were content with condemning him to be publicly whipped as a vagabond.

The execution of this sentence was accordingly performed with the utmost rigour: Bidderman was bound to the post, the executioner seemed disposed to add to the cruelty of the sentence, as he received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the scourge, the other, only redoubling his blows, cried out, does the villain murmur! If Bidderman intreated but a moment's respite from torture, the other repeated his former exclamation, does the villain murmur!

From this period, revenge, as well as patriotism, took entire possession of his soul. His fury stooped so low, as to follow the executioner with unremitting resentment. But conceiving that the best method to attain these ends, was to acquire some eminence in the city, he laid himself out to oblige his new masters, studied every art, and practised every meanness that serve to promote the needy, or render the poor pleasing; and

by these means, in a few years, he came to be of some note in the city, which justly belonged to him.

The executioner was, therefore, the first object of his resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud, to gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plate, which Bidderman had previously stolen from the Saracen governor, he privately conveyed into the executioner's house, and then gave information of the theft. The proof was direct in this case: the executioner had nothing to offer in his own defence, and he was therefore condemned to be beheaded, upon a scaffold in the public market-place. As there was no executioner in the city, but the very man who was now to suffer, Bidderman himself undertook this, to him, most agreeable office. The criminal was conducted from the judgment seat, bound with cords. The scaffold was erected, and he placed in such a manner, as might be most convenient for the blow.

But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy the revenge of this extraordinary man, unless it was aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty. Wherefore, coming upon the scaffold, and disposing every thing in readiness for the intended blow, with the sword in his hand, he approached the criminal, and whispering in a low voice assured him, that he himself was the very person that had once been used with so much cruelty; that to his knowledge he died very innocently, for the plate had been stolen by himself, and privately conveyed into the other.

O my countrymen, cried the criminal, do you hear what this man says?—Does the villain murmur, replied Bidderman, and immediately at one blow severed his head from his body.

Still, however, he was not content till he had ample vengeance of the governors of the city, who condemned him. To effect this, he hired a small house adjoining to the town-wall, under which he every day dug, and carried out the earth in a basket. In this unremitting labour he continued several years, every day digging a little, and carrying the earth unsuspected away. By this means, at last, he made a secret communication from the country into the city, and only wanted the appearance of an enemy, in order to betray it. This opportunity, at length, offered; the French army came into the neighbourhood, but had no thoughts of sitting down before a town, which they looked on as impregnable. Bidderman, however, soon altered their resolutions, and upon communicating his plan to the general, he embraced it with ardour. Through the private passage above-mentioned, he introduced a large body of the most resolute soldiers, who soon opened the gates for the rest, and the whole army rushing in, put every Saracen that was found to the sword.

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*In praise of Female Inconstancy.*

I Am not about to prove the ladies not inconstant, far be it from me to contradict so known a truth; but that inconstancy (the characteristic of the female sex) is a bad quality, I will utterly disprove. I believe it will readily be granted, that the best things have their changes: The heavens are in continual rotation, the stars move, nor is any thing more variable than the Moon: Fire, air, and water, have their peculiar motions: The earth altereth her appearance with the year, and the time never

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continues in one stay. Thus the whole system of the universe is but a scene of mutability. Besides, as the lightest colour is capable of taking most dyes, the men of the quickest wit change their opinion oftenest, while dull blockheads plod on in the same beaten track, nor ever deviate into sense. If women therefore are more changeable in their tempers than the men, it proceeds only from their having more wisdom. A change in every thing but woman is counted pleasing, why then should her inconstancy be an imperfection? Some will alledge, because by that she deceives her lovers.—That lover who has been deceived by his mistress, and accuses her of inconstancy, as of a crime, must have a bad taste for wit: For are not your wits more pleased with these jests which delude their expectation? The inconstancy of woman is past finding out, and past accounting for. The rotation and changes of stars, moon, and heavens are perfectly known, and a certainty has been drawn from their mutability. But what philosopher will pretend to prognosticate when a woman will vary her mind? I hope no true Englishman will be against their countrywomen's changeable dispositions, as they are lovers of liberty; for that is their boasted liberty of mind which no father can command, no husband can controul. They (as an old wit has humourously described) are like the sun, which is violently carried one way, yet hath a proper course quite contrary: So women, though they may by an over-ruling power of a churlish husband, be forced to his brass, yet they have a motion of their own, which their husbands know nothing of.—Inconstancy in the fair is an antidote for the inconstancy in men; for some beau

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esprits are of that nice taste, as to be weary of a thing as soon as they come to the knowledge of it; for women can never be so well known, but still more will remain unknown. Thus women by their inconstancy, are born to humble the pride of wit, making fools wise, in adventuring to win them; wise men fools, in losing their labour; and wits mad, being perplexed with their uncertainties. Therefore philosophers write against inconstancy because it proves them ignorant; and poets rail at it, to shew their parts; in my opinion all men are happy, that women are inconstant, for by this means even I or you, Mr Editor, may have the chance to be beloved by some reigning toast (when it comes to our turn) merely out of their inconstancy, which we could never hope for from our own desert. I therefore subscribe myself an admirer of inconstancy.

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*Continuation of the Lady's Adventures, from page 18.*

MY father's friend went strait to my Lord —, who passed there under the name of Duke of —, having been created such by the unfortunate monarch after his abdication: As that nobleman possessed many excellent qualities, which are not denied him by his enemies, he received the messenger with all the generous frankness natural to the nation in which he was born, and the easy politeness of the people among whom he was. After he had heard the whole story, "Sir, said he, to-morrow, if you will be with me in the morning, you shall know your friend's fate with respect to what the King of Eng-

land can or will do in his behalf; but I am afraid his crime is of such a nature as will make it difficult to engage his Majesty to intercede for him; and my advice is, that you return to your friend, and desire him to lay aside all thoughts of being delivered from this quarter; however, do not fail to let me see you." Mr Melvil, (for that was the name of my father's friend) upon this returned to my father, who after hearing my Lord —'s answer grew yet more dejected. Next morning Mr Melvil waited on my Lord, who appeared concerned that his success with the King was so small, "His Majesty, said my lord, has been informed of your friend's affair by father Peters, who has represented it in such a manner, that his Majesty, notwithstanding all I could say, has made it a point of conscience not to meddle in it, even though the most Christian king should be so tender of the rights of sovereigns as to leave it to his decision: I wish, added he, shrugging up his shoulders, your friend had to do with any other enemies but churchmen; but —" Here Mr Melvil understood by a look which my lord (who though a Roman Catholic was no bigot) gave him, how matters went; and after a most humble acknowledgment, left his lordship. Not to detain the reader too long with this melancholy detail, my father was tried before the Chamber de Tournelle, and notwithstanding all the eloquence of his advocates, was condemned to be broke upon the wheel. Next morning Mr Melvil found the following note at his house as he returned from visiting my father, it is signed by Lord —, and I transcribe it from the original which I have by me.

"Sir, I have in conjunction with the Duke of Perth, spoke to the King of England once more about your friend, but his Majesty is inflexible not to intercede any farther than to procure that your friend's punishment, shall, in consideration of his character as an English gentleman, be changed into beheading, and that, provided it be discreetly managed, he may have Mr Lesly, a clergyman of his own communion, to attend him. If he accepts of the last favour, it will irretrievably ruin him; but if he can digest calling for a Roman Catholic clergyman, and desire a respite of sentence till he is instructed in our religion, he may gain some days of a reprieve. Yours, ———."

Mr Melvil immediately returned to my father, and communicated his letter to him. The thoughts of death in a foreign country, joined to the hopes of having his innocence cleared by time, left him no room to hesitate on what he should do: He subscribed a petition to the King, which Mr Melvil got drawn up for him, and next day P. la Chaise, confessor to his Most Christian Majesty, brought him a reprieve for 15 days.

It will not be amiss now to draw the veil, and expose the springs which wrought up this scene, that now threatened a fatal catastrophe. The reader may remember that my mother and aunt had set out for Paris, where when they arrived, the first thing they did was to take a private house ready furnished, convenient for their purpose by having a back door, through which they could enter the house unobserved, keeping themselves as much concealed as possible: They next engaged French

servants, who they were sure understood no English, understanding the French tongue to great perfection themselves. They then concerted such measures as carried matters to much greater lengths than they at first designed; but alas! how feeble is reason when borne down by a torrent of passion, stifled by pride, and blinded by revenge. My mother's head, ever fertile in inventions, devised the whole plot, that Myrtilla should carry on the farce in a suit of men's cloaths made exactly in the colour and manner of my father's, and she had taken care to make a priest, who she was sure would discover it, the confident of the intrigue: He not only discovered it, but provided proper persons who should overhear the whole conversation between him and the nun, with whom she had used all persuasions possible to hearken to her passion; the simple girl after the first conversation had revealed the courtship to an old malicious nun, who advised her to personate the lover till the means of convicting her gallant were brought about. My aunt never failed whenever her part was over to go to her own lodgings, always slipping up stairs, by means of the key to the back-door; and my mother who generally knew the time of her returning, found pretences to send the servants out of the way. I must here inform my reader, that Myrtilla had told the nun that she lived at my father's lodgings, to which she had left a direction, and by this my father was seized by the lieutenant de Police.

During the time of my father's trial, they never stirred abroad, but some days after his condemnation, my mother went to Mr Melvil's house, and asked if it was possible for one of my father's

friends to be admitted to see him. Mr Melvil said he would apply for leave, and did not doubt to obtain it to any near relation; my mother telling him it was to his sister, who had left London upon hearing of his being taken up, he immediately procured an order that she should be admitted, and, if she pleased, without any one's being by. Myrtilla went to the prison that very evening, and upon producing her order she was carried up to my father. The interview betwixt them was very tender; and after my father had asked her a great many questions, Myrtilla proposed that he should change cloaths with her, and by that means make his escape; My father, though diffident of the success readily complied. To avoid a suspicion, Myrtilla advised my father to continue in the prison till the keeper should desire him to be gone when he was to lock up the door for all night. When that time came, the keeper who waited in the room with my father, and the keeper of the outward gate, both came into the room, and told them it was now time to part: My father upon this affected tears, the better to disguise the features of his face, and the keepers were moved at the tenderness of the separation. We shall follow my father out of the prison, and return to poor Myrtilla, who appeared so concerned with their parting, that she took to her bed, where she lay a good part of next day, desiring the keeper to make her excuse to P. le Chaise, who never failed daily to visit his expected convert. This she did that my father might thereby have time to conceal himself the better. Next day when P. le Chaise returned, he was surprised at the alteration of her voice, but attributed it at first

to the impressions of her grief, till Myrtilla by degrees unfolded the whole mystery, at the same time begging his reverence's friendship in assisting her to get out of prison. "The getting out of prison, answered the father, would be no hard matter; the French are too brave a people to let a sister suffer for the generous part you have acted for a brother, were there nothing more in the affair; but the disguising yourself in men's cloaths, and entering in that indecent habit within the verge of a nunnery, is, I am afraid, what will not easily be forgiven; however, added he, send for your own cloaths, which will be allowed you, and to-morrow I will return and give you my advice." No one, who knows any thing of the French court at that time, can be a stranger to the character of this famous priest; he was a man of the most amorous complexion in his time. No woman, when he could safely attack her, escaped his addresses, and few his violations: In other respects he was no ill-natured man. I think fit to premise thus much, to prepare my readers for the wonderful events that succeed in the course of this history.

*To be continued.*

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## A N E C D O T E S.

**A**NTALCIDAS, a Spartan, being about to enter into the priesthood, was asked by the priest, what action worthy of renown he had performed during his life? he replied, "If I have performed any, the gods themselves are acquainted with it." How noble an instance of modesty!

how exalted a notion of the Deity! and surely nothing can be more foolish than to imagine by the commemoration of our actions, to recommend ourselves to the Deity, who, of whatever nature these actions may be, must have the clearest knowledge of their quality and worth.

Socrates, the great Athenian used to say, That as the gods were beings consummately happy, by how much the nearer any man approached a similitude with them, by so much was he the happier and better man. Were he but to substitute one number for another, what could the Christian have said more to the purpose?

Diogenes seeing a stranger in Lacedemon at great pains to trim himself for an approaching feast-day: "Pray, Sir, said he, what may you be about? Don't you know that every day is a festival to a good man?" He compared this world to a temple dignified by the presence of the Deity, in which man is so constituted, as to be under a moral obligation to demean himself with integrity, as always under the inspection, and in the presence of an all-seeing God,

Count Oxenstiern, who was Chancellor of Sweden, a person of the first quality, station, and ability, in his own country, and whose share and success not only in the chief ministry of affairs in that kingdom, but in the greatest negotiations of Europe, during his time, made him no less considerable abroad; after all his knowledge and honour, being visited in his retreat from public business by Commissioher Whitlock, Ambassador from England to Queen Christina; in the conclusion of

their discourse, said to the Ambassador, "I have seen much, and enjoyed much of this world, but I never knew how to live till now! I thank my good God who has given me time to know him, and likewise myself. All the comfort I have, and all the comfort I take, and which is more than the whole world can give, is the knowledge of God's love in my heart, and the reading in this blessed book, (laying his hand upon the Bible). You are now, Sir, continued he to the Ambassador, in the prime of your age and vigour, and in great favour and business; but this will all leave you, and you will one day better understand and relish what I say to you: then you will find that there is more wisdom, truth, comfort, and pleasure, in retiring and turning your heart from the world in the good spirit of God, and in reading his sacred word, than in all the courts and favours of princes."

The Bramans celebrate four days in September, from the 23d to the 27th, to the honour of their God Jackernat or Brama, being a general festivity and relaxation from all business to the Jentoo cast or tribe, who inhabit the country about the Ganges. Their idolatry is the most extravagant imaginable: about three days before the celebration, you hear a continual confused beating of drums and other horrid instruments, in the place where this hideous idol is kept, which in form is not unlike the amphitheatres of the antients, though inferior in architecture. At the upper end of the temple the idol is placed, to which you ascend by a dozen steps, prostrating yourself at every advance till you gain the summit, although you are limited to a certain number of steps according to your ecclesiastical

dignity; for, excepting the chief Bramin, the man who fans the idol, and the woman who sits by to feed it, few ascend higher than two steps. Notwithstanding this is an image made annually by themselves, yet does their superstition so far subdue their reason, as to appoint a man to fan the image, and a woman to sit by, holding the most dainty victuals for its acceptance. They suppose its modesty is so great as never to feed before a mortal, but that when alone it sufficiently satisfies itself: in this is discovered the fraud of the priest, who enjoys himself at the expence of the public; and as all this is conducted nocturnally, the weak are easily deluded. The third day the temple is in its greatest splendor; the walls and pillars being ornamented with paper cut, in the form of birds, beasts, and fishes, intermixed with various fruits and flowers pleasingly diversified. On this day the European gentlemen are admitted amongst them, when men and women are introduced in many ludicrous characters to divert. The fourth day of celebration is upon the water, where many hundred elegant boats appear, splendidly decorated: The idols are carried in a larger boat, where various comical figures are introduced to divert (as they call it) their God, before he departs for his own country; and the small ones row round the larger, all endeavouring to outvie each other in gaudiness; every great man has a god of his own, but the poorer sort of each occupation club for one. Four hours they generally devote on the water, till they imagine their deity is tired! when at a signal given, they all assemble in the middle of the canal, and after a tedious ceremony, commit the idol to the water, with in-

credible numbers of pots filled with their most delicate food, sealed down, to furnish him with provision till he reaches his own kingdom: and notwithstanding that they are convinced it is an image of their own workmanship, yet will many superstitiously drown themselves with this idol, (which immediately sinks) concluding, they shall obtain a life of joy, and avoid a tedious transmigration of the soul. Hear, and be astonished, O earth! What is human nature when left to itself? No absurdities are so great, no chimeras so extravagant, but our proud reason will idolize and sanctify them! How humble ought we to be under this debasing reflection; how thankful and how glad, for the light of the Christian revelation.

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*Origin of the Name, and some particulars concerning the State of Vermont, in North America.*

THE State of Vermont is a vast country, situated to the eastward of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and to the north of Connecticut, between the river of that name, and Hudson's river. As it is lately peopled, and has always been an object of contention between the states of New York, and New Hampshire, there is properly speaking no established government. Ethan Allen celebrated for the expedition he undertook in 1775 against Ticonderago, of his own accord, and without any other aid than that of the volunteers who followed him, has made himself the chief of that country. He has formed there an assembly of representatives; this

assembly grants lands, and the country is governed by its own laws, without having any connection with congress. The inhabitants, however, are not less the enemies of the English; but under the pretext that they form the frontier against Canada, and are obliged to guard it, they furnish no contingent to the expences of the war. They had long no other name than that of Green-mountain-boys, but thinking this too ignoble an appellation for their new destiny, they translated Green Mountain into French; which made Veril Mont, and by corruption Vermont. It remains to be seen whether it is by corruption also that this country has assumed the title of the State of Vermont.

In the years 1780, 1781, and 1782, the inhabitants of Vermont, who were not guided by Ethan Allen, annually sent deputies to Congress, and were once within one vote of carrying their point, but had not the peace then taken place, it is probable from circumstances, that in case of refusal, they would at least have threatened to put themselves under British protection.

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## PRINCE VIOULIS;

OR,

## TRUE GLORY.

*An Oriental Dialogue.*

**H**AZEM King of Samarkand, ruled his dominions in peace. He had taught the neighbouring powers to respect him; but he had never once entertained the idea of extending his frontiers. At the same time that he was formidable to his enemies, he was be-

loved by them. His grateful subjects had given him the appellation of Hazem the good. In a word, he enjoyed a felicity which is seldom the lot of kings.

Hazem had an only son; but his education was not neglected. It was not entrusted to a dervise; and Vioulis, although a prince, was a virtuous man.

The only passion of this royal youth was glory. All his reading was confined to the celebrated battles and innumerable conquests of the great king Mah-pout-har, of the great king Tra-ra Long, and of the great king Hio-lam. We Europeans, it is true, are not acquainted even with the names of these immortal warriors; but the annals of Samarkand, which are now lost, were full of their renowned exploits.

The boasted actions of these heroes kindled in the breast of the young prince a consuming fire, which rendered his destiny very disagreeable. The tranquillity in which his father obliged him to live, was to him a torment.

One beautiful evening, reclining alone on the side of a pleasant eminence near Samarkand, and supported by a wall of the Samarkandian annals, he was musing with regret on the obscurity of his youth when suddenly a venerable old man appeared before him.

This old man was habited in a flowing robe of cerulean hue; his countenance resplendent with light, and his silver beard descending to his girdle of diamonds. Between these characters, so opposite, ensued the following conversation:

*The Old Man.*

Who art thou, my friend? Thou seemest to be very melancholy?

*Vioulis.*

I do not know who thou art, my venerable sire?

*The Old Man.*

The sage, indeed, is but seldom known ; he is unambitious of celebrity ; nor is the favour of kings essential to his happiness. I love the afflicted : I counsel them sometimes ; not, however, to obtain their homage, but to be useful to them. Tell me, why art thou so pensive ?

*Vioulis.*

I live in inactivity and obscurity ; I have no opportunity to distinguish myself.

*The Old Man.*

By what actions wouldst thou wish to be distinguished.

*Vioulis.*

By such actions as would proclaim to the whole world that there was such a prince as Vioulis.

*The Old Man.*

But to what extent dost thou wish thy name were known ?

*Vioulis.*

To the more remote regions the better.

*The Old Man.*

It is thy ambition then to be talked of by all the nations on the globe.

*Vioulis.*

Yes, if it be possible.

*The Old Man.*

And what wilt thou perform to obtain such renown.

*Vioulis.*

Actions, that should excite astonishment, in the most courageous minds.

*The Old Man.*

Battles, no doubt ? Countries subdued, kings dethroned, and nations enslaved ?

*Vioulis.*

Art thou conversant then in the language of hearts ? Counsel me, thou venerable man, a secret fire consumes me.

"Rise," said the old man ; and musing, he wandered with Vioulis upon the hill. Night had now ap-

proached, and the prince could not account for the silence of the holy fire ; but his heart was full of confidence in his wisdom ; it was a profound reverence which no person before had been capable of inspiring.

*The Old Man.*

I will grant thy request, Vioulis, but do not interrupt me. Let us sit here.

The modest Vioulis seated himself by the side of his sage counsellor.

*The Old Man.*

Behold that majestic moon ! How tranquil and serene ! Behold those stars, and that beautiful sky !

Yonder, the star which thou perceivest below, at half an inch from Sirius, is yet at such a distance from Sirius, that the rays which are now emitted from this star, although they travel in one minute more than 300 Samarkandian leagues, cannot arrive at Sirius till the expiration of 8000 of our years. Were this star to be one day extinct, the inhabitants of Sirius would have no conception till 8000 years after, that it was expunged from the creation.

The astonished Vioulis sighs, and the sage thus proceeds :

That star which is called Haro, is a sun, around which fifty-one planets revolve. In the number of these planets is one called Imbecile, which has eighteen moons. The planet Imbecile is near ten thousand times larger than our globe, and is inhabited by beings who pretend to be rational. The Imbecilians, at most, are but sixty yards high : they have but sixteen senses, and live only three ages of man ; while the inhabitants of the fifty other planets are, for the greatest part, 200 yards high, and live from twenty to thirty thousand centuries. Notwithstanding

ing this, the Imbecilians imagine, that the universe was created for them alone: they maintain, that Haro, and their eighteen moons, the fifty planets, and the thousands of millions of stars that they discover by their small telescopes, which are only a quarter of a league long; they maintain, I say, that all these innumerable hosts of stars were placed in the firmament only to enlighten them:

In this planet Imbecile, there are some thousands of nations, all very different and very barbarous. Some of these call themselves civilized. These civilized nations, who absolutely believe themselves to be the most astonishing work of the creation, are in reality a very singular kind of creatures. For example, every year, on a certain day they meet to knock each other on the head, by way of recreation, with small stones, that have scarce the merit of depriving them of the little understanding they possess. Certain springs in this planet Imbecile, suddenly raise the first comet so high, that it is a question, whether in that situation he sees at all. These fortunate beings are dignified by the title of *The privileged Tribunes of the sixteen Senses*; and yet often, not one of these tribunes has common sense. Their dervises (for they also have their dervises) are divided into those of Ida and those Oda. These two words have no meaning in their language; a circumstance, however, which has not prevented them from assassinating, poisoning, and charitably cursing each other, for thirty thousand centuries past, on account of the difference between these two words. They have laws, but it requires ten centuries to learn them by heart, twenty to comprehend them, and a thousand to administer them with justice.

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Nevertheless, my dear Vioulis, they contemptuously stigmatize all the other nations as barbarous, and modestly fancy themselves the most beautiful work of the creation.

Vioulis is lost in attention to this account.—Formerly, continues the venerable sage, in this planet Imbecile, there existed some of the self-styled rational creatures, who were ambitious of acquiring what they called glory; who marched with some millions of armed troops, in order to conquer all the nations of the planet. In the space of their short reign of 2000 years, these conquerors have been unable to make themselves known to the thousandth part of the Imbecilians; and yet, for this they have carried fire, and sword, and all the horrors of devastation, to millions of flourishing cities, who were no otherwise culpable towards humanity, than in having wanted the power or the skill to hang before their walls the illustrious villains that had burnt them.

The astonished Vioulis looked at the old man, and at his august countenance, the splendour of which was scarce supportable.

“A good king, content with the limits of his empire, and despising the false glory of these pretended heroic actions, is seldom seen among the Imbecilians; as if the glory of kings consisted in the calamities of mankind.”

Vioulis rose, and impressed with awe, contemplated the millions of stars above him.

“The planet Imbecile is called The Bedlam of the Creation. What wouldst thou call thy little planet were it infested with conquerors? But thou, Vioulis, shalt be a good king; thou shalt be just and amiable, the friend and protector of the arts, and shalt be called Vioulis the Beneficent.”

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At these words the hoary sire was suddenly transformed into a beautiful young man : he embraced the prince, and vanished.

Vioulis, prostrating himself, adored the creator of the sun and planets, and returned to Samarkand.

His beautiful and benevolent princess, by her charming conversation, and more charming example, rendered him still more susceptible of the virtues that can alone adorn humanity ; in a word, of that delight in doing good, in which alone consists the true glory and felicity of kings — Vioulis, no longer panting for conquests, was the pacificator of half the globe ; such confidence had his love of equity inspired. In their own dominions their paternal cares diffused universal happiness.

The people may be sometimes deceived, but they never flatter ; and it was the people that erected altars to him ; that people which seemed no longer to dread foreign climates or burning skies ; and on the most distant shores might be found at the foot of a statue of young Vioulis :

*“ This fourth part of the world also owes its liberty to him.”*

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*The following Anecdote used to be told by King George I. at his time of Relaxation from Business, and unbending from regal concerns.*

ABOUT the year 1615, there was a Nobleman in Germany, whose daughter was courted by a young Lord. When he had made such progress in this affair as is usual, by the interposition of friends, the old Lord had a conference with him, asking him how he intended, if he married

his daughter, to maintain her ? He answered, equal to her quality. To which the father replied, that was no answer to his question ; he desired again to know what he had to maintain her with ? To which the young Lord then answered, he had that was no question, his inheritance was as public as his name. The old Lord owned his possessions to be great, but still asked, if he had nothing more secure than land wherewith to maintain his daughter ? The question was strange, but ended in this, that the father of the young lady gave his positive resolve never to marry his daughter, but to his heir, and who would be one of two such great estates, as a man who had a *Manual Trade* by which he might subsist, if driven from his own country.

The young Lord was master of none at present, but, rather than lose his mistress, he requested only a year's time, in which he promised to acquire one ; in order to which, he got a basket-maker, the most ingenious he could meet with, and in six months became master of his trade of basket-making, with greater improvements than even his teacher himself ; and as a proof of his ingenuity, and extraordinary proficiency in so short a time, he brought to his young Lady, a piece of workmanship of his own performance, being a white twig basket, which, for many years after, became a general fashion among the ladies, by the name of dressing-baskets, brought hither to England from Germany and Holland. To complete the singularity of this relation, it happened some years after this Nobleman's marriage, that he and his father-in-law, sharing the misfortunes of the wars of the Palatinate, were drove

naked out of their estates, and in Holland, for some years, did this young Lord maintain both his father-in-law, and his own family, by making baskets of white twigs, to such an unparalleled excellency as none could attain: and it is from this young German Lord the Hollanders derive those curiosities that are still made in the United Provinces, of twig-work.

*To all true Lovers, and encouragers of Literary Merit, to the Public in general, but more particularly designed for the inspection, and serious perusal of the People of Berwick, and its Environs.*

THE Berwick Museum, has now struggled out a reign of two years, in spite of every malevolent attempt to depose it. With pleasure I have perused the Editor's declaration to continue it during the year Eighty-Seven, a resolution which must give particular satisfaction to every true lover of letters and literature.

The vitiated state of human nature is such, that men may be actually said to prey upon each other, by endeavouring to frustrate their mutual views, more particularly in those points, where their interests seem to clash. This has grown so customary, that the malignant edge which it evidently bears, is almost worn down to the rugged name of *self-interest*. But how dark, how obnoxious to every human feeling, must be the mind of that wretch, who without provocation, or hopes of either profit or pleasure, attempts to do an injury, not only to a worthy individual, but to the community in general? Who endeavours to traduce the fame of a useful, and entertaining work, liberally calcu-

lated for the benefit of all, the suppression of which, can neither place a penny in his purse, or a smile upon his countenance.

Men in general who are guilty of an ungenerous action, say, the midnight-ravager has either self-interest, or necessity to plead as a flimsy excuse for his devastation; but he who deliberately acts from no motive but envious malignity, is a being so truly despicable, so dreadfully dangerous, that he should be marked by the public eye, as an open example of all the vices that contaminate the heart of man, and who retains no more of the human creature, than the bare form.

Base, indeed, must be the nature of that man, who is not sometimes struck by the force of that truth which his own conscience acknowledges, therefore, without hopes that evil lines may flash conviction, and strike the abandoned hearts of some of those people. It is a happy circumstance for the community in general, that men of this description, are generally of the lower order of people, therefore their inclination to do mischief is fortunately exerted in vain, for their want of power. There is another race of beings, who are pests to literature and society; these are creatures who being unacquainted with letters or erudition, judge without precision, view the meaning of the poet through the wrong end of the telescope, and apply improper, and illiberal constructions, according as they occur to their own half-formed and disjointed ideas. These latter should rather be pitied for their unaccountable stupidity, than despised for their arrogant presumption. Tho' justice must condemn, yet equity may rescue them from the rigorous sentence of con-

tempt. To urge any further argument against the former, to examine the diabolical principles upon which they proceed, to trace them through the various wanderings of their degraded hearts, and to anatomize them with greater nicety, would be, as the great Pope says,

“To break a butterfly upon a wheel.”

Leaving those wretches, to the stings of their crime-clog’d conscience, (if indeed they ever feel remorse) I cannot omit making a few remarks on the great utility that must accrue to society in general, from the encouragement of a periodical publication in any place where the latent sparks of genius reside.

In the distant and obscure ages of the world, we have very little assistance from historical revelation, occasioned by the barbarity, and indolence of an uninstructed people, who perhaps considered existence to end with themselves. The faint glimmerings of tradition, throw a kind of twilight on the subject, that instead of elucidating, but serve to confound truth. Had those people had an opportunity of recording the various fluctuation of revolving times. The manners, dispositions, and customs of the several periods in which they lived, we should now be enabled with a degree of accuracy, to decide on some of the most important subjects contained in historical knowledge. What *that* age is to us, so may *this* be to a period equally distant. Should we not then seize upon every opportunity which offers, of giving an impartial account of the transactions of our own times! Should we not exult in the idea, that in future ages, we may be the objects of public wonder and emulation.

It is a selfish and confined remark, which I have often heard

made, which is, that as we shall never live to be sharers in the good effects, we may with great justice, be negligent about the causes which may promote them. This opinion is indeed unworthy of any mind above childhood. The divine disposer of all natural qualities could never bestow genius upon any of his creatures, with a design that they should lay dormant, at least if placed in a situation, where those talents could be so nobly exerted, to the glorifying of his name, and the good of mankind. Let such reflect on that most beautiful and picturesque parable in the New Testament, of the unworthy servant, who hid his master’s talent in the earth, and return’d it unimprov’d. Let them likewise consider that most of the benefits which we at present enjoy, are the produce of speculation, and industry, perhaps of some thousand years standing. In short it is a duty we owe to GOD, to the world, and to ourselves. Independent of such reasons, which are in themselves cogent enough to carry conviction to any sensible man, the opportunity of a public press, may be said to be the hot-bed of genius, the fostering hand that ripens merit into maturity, and leads it on to emulative and glorious views. It fires the youthful mind with perseverance and expectation, and may be said to make it think anew. Nay, I am well convinced, that many great natural geniuses have been born, and died without the smallest exertion of their abilities, for want of this great touchstone, to bring forth their latent merit. It is the mirror of nature,—the softener of manners,—the beguilement of the hour,—the curb of the vicious,—and the herald of the virtuous,—in short, it may be said to be the great caustic of vice and folly,

and the promoter of genius and worth.

So many advantages both in public and private life may be said to originate in a work of the kind; that it becomes the actual duty of every well-wisher to himself and his neighbour, to bestir every measure for its support and continuance.

The Editor undertook the publication in January, 1785, at which time if he even barely cleared his expences (exclusive of any recompence for private trouble) he could be said to do no more; since that period, I am pretty well convinced, that his profits have been circumscribed to a degree, much inferior to mediocrity. Yet he still perseveres; he is still anxious for the glorious cause of literature. May the slumbering genius of Berwick awake and smile upon the undertaking, and convince the world, that merit and literature are the produce of our polar soil, and that letters flourish, even amidst the frigid climates of the North. I am not without hope that the Editor may benefit something by these few lines, at least my intention inclined towards his interest. As no puerile wish to see myself appear in print, could actuate the bosom of one, who has dedicated much even of his juvenile hours to study and publication.

I should be sorry that any person should suspect this to have been written either by the Editor, at his desire or request. As the public are assured by the writer, that he knows from whence it came, no more than the reader does this minute.

May the missile weapons of envy and detraction recoil on those hearts from whence they proceed,

May the eyes of a generous public be opened upon the nefarious assassins of literature and merit. May they be hunted out from the dark and obscure corner from which they throw their envenomed shafts. May veracity strike the specious mask from the face of deception, and shew the villain in his true portrait, that he may no longer

"Push down new fledg'd virtues that would rise."

but stand as a monumental testimony of infamy and disgrace, and may every future attempt to enlarge, support, and continue this useful work, succeed, prays

CLIO.

Berwick, 1786.

To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.

SIR,

I know, for certain, of a family, that consisted of—  
A grand-father, and two grandchildren  
A father and four children  
Two mothers, and two sons  
Two brothers, and two sisters  
Two uncles, and two aunts  
Two nephews, and two cousins-germans  
Making in all by appearance twenty-four, but in reality the family consisted only of five persons.

A solution by some curious correspondent is intreated,

BENEVOLENCE.

## P O E T R Y.

## A PASTORAL

## Part II.

Continued from p. .

Inscribed to Miss Patricia Lane.

Triste lupus stabulis, maturis frugibus  
imbres,  
Arbortibus ventis, nobis Armarum illis ira !  
Virg.

HER pity, ye powers ! cannot prove  
A relief to my sighs, from the fair ;  
Ah !—nothing but Jena's fond love  
Can allay half the pangs of despair.  
Love only for love can suffice :  
And her heart ev'ry blessing insure ;  
O Venus ! obtain me the prize,  
And my transports for ever endure.

Quite passive I roam o'er each field,  
Nor attend to the notes on the spray ;  
No pleasure the thickets can yield,  
And the streamlets remurmur my lay :  
Without Jena I languish—I die ;  
Nor delight in my flocks in the dale ;  
No shepherd so wretched as I,  
While my lambskins rejoice in the vale.

When present—how pleas'd is the plain,  
All the beauties of Nature look gay ;  
One smile gives new life to her swain,  
And dispels all his sorrow away :  
But absent—the birds cease to sing ;  
All the woodlands dejected appear ;  
The cowslip no longer will spring,  
And the lily itself seems less clear.

Hope hastens my steps to the bow'r  
Which with woodbine and ivy I've made ;  
New lustre hope gives to each flow'r,  
And enlivens the green in the glade ;  
Hope whispers—"Be never dismay'd,  
She'll at last blush consent to thy vow ;  
No virgin before her e'er said  
To a lover so constant—Adieu !"

Beaumont-Banks, }  
February 1787. }

P.

## TO THE EDITOR.

OFTEN I wish in verse to write,  
But doubt as oft my skill ;  
And never dare attempt a flight  
Unto Parnassus' hill.

But joyful news are come to town !  
The Muses have alighted  
Upon the neighb'ring Halydown,  
And Tom de Scott affrighted.

O, would some muse inspire my lays,  
And grant me talents meet !  
I'd sing my handsome Tommy's praise,  
And sing the Muses seat.

Where steel-clad warriors did meet,  
To fight, each for his nation ;  
Is now become the Muses seat ;  
O happy alteration !

Could Lady Mary † from the tomb,  
But visit us again,  
To find the Muses seat at home,  
Her joys would flow amain.

To find such warm winter-days,  
And girls write in rhymes ;  
Would make her give, to home, the praise  
She gave to Turkish climes.

O would Erato hear me now,  
And grant me my desires !  
Depend on't, Sir, I'll write to you,  
As soon as she inspires.

Feb. 6. 1787.

JANE.

† Wortley Montague.

## AN ELEGY,

Written in Berwick Church-yard.

IN vain we labour to be rich or great,  
In vain we strive to gain immortal  
fame ;

Nor fame, nor riches, can prolong our date,  
 When death arrives what can avert his aim.  
 Who doubt this truth, let them, repairing here,  
 Survey this place, where thousands sleep in dust  
 No more to wake, till that last morn appear,  
 That shall display the Saviour of the just.  
 All ages go, see hard by yonder wall,  
 A numerous train, who jointly witness bring,  
 That infancy, as well as age, must fall  
 A prey to death, and prove the truth I sing.  
 Trust not to youth;—there sweet Siderio lies  
 The boast of parents, relatives, and friends;  
 Cut off in youthful bloom, no more to rise,  
 Till nature, fail'd, her operations ends.  
 Say ye who know, how noble was his mind;  
 Nor envy, malice, nay, nor pride he knew;  
 His thoughts were all to generous deeds assign'd,  
 Or such as still were lovely in review.  
 Tho' born to shine distinguishedly high,  
 And justly might have ranked with the great,  
 The charms of power were nothing in his eye;  
 He lov'd retirement, and an humble state.  
 Tho' long to pain, and deep distress a prey,  
 He ne'er was heard to murmur or repine;  
 But greatly noble, bore, without dismay,  
 Whatever Heav'n was pleased to assign.

PHILANDER.

# TO THE EDITOR.

HAD I the flowing numbers of thy train,  
 Thou kind promulger of our lays,  
 Or could I mate Philander's tender strain,  
 And justly wear the envy'd bays,  
 I, in soft numbers, would my flame relate,  
 And sing the charms of my beloved Kate.  
 Or could I share fam'd Philostratus' muse  
 I'd sweetly sing the girl I love:

The Critics will this first attempt excuse  
 Perhaps the next may better prove.  
 Jena, the fam'd, tho' clad in royal state,  
 Can never equal my dear handsome Kate.

Honorius may love his peerless Grace,  
 And triumph in her beauty's charms:  
 My love has ev'ry beauty in her face,  
 Nor can another tempt my arms.  
 T. Scriba's nymphs have angel-charms innate,  
 But I'm contented with my human Kate.

Was she angelic, deck'd in god-like charms,  
 How could I ask the yielding—Yes?  
 What could an angel taste in mortal's arms?

Nor would I dare to snatch a kiss:  
 No super-human does me captivate,  
 But I'm enamour'd by my blooming Kate.

But could my darling's eyes out-shine the day,  
 Her ev'ry smile divinely bright,  
 Could she rise forth, and shine the stars away,

I'd be affrighted at the sight:  
 'Tis a woman I wish to be my mate,  
 And all my wishes center in my Kate.

With this fair maid, Oh, could my sighs prevail!

No other wish my heart would crave;  
 Pledg'd of her love, I'd cheerfully set sail,

Nor dread to plough the briny wave:  
 "The ship's haul'd off!" longer I cannot wait,

In hopes to meet again, I leave my Kate.

WONHATHILATEDMS.

## THE BERMUDIAN.

Concluded from Vol. II. p. 641.

THO' at a distance from my searching eye,  
 Amidst surrounding woods, thy dwelling lie;  
 Though envious Time, or weaning Absence strive  
 Thy cherish'd image from my breast to drive;  
 Yet near my heart (for they shall strive in vain)

His wonted place shall Candidus retain.  
 If manly sense, if an extensive mind,  
 Unsway'd by prejudice, and unconfined

A judgment happy, to decide with skill,  
 But mild and open to conviction still;  
 A voice in polish'd numbers taught to roll,  
 Whose accents waft the music of the soul;  
 An honest heart, a temper that can learn  
 To love mankind, and to be lov'd in turn;  
 If sentiments humane, combin'd with these,  
 May challenge merit, and expect to please,  
 Of gentle manners, affable and free,  
 The praise, O Candidus, is due to thee.

No more frequented by the festive bands,  
 Behold yon solitary mansion stands.  
 There fair Ardella tripp'd along the vale,  
 Her auburn tresses floating in the gale,  
 Sweet as the fav'rite offspring of the May,  
 Serenely mild, and innocently gay:  
 Ardella, once so cheerful and so blest,  
 Now, by Misfortune's iron hand oppress'd.  
 Methinks I see the solitary maid  
 Pensive beneath the spreading cedar's shade,  
 No soothing friend, no voice of comfort near,  
 Heave the big sigh, and shed the silent tear  
 'Till awake to consolation, nor repine,  
 Because the sorrows of to-day are thine.  
 In air let sublunary cares be hurl'd,  
 And look exulting to a better world;  
 Triumphant virtue there shall bear the sway,  
 And lift thee far above the solar ray."

Beneath my bending eye, serenely neat  
 Appears my ever-blest paternal seat.  
 Far in the front the level lawn extends,  
 The myrtles play, the nodding cypress bends;  
 A little hillock stands on either side,  
 O'erspread with evergreens, the garden's pride.  
 Promiscuous here, appears the blushing rose,  
 The guava flourishes, the myrtle grows.  
 Upon the surface earth-born woodbines creep,  
 O'er the green beds the painted 'sturtian peep,  
 Their arms aloft triumphant lilacs bear,  
 And Jessamines perfume the ambient air  
 The whole is from an eminence display'd,  
 Where the brown olive lends his pensive shade.

When zephyrs there the noon-tide heat assuage,  
 Oft have I turn'd the meditative page,  
 And calmly read the ling'ring hours away,  
 Securely shelter'd from the blaze of day.  
 At eve refresh'd, I trod the mazy walk,  
 And bade the minutes pass in cheerful talk,  
 With many a joke my brothers wou'd assail,  
 Or cheer my sisters with the comic tale;  
 While both fond parents pleas'd, the group survey'd,  
 Attentive heard, and smil'd at all they said.

Thrice happy seat! here once were center'd all  
 That bind my heart to this terrestrial ball;  
 The sight of these each gloomy thought destroys,  
 And ties my soul to sublunary joys!

Ye pow'rs supreme, who rule the spangled sky,  
 On whose protection firmly they rely,  
 Grant them each bliss the fertile mind can form,  
 And lift them high above misfortune's storm!

But hark! I see them to the green repair,  
 To taste the sweets of the refreshing air;  
 Descend, my soul, on airy pinions light,  
 The circle join, and feast thy gladden'd sight.

Hail ever-honour'd authors of my birth,  
 The poor's assistants, and the friends of worth!  
 My best of brothers, hail! companion dear,  
 Unshaken friend and partner of my care!  
 My sisters too! transported let me gaze,  
 And bless the sweeteners of my former days!  
 A long lost wanderer to your arms receive,  
 Soothe all his sorrows, and his cares relieve.

How incomplete is each terrestrial joy,  
 Where disappointments all our hopes destroy!  
 Two other sons should in the circle stand!  
 For these, alas! I search a distant land;

Lament them gone, an honour to their  
race;  
And, with a sigh, behold their vacant  
place.

Tho' Carolina, skill'd in social lore,  
With open arms receiv'd me to her  
shore;  
Altho' her sons, an hospitable band,  
Have hail'd me welcome to their fertile  
land,  
And, giving all the friendly heart can  
give,  
Bade their remembrance in my bosom  
live;  
Though (thanks to all my guardian  
powers!) there  
I found a brother and a friend sincere;  
Still, for 'tis natural, affection's tide  
Flows where my honour'd parents yet  
reside.

For ever blotted be the fatal day  
That tore me from their circling arms  
away,  
When the tall ship, regardless of my  
pain,  
Call'd me reluctant to the sounding  
main;  
Alas! her swelling sails triumphant bore,  
And left them pensive on the winding  
shore!

My aged parent's awful voice I hear,  
The solemn sound still vibrates in my  
ear.

"Adieu, my son! with winds propitious  
go,

Obtain what knowledge travel can be-  
flow;

Thy neighbour's friend, an enemy to  
strife,

Uprightly tread the mazy path of life;  
Let honour's rules thy ev'ry act con-  
trol,

Nor suffer vice to bend thy stubborn  
soul.

Shou'd sovereign gold, the tyrant of  
mankind,

Attempt from justice to divert thy  
mind;

Exulting still prefer the frugal crust,  
And spurn, with high contempt, the  
guilty dust,

Let all the frowns of Fortune be defy'd,  
Virtue thy friend, and Providence thy  
guide!

### ON MUSICK.

MUSICK with persuasive charms,  
Lulls our ev'ry care to rest;  
Vol. III. N

Ev'ry passion it disarms,  
Softly soothing all the breast.

Savage natures grow humane,  
Feel themselves with kindness mov'd;  
At the soft melodious strain,  
Love, and wish, to be belov'd.

Things inanimate arise,  
By the force of magick sound;  
As the warble fills the skies,  
Inspiration spreads around.

Hail! harmonick powers hail!  
That can ev'ry mind controul;  
Thy pure pleasures, never fail  
To soothe, yet elevate the soul.

### ON ELIZA:

MINE be the pleasing task to paint,  
The charms of my Eliza's face;  
Tho' how will words, or language faint,  
Describe each modest, lovely grace.

Sweet nymph! what beauties round thee  
shine,

In op'ning bloom to gazing view;  
Each charm about you, seems divine,  
And gives a pleasure, always new.

Thy eyes with lustre, mildly speak,  
From thy sweet-lips persuasion flows;  
And in thy finely polish'd cheek,  
We see the tincture of the rose.

Hail, charming maid! whose ev'ry grace,  
Shows nature's bounty unconfin'd;  
Yet know, that lovely perfect face,  
Must yield in beauty, to your mind.

### TO THE EDITOR.

Query, humbly propos'd to the Ladies,  
on their present Mode of Dress.

WHY cruel thus your lovely forms  
conceal,

Why scarce a charm from top to toe re-  
veal:

Why hide the polish'd arm, the snowy  
neck,

The eye enchanting, and the rosy cheek:  
Tell, Ladies, tell, wherefore you now  
disclose us

Nothing, save chins, and mouths, and  
tips of noses?

Feb. 1787,

MAN-KIND.

## STATE OF POLITICS.

THE fourth year has now revolved of the most universal and profound peace that the world has beheld or enjoyed since the commencement of history. Harassed and exhausted with wars that extended their devastations to the four quarters of the globe, the ruling nations of Europe have sacrificed their ambition to their interest, and, in the shade of tranquillity, are exerting their efforts to multiply and improve the sources of industry, to extend their commerce, and augment their revenues.

Of all the wars that have ever been the subject of historical record, that of Great Britain with America, which eventually involved France, Spain, Holland, the East and West Indies, has proved the most calamitous and disgraceful to all the belligerent powers. After incurring an expence equalling, if not exceeding that of all the wars of the present century; after appointing the most powerful armies, and conveying them to the distance of two thousand miles; after equipping the most formidable navies that ever swam on the ocean; a struggle of seven years, that agitated and convulsed both hemispheres, terminated in a catastrophe that was neither honourable nor beneficial to any of the contending parties. If like the Peloponnesian war in the Grecian annals, it is not the prelude to the destruction or downfall of some of the European states, it has given a shock to the general system, which will require the wisdom and œconomy of half a century to repair.

In the political map of Europe, Great Britain and France are the prominent kingdoms, whose rank

in the scale of nations renders them the principal objects of historical observation. The prime movers in the political system, their intercourse grasps every continent; their war or peace agitates or composes the world. Russia possesses immense territories both in Europe and Asia; her boundaries are more extensive than those of the Roman empire; but her real importance is inadequate to her nominal greatness; and she wants the glory both of arts and of arms to figure in the circle of nations, or adorn the pages of history. An uninterrupted succession of able sovereigns since the reign of Peter the Great, beyond the experience of history, or calculations of probability has raised her to a temporary, and perhaps forced and premature greatness, which the shock of accidents may diminish or destroy. As there is no internal spring or aggrandisement in the Russian constitution; as the principles of political life do not pervade the body of the state; the vigour and success of the government depend entirely on the hand to which it is intrusted. Whenever a Sardanapalus shall succeed to the sceptre of a Ninus and Semiramis, the boundaries of Russia will be contracted, and her splendour defaced.

Germany is a powerful and populous empire, and governed by a prince who has attracted the attention of the world. Possessed of extensive dominion, and at the head of an army of two hundred thousand men, it might be expected that the German emperor would occupy the first station in the political system, and hold the balance of Europe. But the complex form of the government, the

want of revenue and of commerce, and the neighbourhood of a powerful rival, circumscribe the sphere of his operations, and prevent the execution of those extensive military and political plans that change the destiny of nations, and make a revolution in history.

At length, after long prorogation, Parliament has met, and his Majesty has addressed both Houses as usual, in a speech from the throne; one of the shortest that we think we ever remember at the opening of a Session!—As the speech and the correspondent addresses seem to have been admitted on both sides of both houses to pass *pro forma*, without dipping into particulars therein contained or referred to, we shall follow the example, and avoid any discussion of the one or the other, until some future proceedings of Ministers shall throw more light upon the subject than we can at present view it in.

The grand object of public attention, towards the close of the month, is, the Commercial Treaty with France, and the reception it meets with from, and the proceedings that will be had thereon in the Grand Council of the Nation. A subject of magnitude and consequence immense and unknown; requiring all the care, circumspection, deliberate consideration, and mature judgment that the minds of Britons are capable of!—A mistake in this business, will be to the nation like a false step in marriage to a delicate woman; marrying a profligate and a brute, undoes her for ever.—We cannot help thinking our Ministers are somewhat fool-hardy in this awful and tremendous business; they seem little to know their own strength, ability, and negotiating talents, compared with their counter-parties. A little more modesty, delicacy, and self-diffidence, would do them

infinite service, and the nation through them. If they go on careless, fearless, and undaunted, they will assuredly be caught in the snare which that old cunning French fox has artfully spread for them. But if Ministers will run on, without looking backward or forward, and plunge headlong into the pit of the Frenchman's digging, we hope and trust the Legislature will not be led on by the intemperate zeal of a rash impetuous inexperienced youth into a system which more than threatens national ruin; but will act cautiously, coolly, and circumspectly in this momentous consequential concern. If this treaty is really salutary and beneficial for Great Britain this year, it would certainly be equally so in the next year, abating only the loss of one year's expected benefit, which might be amply compensated by the melioration and improvement it would naturally undergo during so long and critical an investigation; consequently neither nation could sustain any loss by the prudent delay. On the other hand, should it prove an insidious, injurious, and pernicious compact to Great Britain, how dreadful the consequence?—Where might the mischief end?—We think we see abundant cause to dread this pretended boon of France to the sons of Britain, which our concise plan will not permit us to go into a minute detail of at present. Possibly in our next, we shall not deal in bare assertions without well-founded arguments, and sound candid reasoning upon them. Above all things, we deprecate haste and rashness in the proceedings on the subject, which would tend directly to certain ruin. Consider, O Britons! in and out of Parliament, whose hands we are now in—the French Cabinet. Who guides

that Cabinet? The aged, experienced, sly, and sagacious Count de Vergennes, who at this moment, is leading all the courts of Europe in iron or golden chains—or with silken cords; and wants only this nation in his trammels, to make the catalogue complet.

The opening Speech of the Irish parliament seems to denounce vengeance against the Whiteboys! We hope they will first enquire into their grievances, and where they find them well-founded, redress them. They will then find it a much easier task to suppress all the irregularities and outrages said to be perpetrated by these discontented people. The discussion of the Commercial Treaty, so far as it respects Ireland, we leave to the investigation of Irish politicians, in and out of parliament.—We shall only say, that we think there is either too much or too little said about Ireland in the treaty.

The whole French nation is all curiosity and warm expectation as to what their Grand Monarch is going to do with them in the bed of Justice which he has summoned together! They will find it soon enough to their cost, when he lays his heavy hand of taxation upon them, under the sanction of this semblance of a parliament, or body of representatives of the people, not of their choosing but of his election. Under this sanction of a mock parliament, a despotic prince may safely do what he durst not name by his own arbitrary power.

Spain has undergone a great revolution in its interior cabinet, by the removal of the monarch from the exercise of his government, on account of insanity, real or pretended; we pretend not to be in the secret.—This nation will not probably suffer much by the arrangement; as the present

vicegerent cannot be more devoted to the French than his predecessor.

The Emperor has found a great deal of difficulty to persuade himself to take a long journey to meet his beloved sister and ally the Empress of Russia, on her long expedition to her new acquired dominions; and even after resolving in part, is yet undetermined as to the whole of the way proposed; so that, from the hindrances she meets with, and the hindrances he meets with, each in their own way,—and the discouragements they thereby throw in one another's way, we are doubtful whether this projected complex journey will take place at all.—Indeed, considering the relative situations of both in their respective dominions, we scruple not to pronounce it an impolitic undertaking on both sides, for various obvious reasons; but this we must leave them to discuss.

The Czarina's affairs do not yet wear a very promising aspect of being finally settled with the Porte, since that power has assumed a more firm and determined aspect than it wore some years ago. The intermediate dependent nations between these potentates add to the difficulties and uneasinesses of both those extensive empires.

The Ottoman Empire, which has, at all times, rebellions raging somewhere or another in its bosom, is not without its usual share of internal commotions now.—Still it holds up its awful head, bidding defiance to its numerous potent enemies, regardless of their intreaties, remonstrances, and threatenings.—Strange composition of a terrestrial government! incomprehensible to distant observers!—and even those who have had ample opportunity of viewing it microscopically, can give us but very little insight into it.

The new King of Prussia seems to study to carry his cup even with all surrounding powers, and keep himself out of all their bickerings, except the internal feuds of the Dutch; in which, however, he moves very cautiously, without burning his fingers on behalf of either side. It does not yet appear, that any other potentate wishes to put his courage and conduct to the test. His mediatorial office in Holland, consequently, goes on very quietly and very

slowly. Perhaps slow and sure is best in this as in many other cases.

The States of North America keep rushing more and more into anarchy, confusion, and political destruction. They are said to have concluded a treaty with the Emperor of Morocco; much good may it do them! They will not find it a very easy matter to feed him with presents; and even then they would have more work on their hand than they will be able to perform.

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

*Extract of a Letter from the Gold Coast, Africa, dated the 30th of August, 1786.*

"THE French have had a fifty gun ship, with nine hundred men on board, intending to build a fort at Accomfey [within six miles of Anamaboe, our greatest mart of trade] a village near Amissa. They landed a quantity of materials and stores, cleared the ground, and made a kind of block-house; but they became so sickly, that they went off with scarce hands sufficient to work vessels, leaving an officer and a few people ashore, but not sufficient to carry on any works. It is very strange it should never have been heard of in England. You must keep a bad look out. I expect by and by, it will occasion some disturbance. They get canoes, &c. from the Dutch, who, I think, act like fools."

"As the Sultana Algerine Rover, was cruising in the Straights of Gibraltar, she fell in with a fleet of merchantmen from Lisbon bound to Leghorn, convoyed by a frigate and an armed ship, the pirate being to windward, bore down upon the fleet under Spanish colours, but when she came within musket

shot of the men of war, she hauled down the Spanish flag and hoisted that of Algiers, and at the same time poured a whole broadside into the frigate, which carried away her bowsprit and part of her fore-chains; the fire was returned with the greatest bravery, and a very obstinate action took place which continued five glasses, when a great many were killed and wounded on both sides. Among the killed on board the Algerine was their second captain and two lieutenants, with several other principal officers. Although the Portuguese shewed great courage, and fought well throughout the whole conflict, yet their bravery could not prevent the pirate from carrying off one of the richest ships in the fleet, and three days after brought her safe into Algiers. The Sultana is a stout vessel, frigate built, mounts 30 guns upon one deck; the Captain is a very resolute daring fellow, and her crew consists of a numerous gang of desperate ruffians.

Letters by way of France bring advice, that the Turkish Captain Pacha has been stabbed with a poignard at Cairo.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*London, February 1.*

**A**N account from Brussels just arrived, mentions that the Pope's Nuncio has received orders to quit that capital in 24 hours, and the Emperor's dominions in three weeks, on account of his having presumed to publish a *Bull* in defiance of that wise monarch's authority.

3. A gang of twelve persons, five of whom are taken, have been discovered in France, to have forged the names of different bankers, to the amount of twelve millions.

By a letter from Peking dated the 28th of September last, to the Minister of Tuscany, it appears that a Missionary who had been sent to propagate the gospel in that empire had been arrested in the province of Hunguang, from whence he was conducted to Peking, loaded with chains, and suffered to starve to death. His name was Atté Pistoye.

6. Died betwixt the hours of three and four, at Versailles, Monsieur de Vergennes, Minister for foreign affairs, in the 67th year of his age, and after having been in different public offices above 30 years. In this period he nearly effected a total change in the political state of France.

Till within a very few hours of his death he retained his gaiety and good-humour.

M. Montmorin, the new minister of France, was recommended to the King by the Count de Vergennes, with whose politics and views he has been long intimately acquainted. He is near fifty, a great favourite of his Majesty, and said to be of first rate abilities.

18. Was committed to Falkingham goal, a man and his wife, who, having travelled through most parts of the kingdom, (with tolerable success, if their dress might be admitted as proof) as healers of every illness to which mankind is liable: The woman pretended to be dumb; her husband served as her interpreter, and many poor people were by them gulled out of their money. The cause of their being taken up was briefly this; they stopped at a publichouse at Aslackby, and drank very freely, particularly the woman, who retiring to rest before her husband, made a mistake in going to bed to another man, in which situation being detected by her spouse, he was imprudent enough to scold her in such terms as brought her to the use of her tongue. The first speech she made was, "You know, you rogue, I can hang you!" A scene of confusion ensued, and madam coming down stairs, swept off all the crockery ware on a shelf in the house, and did other damage, for which, refusing to make restitution, she and her companion were taken before one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, who committed them as above, and they are now confined in separate apartments.

*Extract of a letter from Constantinople, dated Jan. 26.*

"The Porte, in return for the favours conferred by France, who with no small degree of address, has removed the talons of the Imperial eagles from her at present, has concluded a league of commerce, in which the French will have some advantages peculiarly great, particularly on the side of

the Black Sea, where they will be put on the same footing with Russia. The Turks by this secure a new ally, but such a step may create troubles *in futuro*."

The last accounts from Rimini mention, that the last shocks of an earthquake, which were felt there on Christmas eve and day, did a vast deal of damage; several houses, the Custom House, and the beautiful Church of the Cordeliers were thrown down; the Arch dedicated to Augustus was split, and the bridge of Trajan much damaged; four persons perished at the moment of the shocks; the alarm was so general, that upwards of 2000 persons took refuge on board the vessels in the port, and most people left their houses; the shocks continuing, all the inhabitants have left the place, and are out in the fields, some under tents, and others under such coverings as they can get; and as the weather is cold, and the country covered with snow, their situation is very deplorable.

*Extract of a letter from Halifax, in Nova Scotia.*

"I am just returned from my long tour of four months, but last from Boston and Marblehead; and I can with truth assert, that upwards of 640 miles that I have travelled in the United States I have not been able to trace any thing that looks either commercial or respectable. At Philadelphia they have a little trade, but more, I think, at New York, which probably owes its prosperity to its being the center of government. To the northward the people are idle, clamorous, and wretched. You may believe me this is no exaggeration. At Portsmouth they are building two new ships of 74 guns, confessedly sold to France, but without supplies they cannot

finish them, so true is it that America has no ability to build large men of war. Our own settlements to the north are flourishing indeed."

On Monday next, Mr. Pitt is to bring forward his motion relative to the consolidation of the Customs. He proposes, after the resolutions are passed, which it is said will be above 3000, to make one bill of them, and the resolutions agreed to on the Tariff in the French Treaty.

Letters from New York, dated January 2, received yesterday by way of Holland, mention, that a French packet-boat had arrived there, with the Articles of Privileges, which the French King had granted for the benefit of the American commerce; and that the same were received with universal public joy.

The same letters add, that, in consequence of the Congress discovering, that the Indians on the frontiers of Virginia, were unhappily excited against them, they resolved to augment the troops with 1300 more men, and to raise 500,000 dollars.

## B E R W I C K,

*February 1,*

The following awful and striking circumstance happened lately in the county of Hertford. About three weeks since a man waited upon a magistrate in the vicinity of Hitchin, and informed him, that, upon the preceding Tuesday evening, he was stopped by a young gentleman of Hitchin, who knocked him down and searched his pockets, but not finding any thing therein, suffered him to depart. The Magistrate, astonished at this

piece of intelligence, dispatched a messenger to the young gentleman, ordering him to appear immediately before him, and answer to the complaint lodged against him; the youth instantly obeyed the summons, and appeared before the Magistrate, when his innocence was manifestly proved; he having, by the most incontrovertible evidence, clearly proved an *alibi*. It appears the infamous wretch had made the charge with no other view than that of extorting a sum of money from the young gentleman; and finding his intentions thus frustrated, returned home much chagrined, and meeting soon afterwards with one of his neighbours, he declared to him, that he had not sworn to any thing, but facts, and called God to witness the same in the most solemn manner, and wished, if it was not as he had asserted, that his jaws might be locked, and that his flesh might rot upon his bones; when terrible to relate!—Listen, ye sons of impiety, while the horrid tale is told; ye who affect to doubt the existence of a Supreme Being, and scoff at his judgments! his jaws were instantly arrested, the use of speech denied him for ever, and after lingering a fortnight in great agonies, he expired, his flesh literally rotting upon his bones.

8. Mr Charles Grey, Member for Northumberland, gave an able specimen of his abilities, in his maiden speech, on the address on the Commercial Treaty. His speech was elegant and argumentative, and delivered with an easy gracefulness not often attained by the best public speakers. His voice is full and melodious, and its modulations varied in the happiest manner.

20. We hear from Appleby, that as some workmen were digging a sewer, or drain, for carrying off water from a cellar belonging to Mr William Douglas, they discovered among the earth a small quantity of quicksilver: this circumstance induced the workmen to inspect the ground, when they found upwards of ten pounds. — This valuable mineral is diffused among the clay and gravel, about three yards deep; and it is supposed, will turn out a rich acquisition, when properly worked.

The King has been pleased to present the Rev. Robert Pearson to the Church and Parish of Laus Kirk, in the Presbytery of Chirnside, and county of Berwick, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Todd.

#### BIRTH.

February 26. Mrs James Bell, Fishmonger, of a Son.

#### MARRIAGE.

Feb. 27. John Clunie, Esq; to Miss Rutherford of Jedburgh.

#### DEATHS.

Feb. 1. Mrs How, aged 88.

13. Mr Stephen King, at Haggerston, after two hours illness.

16. James Farrar, Collier, by falling into a coal-pit ten fathoms deep, in his way home, after receiving his pay.

Mr Robert Dunn, of Smithfield, aged 76.

21. George Elliot, Block Maker.

23. Mrs Hammond in child-bed, aged 39.

26. Mrs Moffat in child-bed, aged 19.

T H E  
BERWICK MUSEUM,  
O R,  
M O N T H L Y  
L I T E R A R Y I N T E L L I G E N C E R.

\* BEING A VIEW OF THE  
HISTORY, POLITICS, AND LITERATURE  
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# THE BERWICK MUSEUM;

OR,

MONTHLY LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

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F O R M A R C H , 1787.

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*A Short Review of the Political State of Great Britain, at the  
Commencement of the Year, 1787.*

*Continued from page 50.*

**I**T must, however, be confessed, even by his enemies, that he has not been found unworthy of so rapid and extraordinary a promotion to the summit of power; and that he has betrayed little, if any of the fire and promptitude on one hand, or of the intemperance and inexperience on the other, usually characteristic of youth.

Awkward and ungraceful in his person, cold and distant in his manners, reserved and sometimes stately in his deportment; Mr Pitt is not formed to captivate mankind by the graces of external figure or address. Distinguished by no uncommon sensibility to the attractions of women, it is not from that sex he can expect the enthusiastic support, and more than masculine exertions, which his great political antagonist has repeatedly experienced on the most trying occasions. Little attached

to amusement or dissipation, whatever form it may assume; and even, when he unbends to convivial festivity or relaxation, confined and private in its indulgence; his hours are dedicated to an almost unremitting application to the functions of his office. Parsimonious of the public revenue, and tenacious of the exhausted finances of a treasury drained by preceding profusion, his conduct, as minister, forms a striking contrast to the facility and prodigality of former administrations. Disinterested in his distribution of offices, and least in his choice, of those on whom he confers employments, the nation has not regarded his abilities with more admiration, than it has conferred applause and veneration on his principles. Endowed with talents unexampled for swaying a popular assembly:

O 2

Perspicuous and clear amidst all the energy and fire of oratory : Ample, yet not prolix or diffuse : Exempt from repetition, yet leaving no part of his subject untouched, or unexplained. Animated in debate, though cold and severe in conversation ; copious in diction, and select in every figure or expression with which he chuses to enrich or adorn his speech : Addressing himself as much to the judgement as to the imagination ; and gaining, by the mingled force of language and of conviction, a ready entrance to the heart. Such is the present Minister of the English people, and such is the impartial portrait of his virtues, and his defects !

Perhaps, a less rigid and unbending character ; perhaps a less sparing and economical superintendence in some circumstances, of the public treasure, however meritorious in itself ; perhaps a greater degree of attention to the individuals, upon whom rests the foundation of his own greatness ; and a portion of that venality, (however the term may startle and affright) which in this democratical government, as in that of Rome, is unfortunately too necessary to enable a great and good Minister to retain a station of public utility.—Perhaps, I say, a mixture of these ingredients, like poison in physic, might produce the most salutary and beneficial effects. We are not in the age of the Scipios, or even, I fear, of Cato. The Roman empire was not worthy of a Pestinax, though it submitted to a Severus, and the Prætorian guards, accustomed to sell the Imperial dignity, knew no longer how to confer it as a voluntary donation on superior virtue. The Minister, who will maintain his situation, in this country, must condescend,

however reluctantly, to adopt the arts of Government : arts become indispensable : and alike practised by a Clarendon, or an Oxford, by Walpole, and by North.

When I have thus finished the portrait of the Minister, I may be said in it to have comprehended almost the whole administration. Mr Pitt, “with Atlantean shoulders” supports the incumbent weight of the monarchy, and stands, like Ajax, single and alone, amidst hosts of surrounding enemies. One, and one only friend, appears, decorated with the insignia of legal dignity, to oppose, in another House, the attacks of Opposition. Wherever else I look, I see only a vast vacuity ; a vacuity, where no talents, no power of oratory, no strength of intellect, illuminate the darkness, or cheer the gloom ! The names of a Sydney, and a Carmarthen, can only be transmitted to future times, by being involved in the illustrious train of Pitt, and must be preserved from oblivion, by mixing in his radiance. They may “pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ;” but never can mingle in the splendor of the renown : too happy if their want of ability screen them from investigation ! A Jenkinson, and a Dundas, may indeed supply the defects of the Cabinet, in either House of Parliament : But England was not accustomed, in better times, to see the foreign interests of her crown thus abandoned, and thus neglected, in every Court of Europe, and in every quarter of the globe.

It is not sufficient for men, who assume and undertake to conduct the affairs of nations, that they possess probity and good intentions. Talents and application must mark them out from among the crowd of nobility who surround the throne, and entitle them to oc-

copy the dangerous eminences of state; nor can any adventitious decorations of rank, or illustrious birth, be admitted as a compensation for this inherent and incurable defect.

Yet, under these vices of the administration, and incompetent as it must perhaps be considered to propel the languid wheels of government in many of its most essential operations; sustained as it appears to be by the gigantic and single talents of one individual, still in early youth; dependent not only on his life, but on the life of others, by whose demise he could no longer be in a situation to preside in the House of Commons, where his loss, or absence, would be completely irreparable.—Thus precarious, and thus defective as it must be allowed, yet its duration appears to have no visible, or even probable limits. It rests on the two great and substantial foundations, of the unquestionable favour of the Crown, and the equally undisputed opinions of the people. Perhaps, I might add without severity, that it is propped and sustained by a third circumstance; the disinclination of the greater part of the inhabitants of Great Britain, to the component members of the last Administration; and an opinion generally diffused (whether true or false, I shall not stop to examine) that there is in that great party more splendor of talents, than sectitude of intention or principles of political virtue.

Having thus wandered through the fertile fields of Ministerial plenty, where alone are to be found the golden apples of the Hesperides, it is time that we turn our eye upon the barren waste of Opposition. Here chilling poverty appears in all its terrors.

“No streams, as amber smooth,  
as amber clear,

“Are seen to flow, or heard to  
warble here.”

Yet ungrateful and sterile as the soil may seem, it is fertilized by one spring, the waters of which, though they cannot convert what they touch to gold, yet will dispense what gold can never purchase—Fame and Immortality. That Spring is the Fountain of Genius, and of the Muses; the Pierian Spring, which flowed through ancient Greece, and clothed with unfading verdure, the barren plains and savage rocks of Attica. It is that sacred Fountain, at which Menander, and Horace, and Lucian drank, whose inspiring waters animated their fingers, and strung their lyres.

Witness those two beautiful and unequalled compositions, in which satire has exhausted her keenest shafts; in which the most classical purity is blended with modern urbanity; where humour sits enthroned on a throne, in the construction of which genius has lavishly employed her choicest materials; and which shall preserve to distant times, the names of a Mowbey, or a Turner, sacred to immortal ridicule!—I need not say that I can only mean the *Rolliad*, and the *Probationary Odes*. It is, however, to be lamented, that future ages will not be able to taste and comprehend many of the most delicate and pointed allusions, from the circumstances of personality which accompany them, and which time will soon involve in obscurity and darkness. Whether regarded as productions of prose, or of poetry, they stand alone and unrivalled: superior, perhaps, to the *Dunciad*, itself in energy, and not inferior in harmony of numbers; abounding with

all the Attic salt so delicate to the taste in Horace ; severe and manly as the finest satires of Juvenal.

While, however, I yield this involuntary testimony to the matchless talents which produced the *Rolliad*, and the *Probationary Odes*, I must, with equal impartiality, censure and condemn that daring and licentious spirit, which pervades them through every page ; and which, after having demolished all the intermediate barriers, has laid its sacrilegious hand upon the Throne. There it should have stopped its rage, and laid its poisoned arrows at the foot of Majesty. Not that I mean to depicture an English Prince, as exempt from, or superior to the great tribunal of the opinions of his People. He is amenable, he ought so to be, to that last and highest jurisdiction, established by Nature in the minds of men. Such may he ever remain !—But, because the Monarch, in his public and regal capacity, is accountable to his subjects, and an object of their fair disquisition—was it generous or magnanimous, to pursue the man through every walk of private retirement ? Is it becoming the honest rage, and inherent dignity of satire, to hold up a Sovereign—I will not say to the ridicule, but to the contumely and derision of his own people ? To pervade, and drag into open day, all the little personalities and weaknesses, inseparable from mortality, however elevated its station ? To follow him, with unremitting persecution, from St. James's to Windsor, and from Windsor to Kew ? With indefatigable and subtle industry, to depicture him in every disgraceful attitude or position, from the crowded levee to the kitchen-garden, or the grocer's shop ?—It was not thus that Junius, with the arm of genius, laid his strong hand upon the Mo-

narch in an earlier period of his reign. He disdained to persecute the man, though he attacked the King. He did not pursue the Imperial fugitive, from the Palatine Hill and the palace of the Cæsars, to his obscure retreat at Tibur and at Baia. He stooped not to debase, or to tarnish his immortal labours, by deviating into ungenerous personalities ; but, having dedicated his pen to public utility, he disdained to convert it to private pique, or to purposes unworthy of its dignity. The English people, liberal and impartial in their judgments, will never mistake this important and essential difference between the two productions ; and though they may admit their equal and unrivalled claims to admiration, as works of superior genius, will ever confer the palm of superior merit, where it is so justly demanded.

But, to return from this digression. At the head of that great band the Opposition, and composed of so motely materials, as no longer to be reducible to any fixed colour or form appears Mr Fox ; and near him, co-ordinate, but not co-equal, his once great antagonist, though now his friend and fellow-labourer, Lord North. It would be mockery to regard the Duke of Portland, however respectable and excellent in his private character, as other than the pageant of a party, round whom the chieftains assemble : The Lord Rockingham of 1787 ! and distinguished by nearly similar endowments of heart and of understanding, with that departed Marquis. If I place Mr Fox foremost in this list, it is, that, though inferior in nominal rank to Lord North, he is far superior to him in all those qualities, which demand, or which acquire dominion over the minds of men.

*To be continued.*

*For the Berwick Museum.*

*To the Right Hon. William Pitt,  
Esq; Premier of Great Britain.*

SIR,

**Y**OUR abilities as a statesman, and the important and exalted station to which your sovereign has advanced you, procure you the admiration and respect of every fellow-subject. Your late conduct and kind interposition in behalf of helpless innocence, and the children of affliction in the Eastern world, has highly enhanced you in the eye of your country, and convinced all mankind that your sentiments were those of an honest and upright heart, unswayed by prejudice, and uncorrupted by policy. So situated and influenced, permit a citizen of the world, and a friend of the friendless, thus publicly to bestow upon you his mite of praise, and to return you his humblest acknowledgments, and most unfeigned thanks, for your junction and adherence to those British senators, "whose outstretched arms are still ready to save, and their hands to help." India's massacred millions call aloud for vengeance; and the remnant of her plundered and exiled sons demand reparation and redress. Their complaints were long drowned in the distance which lay betwixt them and justice, and burdens were imposed upon them "which neither they nor their forefathers were able to bear." Persist therefore in your enquiry, and speedily bring the guilty to condign punishment.

It appears to have been the uniform practice of governor-generals, and others entrusted with dominion over Indostan, to set at

nought the lives of its inhabitants. The enslaved part of the people are put to death without ceremony, and such is the power of habit, that a repetition of the crimes of killing your slave (or shedding the blood of thousands to acquire treasure) never awakens the remembrance that you are murdering your fellow-creature. This is certainly a disputable doctrine in India! I hope, however, Sir, you will agree with Sterne, in supposing a black girl possessed of a soul as well as a white one, and that she is used worse only because she has none to stand up for her. But be this as it will, Great Britain having acquired settlements in India by dint of arms, does not confer a right upon her commanders, to butcher all around them with impunity. Because she has vanquished and brought under subjection the adjoining country, are her governors and chief justices to plunder its provinces, and exterminate its people! While due allegiance is paid, is cruelty, craft, and rapine to be every where exercised! Is a rapacious commander to be justified in animating a well-disposed people to continual quarrels and slaughters, for the sole purpose of enabling him to reap the fruit of discord! Is the son to be stripped of his patrimony, the widow of her dowry, or the father of his treasures! Are bribes to be received, and the most solemn treaties to be infringed in vain! Does Britain entail whips and chains upon India after robbing her of her riches, exposing her princesses to nakedness, beggary, and want, putting to death her princes, and banishing half her subjects "to a land which they know not." Is every species of tyranny, fraud, treachery, and want of faith to be

cherished, and the iron rod of oppression to bear sway in India ! Is a governor to carry depredation and slaughter before him wantonly, and to study the arts of inflicting misery upon the innocent ! Or is he to violate the laws of God and of his country, without being called to give an account of his conduct ! Are the adopted subjects of Britain to be fleeced of their inheritances, and deprived of their existence that they may not complain ! Or is the country which we are bound to defend, to be deluged with the blood of those who pay unto us obedience ! Be confounded ye Britons, and hide your faces ! Such, Sir, are the catalogues of crimes which have drained and depopulated Indostan ! And such the persons to whom power has been given ! "Because" (says our governor in his defences) "they were a revolting and rebellious people," I intimated, that my troops "should eat up their harvest, and their bread, their flocks and their herds, their vines and their fig-trees; and impoverish their fenced cities with the sword." This he literally executed, and has thereby deservedly become the object of punishment himself, and entailed ignominy and infamy upon all his posterity. No usurper is mentioned but with detestation, or thought of but as a monster ; tho' it is certain that none ever did the hundredth part of the mischief that has been done in India. There the way to dominion and wealth was paved with dead bodies, and the commanders of Britons the oppressors and butchers of the human race. Fire and sword, famine and pestilence, poison and torture, were alternately the fore-runners of riches ; and our greedy and voracious governor plighted and

pledged the British faith, only to break treaties, and devour the defenceless.

But as no pen can paint the deplorable and ruined state of India, nor any language delineate the character of those who were its scourges. I shall drop the description, and for the present draw a veil over the miseries and sufferings, the calamities and the grievances of the people of Indostan. From what I have taken the liberty to state, (not with any view, Sir, to add to your information, for that is derived from a much better source, but solely to convince my country readers that there is a necessity for a victim) will any one hesitate to affirm, that no earthly punishment can atone for the crimes committed. Your conduct, Sir, hitherto has done honour to your feelings, and entitled you to the most grateful and warmest praise of all honest men. This freedom, therefore, which I have taken in addressing you, and making use of your exalted name, will (though you should never be made acquainted with the contents of this letter, which I do not expect you ever will) serve to shew posterity, that a British Minister of State was the avowed friend of the helpless, and the severest persecutor of the murderer, the plunderer, and the oppressor, and at the same time evince, that a British subject has a title to address his sovereign, and the servants of his sovereign at pleasure. I conclude by adding, that I subscribe myself, with the greatest respect,

Sir, yours, &c.

PHILOSTRATUS.

*Beaumont Banks, }*  
*March, 1787. }*

*Continuation of the Lady's Adventures, from page 80.*

MYRTILLA continued all that night, and part of the next day, under a good deal of uneasiness; but at last the father returned. He had been with the King, and by laying the matter before his Majesty, in very favourable terms for Myrtilla, he had procured her an absolute discharge from prison, which he shewed to the keeper before he entered the room where my aunt was. Seeing her dressed in her own cloaths, he found her so lovely, that he immediately formed the design of gaining her soul to the church and her body to himself; for the crafty priest concealed from Myrtilla that her discharge out of prison was absolute, but told her, that his Majesty, in consideration of her sex, and the relation in which she stood to the person whose escape she had favoured, was willing to grant her a pardon, provided she would suffer herself to be instructed in the principles of the Catholic religion; that he had brought a coach with him, which would carry them to the nunnery, where she was to be instructed, and that she might be free from imprisonment that minute. The impressions which the horror of a prison had made upon Myrtilla's mind during the preceding night, made her think a deliverance from that gloomy mansion could never be bought too dear, if her honour was safe: As for her religion, she had been so well instructed in the grounds of it when she was young, that she had nothing to fear on that quarter; so, after a profound acknowledgment of his reverence's favours, she consented to go along with him in the coach, which, by the father's directions, set them

Vol. III.

P

down at the Convent de ———.

The doors flew open to the father, who conducted my aunt through the first and second courts of that fine convent, to an apartment, a little detached from the convent, and of which he kept the key. But how much was Myrtilla surprized, when instead of a gloomy cell, she entered a room built in the most elegant taste, embellished with the paintings of the finest masters, upon the most amorous subjects, and furnished with a rich alcove instead of a wretched couch. When she had recovered her surprize, she began to reflect that this was probably a stratagem of the father's to reconcile her to the severities of a religious life, and at the same time he put on a firm resolution, to be equally proof against his most insinuating caresses, and the most shocking hardships. But she soon was undeceived in her first conjecture, when the father returned, attended by the lady abbess, and several other young ladies, whom (by their habits) she took to be nuns. About half an hour after, a fine collation was brought in, and the father spent part of the night in their company, in such a manner as gave Myrtilla apprehensions more terrible than those of death itself. About midnight, the father addressing himself to Myrtilla, in a very gallant manner, told her, "He was sorry that his post about the king obliged him to quit the convent for the court, which had fewer charms for him than the place which contained a person, from whose conversation he promised himself so much pleasure. Then turning to the lady abbess, and recommending Myrtilla to her care in the strongest terms, he took his leave. The abbess then told my aunt, that she might have any of the nuns for her companion

that night. Myrtila, though she would have willingly dispensed with that favour, did not think it prudent, in the situation she was then in, to refuse it, made choice of a nun, but who seemed to be more reserved in her behaviour than the others. After they were left alone, Myrtila was agreeably surprized to hear her companion ask her in English, by what means she had come thither. Myrtila finding something in her air and manner, that engaged her, acquainted her with her adventure in a few words, but thought it prudent to conceal her suspicions as to the danger she thought her honour was in, till she should have a farther insight into the character of her companion. Madam, (replies this last) the generous action you have done for a brother, leaves me no room to doubt of your virtue, or to suspect that you will make a bad use of the advice I mean to give you as a friend. You are betrayed into a place where virtue itself is not safe, a place from whence the cries of innocence can never reach the ears of justice, a place where I myself was basely ruined! Here the poor lady fell into a flood of tears, which awaked the same emotions in Myrtila. After she had composed herself a little; the advice I give you, madam, (continued she) is to dissemble so far as to shew a willingness to be instructed; you will thereby save yourself a great deal of trouble, and perhaps may be left more at liberty to contrive some method by which you can acquaint your friends of your situation. But at the same time, though you succeed in this, they must act with the utmost caution, and without seeming to know any thing; for the father's credit is such, that if the least discovery that way were made, it

would involve both you and them in inevitable ruin; I am of the same nation, and once, alas! I had the same virtue with you; but now it is lost, and I am left to many a bitter hour of remorse, which all the gaiety and pleasure you see here, can never remove; but I am obliged to dissemble in hopes of some time finding the means of escaping, for otherwise I should be shut up in a cell, and for ever deprived of the light of day. Coward nature! why are not my resolutions stronger, or my guilt less? The lady pronounced these words in so moving a manner, that Myrtila was perfectly convinced of her sincerity. The most part of that night was spent in the nun's relation of her own story, a copy of which I have now by me, and may some time or other convey to the public by the channel of your paper, as I believe it would give great satisfaction to some of the young lady's friends here in England, who doubtless imagine, that she died in France about fifty years ago. The result of their conversation was, that Lucia (for so we shall call the nun) was to make a favourable report next morning to the father and the abbess, of Myrtila's disposition, both with regard to religion and love: But that she expected from England a box which contained jewels to a considerable value, about which she seemed to be very uneasy, and that all the favour she wanted, was to send a note to a friend who was newly come from England, and understood no French, that she might secure her jewels. Accordingly, next morning the father returning about eleven o'clock, Lucia was sent for to the lady abbess's apartment, and examined about what had passed betwixt her and Myrtila. She acted her part so well, that they thought

the jewels and the money would be a considerable addition to their conquest, and they all agreed that she should be permitted to write a note, the substance of which was to be dictated by the father, translated into English by Lucia of whom they had not the least suspicion, transcribed by Myrtilia, and dispatched away by such a bearer, and in such a manner as the father judged convenient. Happily for Myrtilia and Lucia, not one in the convent beside themselves understood a word of English; so that Lucia, instead of the words dictated by the father, wrote the following:

"Dear Sister, ask no questions of the bearer, if you happen to see him. I am at the religious house facing the corner of the street where we lodged when we first came to this city, and I am in the most dreadful situation. If you can contrive any means by which I may be delivered, do it; but above all things be secret and cautious, otherwise we shall be infallibly ruined. Again I say be secret, for on that depends the fate of you and

MYRTILLA."

The artful Lucia took care not to insert the father's name, or that of the convent in the note, for that might have begot suspicions fatal to them both. It is now time to leave the convent, and return to my mother.

After my father had escaped from prison, she remained thirty-six hours in the most cruel uneasiness with respect to Myrtilia. Towards the evening, the note was delivered to her servant by an ordinary like fellow who instantly disappeared. When my mother had read the note, she immediately guessed at some part of the truth, and was confirmed in her suspicions, when going to the prison,

she was told that Myrtilia had gone off in a coach with his reverence. This information set her fruitful brain to work for the deliverance of her friend, which at last, in fact, she effected by a stratagem more surprising, and better executed than any that the fancy of the most ingenious romance-writer ever suggested.

*To be concluded in our next.*

### *Extracts from Captain Cook's Voyages.*

*Continued from page 66.*

*Description of the inhabitants of Sandwich Sound, who approached the ships in their canoes.*

WHEN they arrived pretty near the ships, they began a kind of song, at the same time paddling round the ships; this done, they advanced nearer, but could not be persuaded to come into the ship. They were a good looking people, and were fat and jolly, as if they lived well.

The boat being along side, Captain Clarke gave one of them a glass bowl; which pleased the man so much, that he pulled off his dress, which was made of bird's skin, and threw it into the boat, making signs that it should be carried on board. Another gave one of our people an arrow, which was made in a clumsy manner, and had a deep division at the bone end, for the reception of a pointed stone, or some other substance.

The dress of these people was made of the guts of fish sewed together, with sleeves down to the wrists; under this they had jackets made of the skins of beasts.

They had caps on their heads, and their under-lip was cut through lengthwise; through this opening they frequently put their tongues. Some of them had blue beads, and other ornaments fixed in this slit, and also through the gristle of the nose. They had several spears, which were all headed with iron; their knives were near eighteen inches long, and shaped something like a hanger, these they wore round their necks.

Their canoes were covered entirely with skins, and a round opening in the middle, where the person seats himself, and fastens the skin so tight round his middle as totally to exclude the entrance of water. Their paddles were about four feet long, and well made.

*Strange custom among the Mataeevans of presenting their daughters to strangers.*

At Mataeeva, it is said to be customary for men to present their daughters to strangers who visit that island. The pairs, however, must lie near each other for the space of five nights, without presuming to take any liberties. On the sixth evening, the father entertains his guest with food, and orders the daughter to receive him, that night, as her husband. Though the bed-fellow be ever so disagreeable to the stranger, he must not dare to express the least dislike; for that is an unpardonable affront, and punishable with death. Forty men of Bolabola, whom curiosity had incited to go to Mataeeva, were treated in this manner; one of them having declared his aversion to the female who fell to his lot, in the hearing of a boy, who mentioned it to the father. Fired with this informa-

tion, the Mataeevans fell upon them; but the Bolabolans killed thrice their own number, though with the loss of their whole party, except five. These, at first, concealed themselves in the woods, and afterwards effected their escape in a canoe.

*To be continued.*

AN ESSAY ON

I D L E N E S S.

THE Hebrews have a saying amongst them, "That he who does not bring his son up to some business makes him a thief." —Idleness they look upon as the ground of all evil, whether public or private, for the mind of a man will be employed, and rather than do nothing, it will work mischief.

The Parthians were such enemies to idleness, that they did not suffer their children to eat till they had sweated at their exercises; and Scipio, surnamed Nasica, fearing peace should introduce this bane into the commonwealth of Rome, said, that he looked upon the Romans, (after the destruction of Carthage) to be in greater danger than ever they had been, for they had no enemies.

Idleness was esteemed a more terrible enemy to the state than Carthage had been, though that common-wealth had reduced the Romans to the greatest extremity.

There are some who actually profess idleness, who boast they have done nothing, and thank their stars they have nothing to do, and whose existence cannot be called any other than a mere nothing; who wake each morn but to enable them to sleep at

night; whose study is only indolence, who live in a state of stupidity, and who, when they cease to breathe, cannot be said to die, as they never could be said to have lived.

There are numbers contaminated with this vice, yet, think themselves entirely free from it:—He who spends his whole time in the stable and on the course—he who is ever found with cards or dice-box in his hand—he too that flies to a bottle or a strumpet, to kill thought and prevent time's lying heavy on his hands; and those ladies that pass their time in talking scandal; and, when that fails, divert their time in impertinent visits to shopkeepers, asking a thousand questions, and tumbling over their goods, without even a thought of purchasing any, these may well be ranked among the idle. He that neglects his duty and real employment, naturally endeavours to fill his mind with something that would bar out the reflection of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do, with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favour.

Solon introduced a severe law into his commonwealth against idleness, and the Aeropagites (judges in criminal cases) were very vigilant in enquiring into the life and manners of every particular subject, and in seeing this law put into execution, as may be seen by the following story:

There were at Athens two poor young men, Mendemus and Asclepiades, who were greatly addicted to the study of philosophy; they had no visible means of support, yet kept up their flesh and colour, looking hale, well, and in good case. The judges had information given them of the retired life of those two, and of their not having

any thing to live on, nor apparently doing any thing to maintain them; consequently, as they could not live without sustenance, they must have some clandestine means of subsisting. On this information the young men were summoned before the judges, and ordered to answer to the charge; one of the accused saying, little credit was given to what a man could urge in his own defence, it being natural to believe that every criminal will either deny or extenuate the crime he is charged with, and as a testimony of a disinterested person was not liable to suspicion, he desired a certain baker, whom he named, might be summoned to answer for them. The baker being come, he declared, that the young men under examination, took it by turns to grind his corn every night, and that for the night's work he every morning paid the young man who ground at his mill a drachma (or groat). The judge surprised at their abstinence and industry, ordered a reward of two hundred drachmas to be paid them out of the public treasury.

Had we those judges among us, how many cheats and sharpers, who live by defrauding the unwary public, would be obliged to lay aside the name of gentleman, and work for their livelihood in an honest manner? and how many fine ladies and gentlemen, whose whole time is taken up in doing nothing, would be condemned to some severe penance, which would perhaps awaken them to a sense of their being reasonable beings? How happy for us would it be if there were laws against idleness, such as would oblige every man to give an account of his time, and be answerable for his way of life.

Seneca says, we all complain of the shortness of time, and yet we

have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or else in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, yet acting as if there would be no end to them. We wish away whole years, and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wastes and wilds, which we fain would hurry over, that we may arrive at those several settlements, or imaginary points of rest which may seem dispersed up and down.

Every member of society is under a tacit obligation to contribute to the general good; he is unjust if he does not, and ought to be looked upon as a burdensome member; and as he will do nothing for the public, ought to receive no protection from it.

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AN ESSAY ON

GENEROSITY.

**I**F considered in a large and extensive sense, or as a first principle, of all the qualities that raise and ennoble a character, Generosity is the most striking and lovely. It pervades the whole soul, and gives a lustre to every action, wherever it actuates a mind by nature formed with sensibility; it elevates the man of liberal education and polished manners, to a degree little below the angelic race.

It is the offspring of heaven—the elder brother of charity—Sympathy is its sister, and love its darling companion.

Compassion and Benevolence are in its train, and Sincerity its constant attendant: happy, happy,

would it be for the world, was it oftener to be met with.

How many evils and calamities would it remove, or alleviate, how many animosities and contentions would it stifle in the birth.

True generosity discards all the long catalogue of vices that disgrace human nature, and spread a dark shade over the intellectual and moral world. Envy and malice fly before it.

A stranger to cruelty, hypocrisy, and dissimulation, it dwells only in the bosom of those where no vice can be found.

It relieves the oppressed, it protects the weak, yet it triumphs not. It is ever bold in a good cause, and shrinks not from danger when fortitude is required. It comforts and animates the depressed; gives the tear of pity to the dejected, and commiserates the unfortunate whom passion or imprudence hath led into the paths of vice and misery; it makes every allowance for the failing of mankind, and treats not even the abandoned with severity.

It delights in the prosperity of all around, and partakes of their joy; oftentimes it is confounded with liberality—but liberality is only a beautiful feature in its countenance; it rises still higher, and implies every thing amiable in the soul; it counteracts the common principle of self-love, and induces the possessor of it to sacrifice his own inclination to another's benefit. The gay libertine will frequently boast of this virtue, and value himself upon the goodness of his heart; but he deserves not the character, for he cannot in any situation indulge in his favourite pleasures, without acting an ungenerous part.—The covetous and spendthrift have no claim to it. The revengeful and haughty know

not its pleasures. Generosity ! is a godlike principle, it is magnanimity, guided by discretion, tempered by meekness ; it is true dignity allied to humility ; it is universal philanthropy—the inmate of good souls, the distinguishing badge of a great soul.

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*For the Berwick Museum.*

**M**ANY of our taxes having fallen short of the minister's expectation, particularly the taxes on shops, female servants, births, and deaths, and as more money must be had, I recommend to our premier's notice the following example :

Vespasian passed for a pretty good emperor, though he loved money, which he took all possible methods of acquiring : insomuch, that Titus, his son and successor, who felt the grievances of the people, could not refrain from speaking concerning their taxes, and in particular of one upon urine. The sagacious and avaricious emperor, by way of answer, fetched a piece of gold, and made his son smell at it, and asked him whether it smelt of piss ; upon which Juvenal remarks,

*—Lucri banus est odor ex re Qualibet.*—

others remark, the emperor only suffered his son to smell at gold.

Such a tax will best serve our turn ; since it will answer every thing that is wanted in a tax here. It will soon pay off our debts ; for supposing there are within this island eight millions of souls, should every one, upon an average, vent but a quart a day (which at a farthing a quart would be 7s. 2d.  $\frac{1}{4}$  a year) this trifling and easy tax

would produce above three millions a year.

But the surest way of not being deceived, is taking the lowest medium ; and it will even then produce more than all the taxes taken off. This will likewise require not only all the collectors, who can be spared from the other taxes, but many more ; and as the female sex have hitherto had their share only in paying, and not in collecting of taxes ; in this, not only decency may, in some cases, require ladies to be employed as collectors, but compassion, considering how many of them will stand in need of such a genteel place, upon the reduction of interest to three per cent, and they, no doubt, would make most admirable gaugers.

Another great advantage is, it's being observable that physicians, though very little acquainted with their patients, and much less with their water, sometimes examine it, to find out their distempers. To what height of knowledge and proficiency may not these daily inspectors arrive ? They will discover not only the seeds of dissatisfaction, but disaffection. Plots, for the future, will always be discovered and stifled in embryo ; by which great sums will be saved, that are now so wisely given for secret intelligence ; since every one will have so knowing a spy upon him, that even the army may become unnecessary, and the virtue of the fair sex will be better guarded.

In short, as all nations have their proverbs, and none is a more common one in England than, Watching your waters, I humbly recommend my scheme to the public, as the most effectual for that purpose.

A NEW SCHEMER.

*Against the fear of Death.**An essay for Lent.*

UNwillingness to die, though it seems to arise from nature, can never be founded on reason and virtue: The majority of mankind chuse to live; but why should they fix on such a choice, since so few, in the common accepted sense of felicity, can be accounted happy? Why should the minority, who are endowed with sense and virtue, be unwilling to die, when they cannot be happy till death? Is this love of life, from the sweetness we find in its solaces, in the enjoyment of pleasure, and the gratification of our appetites? Or is it the pain or horror of death that affrights us? Is it the fears and doubts of what shall become of us hereafter? Or rather, is it not the guilt of conscience already condemning us, by the apprehension of future punishment? If death was to all equally terrible, we might reasonably fear to die; there would be then more in death, and even more in life than we imagine: But we see some as willing to die, as others to live: some as willing to leave the world, as the wise man, when old, is to leave the court; some, with resignation, meet it in all its tortures; some seeming piously to wish for it; and all those are persons who are esteemed wise as well as virtuous.

Every man in the play of this world, besides being an actor, is a spectator likewise: When the play is new begun with him that is in his youth, it promises so much that he is loth to leave it: When it grows towards the middle, the act of manhood, then he perceives the scenes grow thick, and as they are filled with business, would

gladly understand the end of it; but when the catastrophe draws near, and he knows what it will be, he is content to make his exit, and leave the stage of life to new successors.

The notions of death are different, in two different sorts of men: One kind lives in full joy, he sings and revels, and sports as if his harvest was continual, and as if the whole world was as mad and wanton as himself: This sort of man would do any thing rather than die; for he tells us by expressive actions, though his tongue mentions it not, that he expects a worse estate hereafter: Another lives hardly, with a heavy heart, as if he was only born to act the sad man's part, and then die; this man often wishes for death, and hath it not; intimating, that by death he expects a far better condition: These instances shew, that there is expected a misery or joy to attend a man after his departure from hence: The like is also evident in the good man and the bad; one avoiding what the other would wish, at least not with unwillingness refuse the offer; for the good man I reckon with the wise, who can equally die or live; he knows while he lives the Supreme Being will protect him, and when he dies receive him; and it was an excellent reflection on death, made by a father of the church, when he said, *Non ita vixi, ut me vixisse pudeat; nec mori timeo, quod bonum habeo Dominum*: I have not so lived, that I am ashamed that I have lived; nor do I fear to die, as I have a merciful God.

The state of living I should think could never be quiet, till the fear of death is entirely conquered: Every spectacle of mortality affrights; every casual danger terrifies: The fear of death is worse

than death itself: The fear of dying often kills us, death can kill us but once; I like therefore the saying of the emperor Julian in his last moments; he that would not die when he must, and he that would die when he must not, are both cowards alike. What we know we must once do, why should we be afraid to do it at any time? What we cannot do till our time comes, why should we seek to do it before? That person is most happy, who can die willingly when God would have him die, and can live as willingly when God would have him not die: To fear death argues an evil man, at least a very weak one: One of the best and wisest men in the pagan history has set a notable example for a behaviour in relation to the unwillingness to die: It was Socrates, who told the Athenians, that they could do nothing but what they had ordained before, condemn him to die: How unmoved did he drink his poison! how bravely did he meet the approach of death! *Nihil est in morte quod metumus, si nihil timendum vita commisit*: Death is not terrible, if our life hath not made it so.

A Concise History of MAN.

Continued from page 68.

15.

THE fourth general integument is the panniculus carnosus, which in some parts is of a fleshy substance, in others a mere membrane, lying just under the fat.

16. The dissimilar parts are composed of similar. The chief of these is the head. The cavity of the skull is nearly filled with a soft substance, termed in general the brain: But this is properly

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that part of it which lies forward. The hinder part (considerably smaller) is called the cerebellum. Under both, but chiefly the latter, and springing from the internal substance of both, is the medulla oblongata.

17. All these are involved in two membranes, the inner (called pia mater) extremely thin; the outer (called dura mater) considerably harder and thicker. Where they involve the cerebellum, there is interposed between them the arachnoides, a very subtle and transparent membrane, which descending through the hinder part of the skull, together with them involves the whole spinal marrow.

18. The outer part of the brain (called the cortex, or bark) is of an ashy or greyish colour. It is formed from the minute branches of the neighbouring arteries, which being wove together in the pia mater, inclose the inner part, ordinarily to the thickness of about half an inch.

It consists therefore of innumerable little glands, contiguous to each other (supposed to screen the animal spirits) which are of themselves oval, but by their mutual pressure become angular, and run waving with each other.

The inner part (called the medulla) is white, and terminates in another medullary substance, very white and hard, called the corpus callosum. The medulla is thought to consist of fine tubes, which when collected into little bundles, and covered with membranes, are termed nerves.

19. To trace this a little farther. From every point of the outer brain arise minute fibres, which in their progress uniting together, are easily perceptible. These constitute the substance of the inner brain, and of the spinal marrow. In their farther progress they are

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distinguished by coats detached from the two membranes of the brain, into several bundles called nerves, resembling so many horse-tails, each wrapt up in a double tunic.

Several of these part from the rest in the brain itself, of which there are ten pair, one on each side. From the spinal marrow there arise thirty pair more. All these while within the skull or the spine, are pulposus; but afterwards harden, acquire a coat, and spread through the smallest points of the solid parts of the body. Their coats are every where furnished with blood-vessels, lymphatics, and vesicles of a very tight texture, which serve to collect, strengthen, and contract their fibres. And if we consider 1. the great bulk of the brain, cerebellum, and spinal marrow (whereof the whole substance goes to constitute nerves, being continued into, and ending in them): 2. the great number of nerves distributed hence, throughout the whole body: 3. that the brain and spinal marrow are the basis of an embryo, whence the other parts are afterwards formed: and lastly, that there is scarce any part of the body which does not feel or move; it may seem not altogether improbable, that all the solid parts of the body are woven out of nervous fibres, and wholly consist of them.

20. The brain is divided into four ventricles. Near the rise of the fourth, there is a round hole, over which is suspended the pineal gland, so called from its resembling the shape of a pine-apple. It is furnished with veins and arteries, and inclosed in a thin membrane, derived from the pia mater. Des Cartes imagined this to be the seat of the soul; but without any solid reason. Nor has any one yet been able to discover what is the use of

it. It is such a reservoir for blood for extraordinary occasions, as some imagine the spleen to be.

*To be continued.*

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum,*

*Manum stomachumque teneto.*

HOR.

SIR,

IT is the universal boast of this enlightened age, that, though the manners of Britons, are actuated by the greatest and most unbounded licentiousness, and contaminated by the extremities of luxury and vice, their conditions and liberties are not sensible of the faintest effect of the late oppression, every where prevalent, two centuries ago; nor are their minds in the smallest degree obscured with whatever may remain, of that former darkness, occasioned by ignorance, and rendered perfectly opaque, by enthusiasm, superstition, and sophistry; and consequently free from their inseparable productions, imposition, credulity, and the mean spirited, fatal, and unfortunate idea, that wealth, ancestry, or empty titles confer on their possessors, a nature, superior, and entirely different from that of other men; and that such are to be obeyed by, and rule over those inferior to them, in the above-mentioned honours and qualifications, who must never pretend to common sense, reason, or a will of their own, being undoubtedly created only for the profit or pleasure of the all-powerful, sent by providence to be their unquestioned masters!

How far the patriots of the present times are entitled to take the merit of casting out these fiends of

prejudice, it is now my intention to investigate.

Now, Sir, as the doing of this encroaches, seemingly, on the borders of patriotism, I think it necessary to premise, that I by no means intend to assume such an arduous employment—an employment rendered laborious and burthensome, as well by the requisite study of the eloquence of scurrility, railing, flattering, lying, &c. &c. as the cares and concerns of that part of it, consistent with common sense. As it is but reasonable to suppose that the last comer should improve upon those who have gone before, and as he who enters on the part of any business ought to examine *quid valent humeri*, being but an approximate to this office as I have already declared, I design to state the matter only as it really is, point out the visible causes, and leave the determination of what will follow to such as believe themselves capable of determining. Far, therefore, from professing myself endued with these political faculties, which are necessary towards the ascertaining, whether the calamities and grievances of the public, arise from the undue influence of the crown, the clergy, or the ministry; or if they are caused by the state-pilots being of a certain kingdom, county, name, or family; or whether it be the age, stature, or complexion of the poor man, that are the innocent but evident sources of these evils, I shall even decline the simple and expeditious mode of dogmatizing, and hope with the faith and patience of a Christian, that with the grace of God's blessing, those gifts, favours, and accomplishments, will, from time to time, and in their proper place and season, make their appearance.

As it is agreed, that we can advise, but indifferently, of what

we do not understand, and cannot decide of what we are uncertain, I shall neither give you nor myself the trouble to remind past facts, the effects of little known causes; nor draw a parallel between the knowledge, manners, and actions of former periods, and those of the present: Alas! it is the misfortune of millions, that I can find sufficient materials for carrying on my work, without the aid of such a comparison—materials, the number of which I shall not pretend to define; for being no political hairsplitter, but an unexperienced and short-sighted observer, I am childishly enough struck with the most conspicuous objects, instead of considering, like a refined examiner, those that are more minute, subtle, and remote; and although by so doing, I shew my ignorance, yet I cannot help flattering myself with the belief, (so universal is the desire to please) that you, Sir, and many of your charitable readers will esteem my conduct natural.

Looking, therefore, around me with a load of these weaknesses on my shoulders, I with a rustic inadvertency, stumble upon the commotions in Ireland; when, perhaps, it had been more to the credit of religion, liberality, and my own foresight, if I had halted at those of Holland, to inveigh against the present impending, *auspicious*, but *unnatural* treaties with France, Spain, &c. as being so many stumbling-blocks thrown in the way of us hoodwinked politicians, by the minister, in order that some of us may break our shins upon them; never the less, in opposition to this invidiousness, from the collision of our well-known obduracy with the above blocks, such sparkles may be struck out, as (if they do not lay hold of our ears, which they sometimes unfortunately do) may, at least, take him

by the nose, and perhaps, singe the hairs of his beard into the bargain!—Ask a country justice or squire, for his honour's, or his worship's opinion, concerning the present derangements, in many of the Irish counties, he will answer like a *true Briton*, that a man with half an eye may see the *Pope* and the *French* at the bottom of the whole. Ask an English parson, he will tell you very gravely, that it is a dangerous spirit of presbyterianism, heresy, and republican licentiousness, not without the instigation of the papists, opposing the only true and righteous modifications of God's church. In time; the reply given by the generality of the people to this question, is, *the Irish Banditti*. As to the answer of the first, one may say, without much assurance, that it is nearly impossible he could have made any other; as he supposes the Pope and the French to be the immediate agents of the devil, who is believed (and surely not without reason) to be the source of all sorts of mischief. An extensive jurisdiction, and an adequate revenue, together with a narrowness of mind, seem to have inspired the assertion of the second, and the saying of the last, is the natural production of surface-skimming or sleeping knowledge, or prevalent and uninterested ignorance.

The term *banditti* has been applied by the Italians, to certain outlaws, infesting the public and most frequented highways, living by the pillage of all around, and flying for shelter to the least accessible parts of the country—the *disturbers of the Irish peace* are, according to all information, great numbers of that Nation of men called the people, collected, influenced, and conducted by several companies of persons, of respect,

substance, and authority in their neighbourhood. Adhering to the same intelligence, we hear that the *tithes* are held out, as the objects of their abhorrence and detestation; the removal of which, is the principal, and almost only cause of their frequent assembling, and turbulent proceedings.

Many persons, who think themselves possessed of no little wisdom and political knowledge, exclaim, with the emphasis and air of unerring philosophy, that the common observations on the above disorders, are given them, either, by poor hair-brain'd publishers or writers, the members of party and faction, who suppose the public stupid enough to swallow all the jumbled productions of their puerile sophistications, or so short-sighted as to be imposed upon by their speculating falsehoods, that to men of common discretion, by their inconsistencies, discover at once the ignorance or villany of their fabricators! For, say they, it is equally ridiculous and insane to believe the tythes are the cause of disturbances in Ireland, as to suppose farmers, &c. or people, either of property or reason, the promoters of these insurrections! How easy is it to see (observe our wise men) that the burthen and inconvenience of the tythes, must fall totally on the landholders, as the farmer, in taking a lease, is not ignorant of his share of them (being part of his rent) and surely it is all one to him, whether he pay the parson or the squire? If the tythes, therefore, have been the source of this confusion, in the name of reason, why do they not apply to parliament; the constituents of which being land holders, and consequently sensible of whatever grievances the tythes are the root of, would never have refused a redress? But some other matter

must offend the too tender stomachs of rabble, to occasion such unprecedented and unnatural eruptions!

All this is very feasible and judicious; but to shew the justness of the old proverb, that says, "they who think themselves cunninger than other people, are most ready to be deceived." I shall attempt to vindicate, at least, the probability of our information, and the manner in which they are collected, from which, let you, Sir, and every man of judgment decide, whether they be an *appression*, and if so, what part of the community they must fall upon with the greatest preponderance.

*To be concluded in our next.*

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*Parental Cruelty rewarded by Filial Affection. A true and recent Story.*

**A**N eminent merchant, well known upon the Royal Exchange, married a most amiable woman for that cursed object money, which has, in this degenerate age, become of more consideration than love.

They were blessed with a daughter whom we shall name Eliza, but unfortunately for her, the best of mothers and the kindest wife was lost in the birth of a boy, who soon after also died.

Mr Traffic the merchant, for some time before his marriage, had been connected with one of those designing wicked women who over-run the metropolis; by her he had also a daughter about the age of Eliza, and his marriage did not in the smallest degree break the connection. It rather

served as a cloak to his iniquity; he would frequently pretend urgent business kept him from home, while he was rioting in illicit amours, nor did the situation he was left in on his wife's death, or the consideration of his duty to the lovely Eliza, restrain his vicious appetite.

Scarce had six short weeks elapsed after Eliza's misfortune in the loss of her parent, ere Traffic was persuaded to marry this abandoned woman, by which he substituted the most profligate of her sex in the place of the most virtuous.

Eliza had just entered on her eighteenth year, and was blooming in all the perfections of her sex, when her step-mother began to think of executing a scheme which she had long in agitation.—She saw Eliza treated by every body with the greatest respect, and beheld her own daughter, though dressed out in all the fashionable foppery of the times received with a degree of insipid civility which her conduct justly merited. The shameful neglect which Eliza experienced at home, gave a lustre to her merit when abroad, and though she found no kind of countenance in her own family, she met with the highest in every other place.—This was a circumstance which galled the couple to the very soul, and fearful of the regard so universally shewn to Eliza, they took a speedy opportunity of quarreling with that young lady, and in a short time actually turned her out of doors.—Eliza was not however destitute of a protector, though she had lost a father. A young gentleman with a splendid fortune, who had long solicited her favourable opinion, and gained it, took that opportunity of pressing for her hand, which she accepted.

Eliza was married about five years, during which time, though

she had often entreated for a reconciliation, she never could be admitted to the presence of her father; when, taking up the *Gazette* one Saturday evening, she met with his name among the list of bankrupts, and instantly fainted on the floor: she was, however, soon brought to herself, when, forgetting in a moment how she had been turned out upon the charity of an inhospitable world, and exposed to the most pinching poverty and disgrace; how for a series of years she had been treated as an alien to her father's family, and even denied the most trivial necessities, while strangers were rioting on her mother's fortune; she flew to her husband, and painting out the miserable situation of her father, obtained his consent to settle part of her pin-money on him, to alleviate so distressing an incident; with this she immediately proceeded to her father's. The door was now thrown open at her approach; and being introduced to the old gentleman's presence, they gazed upon one another for some moments, and then burst into a mutual flood of tears.

Mr Fraslick's misfortunes had opened his eyes to the strangeness of his conduct, and nobody could be more ready to condemn it than himself. What then must we judge his emotions to be, when a daughter, whom he had left destitute of bread, came to offer him a genteel allowance for life; and the same eyes which he had steeped in tears of the keenest distress, came to fill his with drops of unutterable joy.

His affairs were settled, and he retired into the country, where he at this moment exists upon the unparalleled affection and liberality of his daughter.

## THE

## VICTIM OF PRIDE.

*A Story founded on Fact.*

PRIDE, haughtiness, and impetuosity, relieved by the single happy quality of courage, made up the soul of the stormy Mowbray. The commander of a man of war for five and thirty years, his manners had acquired a bashaw-like roughness, which startled all such as were unaccustomed to his society, and formed the terror of his dependents. To him no sufferance could be greater than that of having his authority disputed; and to refuse compliance with his wishes, was to exasperate a whirlwind.

With such a father, and with a temper the perfect reverse, Christina had learned scarcely ever to form any desires of her own, and still seldomer to yield to them. Her mind was pure as it was enlightened, and her disposition as fortunate as her sense was unerring. Yet, with these qualifications, was she doomed unremittingly to obey the dictates of an undistinguishing tyrant; who, though he loved her, had never been known to permit natural affection to overcome the impulse either of pride or passion. The only mediative power that might have smoothed the turbulence of the one, and the lot of the other, was extinct. Christina had lost her mother at the age of seventeen, and five years had elapsed since her death, in the interval of which Mowbray had returned to settle in his native country, and now lived principally in London with this only daughter.

Christina was not a regular beauty; and could boast no charms, if

the spirit of an angel beaming through the most expressive eyes, and over the most *touchant* countenance in the world, be not one. By the few of those who in a wise prefer excellency to fortune, her merits had not passed unobserved; but the affections of her heart were fixed, and for ever! Mowbray approved her choice; agreed in the rejection of every other candidate for her favour, and encouraged her to flatter the proposals of Henry Monmouth with a prospect of success.

Monmouth was an officer of distinguished bravery. He had been fifteen years in the navy, the first five of which he had served under Christina's father. He had been ever since her infancy, attached to her; and, not doubting of her regard, or the approbation of his old commander, had for some months openly paid his addresses; and was even at the point of marriage with her, when an unexpected order suddenly forced him abroad on a dangerous expedition, and compelled him to bid a temporary farewell to the woman whom in a few days he had hoped to call his wife. This circumstance, unpleasing as it was to either party, was nevertheless braved unmurmuringly; and a plan of correspondence being settled Monmouth took an heroic leave of Mowbray and Christina.

The expedition on which he was sent, involved more time than had been expected. His vessel remained out near a twelvemonth; at the close of which he returned, not a little disgusted by the reflection, that his letters to Christina had never been answered during the last three months; and alike impatient to learn the cause of her silence, and assure her, in person, of his own unabated regard. He returned successful from the hazards in which he had been engaged;

but, to her, the occurrences of the interim had proved most unfavourable.

Mowbray, among other innumerable weaknesses—for what are strong passions, but weaknesses?—had that of fondness for nobility. His own family was good and ancient, but had never been dignified by a title; and at the age of sixty his ambition had revived, on perceiving the attentions paid to his daughter by the Earl of Fawnstone, a young nobleman just come off his travels through France and Italy. From the former of these countries his lordship had imported the manners of an opera-dancer; from the latter, an affectation of virtue; which acquired accomplishments, joined to his hereditary passion for dogs and horses, completed his character—if character it might be called.

For this young lord the dazzled Mowbray conceived an almost immediate partiality; and on discovering his preference of his daughter, turned his whole attention towards breaking off her attachment for the absent Monmouth. Christina, however, was not to be moved; and he had recourse to storm, his usual expedient in every case. He forbade her longer corresponding with Monmouth; and not only commanded her peremptorily never to think of him more, but to give, at the same time, all possible encouragement to the addresses of Lord Fawnstone. Honour and engagement were pleaded in vain: he continued inflexible, and threatened disgrace, and eternal displeasure, in case of her refusing to comply.

For three months, Christina remained firm; alike undazzled by the ostentation of the Earl, and unappalled by the menaces of her father. At length, the latter shook her resolution; and, in the end,

unrooted it. Terrified by his paroxysms of passion; his threats of disinheritance; and convinced that, could she even escape Lord Fawnstone, her marriage with Monmouth would never be permitted; she gave a slow and reluctant consent, which was seized on as hastily as it had been yielded with delay. No time for thought or retraction was allowed her. Three days after witnessed her nuptials; and she was immediately, on the conclusion of them, hurried into a carriage which waited to convey her to Fawnstone House: whither she was attended by his lordship and the exulting Mowbray.

The time of her residence there had not exceeded a week, when the following letter was put into her hands:—

MADAM,

**I**T is not my intention to reproach Lady Fawnstone for the past conduct of Christina Mowbray. She was certainly free to dispose of herself—unbound by law, whatever the might be by honour, to the unhappy man who now addresses her. The first news I received, on my landing in England, was that of your marriage with Lord Fawnstone. I gave no credit to the report; and hastened to London, that I might convince myself of the contrary. At your father's house, they told me you was here. On the subject of my feelings at the time, or my sufferings since, I will not say one word. I am now at a lone inn; a mile, as I am informed, from your house; but I am there only for the purpose of bidding you farewell. An opportunity of doing that, and of wishing you every happiness with your young Earl that I once fondly hoped myself might have bestowed and shared, is all I ask, all I wish for at present. To-morrow morn-

ing, at six o'clock, I shall be in your park. Should you be of opinion that the wrongs I have suffered are not severe enough, nor the wretchedness I have felt sufficiently acute, you will refuse to meet me: if not, you can hardly fail to recollect that I once had an interest in your heart; that through your means I am cut off from every hope; and that ten minutes may suffice to take an everlasting leave of the man who immediately after will set off on his return to Plymouth, where he will embark as soon as possible, and never more visit a country which has to him proved so fatal.

The tears that were shed over these lines, or the sighs they occasioned need not be numbered. A faint hope, however, on recollection, beamed through the bosom of Christina. She had suffered in Monmouth's opinion; and a bare recital of the truth would be sufficient to reinstate her in his esteem. She flattered herself, also, with the idea that she might be able to divert him from the purposed exile; and, in the end, resolved to meet him.

At the hour appointed, she arose; and unattended, hastened towards the park, but not unobserved. Conlin, Lord Fawnstone's valet, had perceived her coming down stairs; and, surprised at her rising so early, had carefully watched her motions, and noticed the road she took. He had all his life long been immersed in intrigues; and now hesitated not an instant on the judgment he was to form respecting his mistress. Unluckily for her, he had fidelity, and was attached to his lord. To him, therefore, he went, and informed him of all that had passed within his observation; while the unhappy Christina, overpowered by the presence of her injured lover, and

struck to the heart by the calm testimonies of his rooted grief, with a voice choaked by tears, related to Monmouth every circumstance as it had passed, and at length brought him to a conviction of her innocence. It was not so easy for her to dissuade him from his design of quitting England; in that particular he remained inflexible; and Christina, in the intervals of her entreaty, was lamenting his obduracy, when Lord Fawntone, wild with rage, suddenly came up, followed by Mowbray, who was still more exasperated than himself; and before any explanation could take place, his lordship fired a pistol close to Monmouth's head. He fell—at the instant that Mowbray, recollecting him, was calling on his son to hold. He fell—but it was never to rise more!

The truth was made known to the husband, who had erroneously supposed himself injured; but his soul was beneath remorse. That of Mowbray could only be equalled by the affliction of his daughter, who was carried lifeless home. The body of the unfortunate Monmouth was privately interred; and, to shun the reports of the neighbourhood, and divert the sorrow of his wife, Lord Fawntone carried her immediately abroad; where, for two years after, she continued to exist, surrounded by splendor; oppressed by a burden too weighty for her long to sustain; and in the fullest sense of the word, the Victim of Pride!

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*Remarks on the Origin of Fable and Allegory, and that pleasing method of conveying instruction.*

IT has been a custom among all wise and civilized nations, from the infancy of time, to make use

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of fable and allegory in delivering their precepts and instructions; but in what nation this method had a beginning is not easy to say. The first fable or allegory we meet with is that of Jotham, recorded in the 9th chapter of Judges, to convince the Shechemites of the injustice they had done to the family of their late judge and deliverer, in choosing Abimelech for their King; though in all probability fables were used long before, and that mankind received their first ideas of them from nature herself.

In the infancy of learning, when men were but poorly provided with the means of expression, in a language newly formed, they found themselves greatly at a loss to convey, in a direct and clear manner, their wants and necessities to each other; and therefore had recourse as frequently as possible, to the use of some image or comparison which might speak for them, and consequently ease them of the trouble of elocution. But comparison is nothing more than a kind of allegory; and allegory and fable are the same thing.

Hence it follows, that necessity and the indigence of words first gave occasion to the use of allegory; a little reflection soon taught those of a clearer discernment than the rest, that considerable advantages might be drawn from what indigence had been the cause of inventing; and they easily perceived that this manner of representation might serve two purposes, wholly different from each other; I mean to convey an idea, and at the same time render it more obvious and intelligible, when not sufficiently so of itself; or to form a robe for concealing it, when too strong and palpable. There was a time when the ideas of virtue and vice were not

so clear as they are at present. The desire of possession, so natural to mankind, had doubled the veil that concealed them; so that it was necessary to combat at once self-interest and ignorance. To succeed in this it was necessary to employ strokes of so strong a nature, that they could not fail of affecting the dullest observation, and of rousing the most lumpish soul. The best method to effect this was to demonstrate every important truth, meant to be inculcated by a short and striking example; such as could not fail of making a forcible impression on the imagination, and be able at once to convince and persuade. But whence were these examples to be taken? From social life? No, certainly; we are too apt to suspect examples drawn from the transactions of our own species. When the question lies between our neighbours and ourselves, self-interest always steps in, and presents to us only the false side of the perspective. Were they to be taken from history? No: these are liable to the same objections as those from social life; for mankind, and their different tastes, are here also concerned: one extols Alexander as an hero, while another detests him as a public robber. The shortest, and perhaps the only way was, to chuse examples from among the animals, which have some kind of resemblance to ourselves. These, if we lend them the gifts of speech and reason, we shall listen to without partiality, because they are not men like ourselves; and as they will judge of us without passion or prejudice, we shall quietly and calmly yield to their decision.

Nor is the supposition of their having speech and reason wholly destitute of foundation; every object in the universe speaks, in some measure to the sight, and

the ideas conveyed thereby to the learned mind, are as clear as if transmitted by the organs of hearing. Thus the whole creation was by the fabulists endowed with sentiment, and made to convey the noblest precepts of morality. The frog that destroyed itself by endeavouring to rival the bulk of the ox, becomes by only a change of names, the citizen who apes the qualities of the courtier; or Cæsar, who falls a victim to his own ambition; or the first man who forfeited his primæval state of happiness and innocence, for attempting to render himself equal to his Maker. The necessity of being contented with our condition, and not to exalt ourselves above the station in which providence has thought fit to place us, is a moral that should be written, in indelible characters, on the hearts of children, of men, of princes, and of all the human race. Wisdom can, by the help of allegory, take every form necessary to render her instructions useful; and as the taste differs according to ages and conditions, she stoops to play with the infant, and to laugh with the vulgar; when she speaks to the learned, she soars on the wings of eloquence; and when to kings, she arrays herself in the robes of dignity. Thus she adapts her lessons to all mankind, that all may receive the benefit of her instructions, and walk steadily in the paths of happiness and peace.

Let us give one instance of the address of the ancient fabulists to answer these important ends. In the time of *Æsop*, a Demagogue, or Prime Minister of the Samians, was impeached for plundering the commonwealth, and in all probability had been dismissed from his post, had not our fabulist undertook his defence, and convinced the people, that though he might

have made free with the public treasure, yet it was more for their interest to continue him in his post, than to prefer another, whose avarice would probably induce him to commit the same crime. This he effected by relating the following fable.

*The Fox and the Hedge-Hog.*

"A Fox after swimming cross a river, found the bank on the opposite side so steep and slippery, that he could not ascend it. While he stood in the water deliberating what to do, he was attacked by a swarm of flies, which settling on his head and eyes, stung him in a very grievous manner. A hedge-hog that was standing on the shore, pitied his condition, and offered to drive away the flies. I am greatly obliged to you, friend, said the fox; but pray do not disturb this flight of blood suckers, whose bellies are by this time, I fancy, pretty well filled; for if they should leave me, a fresh swarm would take their places, and drain my body to the last drop of its blood."

The allegory is sufficiently plain, and powerfully instructive. The fox represents the common people, vexed and oppressed by their governors, who are here described under the character of flies. The hedge-hog is the person who takes upon him to accuse those magistrates, and, if possible, bring them to justice. The fox is unhappy and uneasy in his situation, but at the same time is wise and considerate in his misfortunes. The hedge-hog is here made the emblem of accusers and informers, rather than any other creature, because he appears, from the sharpness of his spines, to wound in attempting to cure; a character

justly applicable to many accusers, who often only seek a change of masters and government that they may have an opportunity of ruling in their turn, and perhaps with superior degree of cruelty and oppression.

But there is still another reason why fable is the finest method of giving counsel, and at the same time the most universally pleasing; it is much less shocking to the imagination than any other method of instruction; for in reading of fables we are made to believe that we advise ourselves. We peruse the author for the sake of the story; and consider the precepts as our own conclusions, rather than his instructions. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly; we are taught by surprise, and become wiser and better unexpectedly.

If we examine human nature we shall find, that the mind is never so well pleased as when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. The natural pride and ambition of the soul is highly gratified in reading of fable; for the reader attributes half the performance to himself; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own. He is busied all the while in applying characters and circumstances, and therefore becomes both reader and composer. It is then no wonder if, on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing from whence its entertainment flowed. The deception, however palpable, escapes our observation, and we read on with pleasure the engaging narrative, and imbibe the useful precepts of morality without the trouble of reading dry and formal discourses.

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THE  
INDISCRETIONS OF YOUTH;

OR,  
ENTRANCE INTO LIFE.

*A Novel.*

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER I.

*From Miss Monsen, in London; to  
Lady Louisa Radcliffe, at Orford-  
Bury.*

**I**N what words shall I tell my kindest, my best Louisa, that I am deprived of the dear hope of passing the summer with her at Orford-Bury! O Louisa, I had planned a thousand rides, a thousand walks, and I had stored up in my poor little brain a million of idle tales for those idle excursions; but the prospect of those excursions is vanished, and my tales must become the subject of a volume of letters.

You will be surprised my Louisa, to see this addressed to you from London, and from a part of London which you, I believe, scarcely know but my name; in short, I am at this moment writing in the parlour of a Mr Darrel, a rich tradesman in Cornhill, and a man very much respected by my uncle. That uncle—Ah Louisa! what are these men, who employ so much of our thoughts! That uncle, who has been a father to me since the death of the best of parents, has now banished me his house, and denied me the consolation of my friend's society. You are not ignorant, my Louisa, of the strange situation of Lord Batesworth towards the woman whom he keeps;

in short, he can refuse her nothing. This woman, whose husband died abroad, has children; with a view probably to promote their interest, she has long insisted that my uncle should take her home to Cherwell Park, and has at length wearied him into a compliance with her demand. My poor uncle has for some time appeared considerably agitated; and, a few days ago, ventured, under evident confusion, to acquaint me with this circumstance. I was, as you may imagine, much affected by it. As I could no longer remain in his house, I begged his permission to visit my Louisa at Orford-Bury. After a long deliberation on my request, he told me that I should oblige him greatly by consenting to accompany him to town, and to reside there at least for the present. He told me, Louisa, that though he could not avoid the conduct he was about to pursue, no person could see the impropriety of it more clearly than he did; and he hinted that that impropriety would be a more frequent topic of discussion while I remained so near to Cherwell as Orford-Bury, than if I should reside in town. His will, my Louisa, has long been a law to me. He brought me to London, and placed me as a boarder in Mr Darrel's family, where he left me with the strongest assurances that his affection for me should never suffer diminution.

You know, Louisa, with what sorrow I always take leave of my little circle of dumb friends at Cherwell, even when blest with your company; deprived of the hopes of seeing you, judge what I felt at quitting them! My uncle smiled at my lamentations. The dear creatures! Indeed, Louisa, they all looked so melancholy! My beautiful little fawn, my spotted lambs, my greyhound, and my

favourite room. Apropos, *de ce dernier*, my uncle has promised to send him over to you at Orford-Bury, where he is in such high esteem, and where I am sure he will betaken such wonderful care of.

Notwithstanding my uncle's kind assurance, have I not the strongest reason to dread the influence of this woman, whose interest it is to alienate his affections from me, and transfer them to her children! To lose that parental love which he has long displayed towards his Arabella, would be indeed a severe misfortune to me! my Louisa will believe me when I say, that it would be little aggravated by the consequent loss of his estate. When that unfortunate change of measures which drove the Earl and you to your present retirement, put an end at the same time to the life and fortune of the best of fathers, I became possessed of an annuity, slender indeed, but sufficient to make me happy, while my Louisa continues to bless me with her friendship. Say every thing kind and respectful for me to the Earl. I have a great deal to say to you, and shall write whole volumes. I have told you where to direct to me, and shall wait very impatiently for a letter. Adieu, &c.

## LETTER II.

*Miss Smith, at Madame la Jeune's Boarding-School, Bell Grove; to Miss Forster, Strawberry-hall.*

*My dearest Maria,*

**T**O give you, then, a description of his person!—"O he is all that painting can express, or youthful poets fancy! when they love." He is tall and well made; such eyes, such a nose, such a mouth, and teeth!—O Maria! happy is it for me that my friend

has not seen him! To have a rival in my Maria would be misery indeed!—How I got acquainted with him you ask. List to the tender tale. We were taking our evening's walk after church one Sunday; and as I am (though as you know, not fifteen) the tallest girl in the school, I had hold of Mademoiselle's arm: there were many people walking in the church-yard, but one alone attracted my whole attention; it was my dear Romeo! for so I call him. He was dressed in a most elegant style, though not in regimentals; a military hat with gold strings to it, and the largest and most delightful cockade I ever saw was thrown in a *degage* style on one side, over the most beautiful head of hair in the world, I saw! I loved!—O Maria, how do I pity the feelings of that girl who could have looked on him with indifference! He was walking with a mercer of the town: as he passed me he stooped down with an easy elegant air, and looking under my bonnet, exclaimed—"A beautiful girl, by —!" I'll not say what, but he swore.—O Maria! there was something in his swearing so manly, that, though I hate it in general, I could not be displeased at it. An oath in an officer, to be sure, my dear, gives us the idea of courage, I am certain that my Romeo has the courage of Alexander! Often my Maria, in my solitary moments, do I paint his beautiful form animated with the rage of a lion! I see him thinning the ranks of his foes, with his sword dyed in a crimson stream, and his fellow soldiers in vain striving to pursue his steps. Then, methinks, he presents to me the trophies of his victories!—He has confided to me a secret, on which his life almost depends: he quitted his regiment, and is now remaining

In private till he hears the fate of his commanding officer, whom he wounded desperately in a duel, upon some ungrateful treatment that he received from him, after having saved his life when once attacked by four ruffians! What ingratitude has my Romeo been destined to meet with!

But to pursue my story. We walked for above an hour afterwards. Romeo never quitted the walk; every time he passed me he gave me such looks! At length, cruel necessity! we were compelled to part: and when he saw us move out of the walk, he turned round a dozen times to give me a parting glance. Could I, do less than return it, Maria? Could I render a fellow-creature miserable but for a moment, if in my power to prevent it? Could I, then, render such a man as Romeo miserable—perhaps, for ever!—By denying him a parting look? No, Maria! I said, with my eyes, to him at parting, every thing my tongue could have said had it been at liberty. But cruel custom forbids us even one word of pity to those whom we love!

Mademoiselle had observed his behaviour, and she talked of nothing but the Handsome Officer to me the whole evening. You may be sure, my dear, I was not tired of the subject. The next day I never quitted the windows, but when I was compelled: he passed several times, and kissed his hand to me, which I returned. Mademoiselle talks to me of nothing but Romeo, and I am scarcely a moment from her. I have forsaken all my other companions, and sit with her the whole day, except school hours. She has promised to walk out, and bring me word who he is. She is the best girl in the world: my mamma has al-

ways been very good to her; and I shall persuade her to be more so in future. Adieu, my dear Maria! Mademoiselle carries this to the post. Direct your next under cover to her.

*To be continued.*

## THE REPROOF.

### *A Fragment.*

YOU have offended me, said Mira,—much, very much offended me—

“O all ye gods! that bring about things  
“Strange and impossible, can it be!”

’Tis so indeed, returned she, with a look of reluctant disapprobation—

—But how, adorable creature!—where—when—O Mira, my imagination is on the rack!

I shall not tell you—you will soon find it out—says the lovely girl, with a countenance more placid, accompanied by a smile that pierced my heart—

“Did you but know the agony of my poor heart, you would not use your slave thus hardly.”

—Well then, you shall hear: You have betrayed the confidence I have reposed in you!

Amazement! confusion! But wherefore, Mira, should I exclaim! for innocence needs no advocate.

What!—to deny it too! rebuked she! did not you betray me in—this—and in that—

Never! Mira, never!

“By all that’s great above, and ill below!”

Some one who envies my happiness in your esteem—esteem do I

say—O Mira, permit me to call it so.—Some envious person has endeavoured to poison Mira's sentiments respecting one who prefers her to the whole world.

"A busy meddling set there are."

But Mira's sense will repel their despicable insinuations: and believe me true, loving, faithful, tender, and worthy of her confidence.

## MARCUS AND MONIMIA.

**M**ONIMIA was nobly born: her grandfather was nearly related to the House of Bourbon, and her father President of the Parliament of Nismes. The former, in his dying moments, tenacious of his hereditary distinctions, delivered to his son, to be for ever remembered, these his last words, "I transmit to you, my son, the honour and dignity of my family, as I received them, pure and un sullied; guard them whilst you live, and in your dying moments, as you have received, so transmit them to your posterity." The bequest was lodged in the heart of his successor, and the solemn mandate, like the Persian memento, was daily reiterated. Proud, haughty, and imperious, distant from his superiors, and not tolerating equals, he reigned the despot of his little circle. Nobility was the true, the only virtue; and to be born beneath it, was an hereditary stain; a crime of so deep a dye, as to be visited from the father upon the children. One son, highly distinguished in the annals of military fame, and the charming Monimia, were the

fruits of a marriage with the Comtesse de ———, whose life remains recorded, and her virtues blessed, not by the unmeaning tongues of monks in purchased masses, or of artful eloquence, wound up like mechanism by the annual stipend; nor are they delineated on the pedestal of the stately monument;—the laborious poor, the deserted orphan, helpless age, and afflicted widows, remain the heralds of her virtues; and whilst each sobb her simple tale, how industry was encouraged, how affliction soothed, and how age supported, the heart shews the recorded letters, and bleeds at the fresh recital.—Monimia, the beautiful Monimia, was such; and now, like the full-budding rose, diffusing its congenial odours, "lovely and charming to the eye," appears the admiration of all.—Nor less so was Marcus. Gifted by Nature with the most valuable endowments, which were embellished by an excellent education, he seemed formed but for Monimia. Like her, he studied virtue, and like her, he was esteemed the model of it. The father of Marcus was an old soldier; who, worn out with the fatigues of duty, had retired to his little villa, there to dedicate the short remainder of his days to humanity and religion. The Croix de St. Louis was his only given honour, a scanty pension his only subsistence. Marcus was his only child, his pride, his support; and whom peace had now restored to the arms of his aged father. Discharged from military glory, he now indulged his natural propensity in that scene where the charming Monimia was so highly distinguished. Oft had he here vied with her in the virtuous exploit, and oft had he anticipated the pleasure of doing good. In love each of them with virtue, they

could not but be enamoured of its agents; and oft had the expressive eye in its hieroglyphics told what the modest tongue was as yet afraid to utter. Already had the village-tattle anticipated the nuptial vow, and already had the little infant learned to lisp the names of Marcus and Monimia.—But the haughty President had far other views; his titles, his honours, and the dignity of his family, were his chief, his only care. To support these, let nature no longer be regarded, let paternal affection cease, and let an amiable, a virtuous child be abandoned and deserted. Whilst pride, however, forbade him to leave her in a station inferior to her birth, his meanness would not permit him to retract from his own dignity to add to her's.—A neighbouring convent conveniently offered itself to reconcile these jarring interests; and the world was thus to be deprived of one of its greatest ornaments. The convent was of the order of St. Francis:—sad, gloomy, rigid, and austere, “Melancholy marked it for its own.”—Far different from these were the principles instilled into the mind of Monimia; she had been taught to regard religion but as the source of happiness and contentment; that morality included the chief of its laws; and that the world was the place destined by her Maker for the exercise of it: that to retire, and avoid the trial of it, was a species of suicide, that marked the coward afraid of the trifling ill the world could do him, “This (cries she) has many objects scattered here and there to employ the religious votary; and I am sure the small mite which I bestow on charity, gains more favour with heaven, than a thousand reiterated stripes, or years of fasting; and that the future punish-

ment of a crime it is not the self-inflicted stripe which can mitigate, but the attribute of mercy to acquit.”

Whilst such were the sentiments of Monimia, no wonder she endeavoured to avoid her impending doom; but her father remained inflexible. He begged, he admonished, he reasoned, he urged, and commanded. Monimia, knowing his disposition, and the dreadful consequence, should he have the smallest suspicion of her attachment to Marcus, reluctantly complied; and the day, the fatal day, the burial of Monimia, was fixed. And now the effects which timid bashfulness had hitherto withheld, were no longer concealed; Marcus and Monimia now mutually exchanged their long withheld tale. Much had he to say; a thousand chimeras, a thousand romantic projects filled his labouring breast: the more he wished to tell them, the less was he able; and the moment of utterance was that of separation. “Fail not, says Monimia, fail not, as you regard my affection and esteem, to be present at the ceremony. From the moment in which I appear in all the pride and ornaments of the world, to that of my interment, I entreat, I conjure you to grant me this, my last request.” Marcus swore to obey, and afterwards, like a true Petrarch, to follow the example of his Laura. Monimia having obtained her request tore herself away.—Marcus remained motionless; till his weary eyes, no longer able to pursue the object of their delight, dissolved in tears. “Miserable, unhappy wretch I exclaims he, thou art now deprived of the sole blessing the world had to bestow upon thee! Yes, there are mortals predestined to be unhappy, and I am one of those wretched victims whose lot is mi-

fery—Your father, say you, Monimia, was it he who infligated you to take the religious vow? who compelled you to commit this act of suicide? Unnatural wretch! Surely he deserves not such a name. He is not to be called a Father who can sacrifice his child to avarice and pride; nor is it religion to take a vow which God and Nature forbid.—O happy country! where an hereditary obligation binds the father to provide for his child, and where such passions have no resource to break the natural tie.—O Monimia! whither art thou going! Within those walls lies the deceitful Monk, that guileful serpent, who under an assumed form will betray thine unwary innocence; will talk to thee of religion, whilst he is leading thee to vice; will tell thee, thy virtue is too rich an ornament to retain; and when thou hast given it him, will say thou hast committed an act of grace in parting with it.—Cursed tyrant! whence dost thou derive such dominion? or who gave thee that arbitrary right of pronouncing judgment on thine own crimes?—Surely a threefold punishment awaits him, who assumes to be the minister of God, to tempt one to rebel against him.—O Galen! Galen! even thy virtue, when in a desert, secluded from the eye of the world, could not resist the temptation of vice: hadst thou been there, thy mind, taken up and employed in the exercise of virtue, its predominant passion, had never thought of vice; but solitude produced the gap, and whilst the one was inactive, the other crept in, and usurped its dominion—O Monimia! stay, for heaven's sake.”—The curfew tolled its solemn knell.—Marcus started, as one awakened from a

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frightful dream; he stood fixed motionless; till recollecting Monimia's last request, he hurried to the fatal spot. Scarce had he arrived, ere Monimia entered the chapel, encircled with a numerous convoy of relations, and bedecked in all the elegance which art and nature could bestow. The religious of the order were arranged on each side of the altar; who, as soon as Monimia entered the chapel, began their pious hymn; and in melodious strains sung the folly and misery of the world, and the happiness and tranquillity of the life of the religious. On the right of the altar was the bishop of the province, to whom the head of the order, the hymn being finished, presented Monimia. The first question was then demanded—“Dost thou thoroughly despise and hate the folly and vanity of the world, and canst thou dedicate the remainder of thy life to God and religion?” Monimia having given the affirmative, was conducted from the chapel into the convent, to be stript of all her pompous ornaments, and to prepare to make the last the fatal vow.—The little bell gave the tinkling signal; and in an instant re-entered the abbess with the rest of the order, bearing the coffin of Monimia, and chanting her solemn dirge. Monimia followed, now dressed in the habit of a religieuse; her beautiful long training locks cut off, and a veil concealing her charming countenance.—Once more she was conducted to the bishop, in the midst of the whole order and her numerous relations, to make the last, the binding vow.—A solemn silence now ensued.—Monimia looked around, and espied her Marcus, his eyes fixed upon her, and petrified to the spot.—“I accept him (he cried) for my hus-

S

band, and here make my solemn vow to be eternally his."—The rev. prelate, indignant as he was, was obliged to ratify it when thus made, and to join the hands of Marcus and Monimia.

### *The Method of Making Cheese.*

THE methods of making cheese are so various, that it is not in the power of any person to be acquainted with them all; however, I have selected a few of the best, or those that are in the highest esteem.

The double Gloucester is a cheese that pleases almost every palate; the best of this kind is made from new, or (as it is called in that and the adjoining counties) covered milk; an inferior sort is made from what is called half-covered milk; though when any of these cheeses turn out to be good, people are deceived, and often purchase them for the best covered milk cheese; but farmers who are honest have them stamped with a piece of wood made in the shape of a heart, so that any person may know them.

It will be every farmer's interest (if he has a sufficient number of cows) to make a large cheese from one meal's milk; this, when brought in warm, will be easily changed or turned with rennet; but if the morning or night's milk be to be mixed with that which is fresh from the cow, it will be a longer time before it turns, nor will it change sometimes without being heated over the fire, by which it often gets dust, or foot; nor should I forget smoke which is sure to give the cheese a very disagreeable flavour.

When the milk is turned, the whey should be carefully strained

from the curd, which curd should be broken small with the hands; and when it is equally broken, it must be put by little at a time into the vat, carefully breaking it as it is put in, which vat should be filled an inch or more above the brim, that when the whey is pressed out it may not shrink below the brim; if it does, the cheese will be worth very little. But first, before the curd is put in, a cheese cloth or strainer, should be laid at the bottom of the vat, and this should be so large, that when the vat is filled with the curd the ends of the cloth may turn again over the top of it; when this is done, it should be taken to the press, and there remain for the space of two hours, when it should be turned, and have a clean cloth put under it, and turned over as before; it must then be pressed again, and remain in the press for six or eight hours, when it should again be turned and rubbed on each side with salt after which it must be pressed again for the space of twelve or fourteen hours more; when; if any of the edges project, they should be pared off; it may then be put on a dry board, where it should be regularly turned every day.

It is a good way to have three or four holes bored round the lower part of the vat, that the whey may drain so perfectly from the cheese, as not the least particle of it may remain.

The prevailing opinion of the people of Gloucestershire and the neighbouring counties, is, that the cheeses will spoil if they do not scrape and wash them when they are found to be mouldy; but I know this to be erroneous, and that suffering the mould to remain, mellowes them, provided they are turned every day; or if they will have the mould off, it should be re-

moved with a clean dry flannel, as the washing them is only a means of making the mould (which is a species of fungus rooted in the coat) grow again immediately.

Some people scald the curd, but this is a bad and mercenary practice; it robs the cheese of its fatness, and can only be done with a view to raise a greater quantity of whey butter, or to bring the cheeses forward for sale, by making them appear older than they really are.

As most people like to purchase high-coloured cheese, it may be right to mix a little annatto with the milk before it is turned; no cheese will look yellow without it; and though it does not in the least add to the goodness, it is perfectly innocent in its nature and effects.

It is not in the power of any person to make good cheese without bad rennet; therefore the following receipt should be attended to.

First, That the vell, maw, rennet-bag, (or by whatever other name it is called) be perfectly sweet, for if it be the least tainted, the cheese will never be good.

When this is fit for the purpose, three pints or two quarts of soft water, (clean and sweet) should be mixed with salt, wherein should be put sweet-briar, rose-leaves and flowers, cinnamon, mace, cloves, and, in short, almost every sort of spice and aromatic that can be procured, and if these are put into two quarts of water, they must boil gently till the liquor is reduced to three pints, and care should be taken that this liquor is not smoked; it should be strained clean from the spices, &c. and when found to be not warmer than milk from the cow, it should be poured upon the vell or maw, a lemon may then be sliced into

it, when it may remain a day or two, after which it should be strained again and put in a bottle, where, if well corked, it will keep good for twelve months or more; it will smell like a perfume, and a small quantity of it will turn the milk, and give the cheese a pleasing flavour, after this, if the vell be salted and dried for a week or two near the fire, it will do for the purpose again almost as well as before.

Cheddar cheese is held in high esteem; but I am well informed its goodness is chiefly owing to the land whereon the cows feed, as the method of making it is the same as is pursued throughout Somersetshire, and the adjoining counties; I mean not to exclude the north parts of Wiltshire, where the land has a surprising effect on both butter and cheese.

Cheshire cheese is much admired, and here I must observe, that no people take less pains with the rennet than the Cheshire farmers, but their cheeses are so large as often to exceed one hundred pounds weight each; to this (and the age they are kept, the richness of the land, and their keeping such a number of cows as to make such a cheese without adding a second meal's milk) their excellence may be attributed, indeed they salt the curd (which may make a difference) and keep them in a damp place after they are made, and are very careful to turn them daily.

But of all the cheese this kingdom produces, none is more highly esteemed than the Stilton, which is called the Parmesan of England, and (except faulty) is never sold for less than one shilling or fourteen-pence per pound.

The Stilton cheeses are usually made in square vats, and weigh from six to twelve pounds each

cheese. Immediately after they are made, it is right to put them into square boxes made exactly to fit them, they being so extremely rich, that except this precaution be taken, they are apt to bulge out, and break asunder; they should be continually and daily turned in these boxes, and must be kept two years before they are properly mellowed for sale.

Some make them in a net, somewhat like a cabbage net, so that they appear, when made, not unlike an acorn; but these are never so good as the other, having a thicker coat, and wanting all that rich flavour and mellowness which make them so pleasing.

I must not omit to mention, that no people are more cleanly in their dairies than these of Stilton and its neighbourhood, and must also observe, that the making of these cheeses is not confined to themselves alone, as many others in Huntingdonshire (not forgetting Rutland and Northampton-shires) make a similar sort, sell them for the same price, and give all of them the name of Stilton cheeses.

Though these farmers are remarked for cleanliness, they take very little pains with the rennet, as they in general only cut pieces from the vell or maw, which they put into the milk, and move gently about with the hand, by which means it breaks or turns it so, that they easily obtain the curd; but I am well assured, that if the method above described for making rennet were put in practice, they would make their cheese still better; at least they would not have so many faulty and unsound cheeses. For notwithstanding their cheeses bear such a name and price, they often find them so bad as not to be saleable, and I attribute this to their being so careless about the rennet.

I am persuaded as good cheese might be made in other countries, if people would adhere to the Stilton plan, which is this—They make a cheese every morning, and to this meal of new milk they add the cream taken from that which is milked the night before; this, and the age of their cheeses, I am almost confident, are the only reasons why they are preferred to others; for, from observation, I could never perceive that their land was in any respect superior to that of other counties.

Excellent cream cheeses are made in Lincolnshire, by adding the cream of one meal's milk to milk which comes immediately from the cow; these are pressed gently two or three times, turned for a few days, and are then disposed of at the rate of one shilling per pound, to be eaten whole new with radishes, salad, &c.

Many people give shimm'd milk to pigs, but the whey will do equally as well after cheeses are made from this milk: such cheeses will sell for at least two-pence per pound, which will amount to a large sum annually where they make much butter. The peasants, and many of the farmers in the north of England, never eat any better cheese; and though they appear harder, experience hath proved them to be much easier of digestion than any new milk cheeses. A good market may always be found for the sale of them at Bristol.

As I have taken much pains, from actual practice, to find out the defects of others in making butter and cheese; so through my advice several have attained a perfection in this art, and I think all may excell who will strictly adhere to the methods I have laid down.

To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.

SIR,

If you think the following Barometrical and Thermometrical observations made at Berwick, in February, 1787, worthy a place in your Museum, I doubt not but they may be acceptable to some of your Readers. I am, yours, &c.

Berwick, March, 1787.

OBSERVATEUR.

NOTE, the first column contains the day of the Month, the second is the height of the Barom. in inches at noon, the third of ditto at 12 o'clock at night, the fourth the height of the Ther. in degrees at noon, and the fifth of ditto at 12 o'clock at night. The Ther. was exposed to the open air in a Northern direction.

1787	Barom. at		Ther.		1787	Barom. at		Ther.	
Feb.	No.	Nt.	N.	Nt.	Feb.	No.	Nt.	No.	Nt.
1	30.17	30.17	51	40	15	29.19	29.52	56	45
2	30.12	30.02	46	48	16	29.35	29.70	45	39
3	29.80	29.75	47	40	17	29.88	29.80	47	49
4	29.92	30.	45	35	18	30.0	30.20	57	55
5	29.88	29.75	36	34	19	30.20	30.20	58	48
6	29.63	29.33	46	44	20	30.20	30.22	54	47
7	29.20	29.69	52	43	21	30.25	30.25	50	39
8	29.75	29.46	47	46	22	30.18	30.08	42	35
9	29.25	29.20	49	39	23	29.90	29.95	39	34
10	29.13	28.94	45	39	24	29.80	29.80	42	47
11	28.85	28.68	49	39	25	29.90	30.	56	44
12	28.40	28.46	49	39	26	30.00	29.90	48	44
13	28.78	29.25	42	34	27	29.88	29.50	53	43
14	29.50	29.38	40	45	28	29.62	29.65	53	46

BENEVOLENCE will please to read from the 31 verse to the end of the 19 chapter of Genesis, where he will find the five persons that compose his Genealogical Paradox, proposed on page 89 of the Museum for February last, which is too plain to need any further explication.

*A Solution to the Question proposed on page 384, Vol. II.*

If a triangle be constructed, whose angles at the base are  $30^{\circ}$  and  $15^{\circ}$  respectively, then will its sides represent the declivities of the hills. From the vertex of the triangle let fall a perpendicular, on which (produced if necessary) lay the length of the staff, minus half the distance above the perforation; then if a line be so drawn through this point, that the parts intercepted by the perpendicular and each side of the triangle may be equal, it will intersect the sides of the triangle in the required points where the staves must be erected. Hence if each staff be 40 feet long, and the perforation at 34 feet from the top, then the one must be fixed at the distance of 107 feet (nearly) from the summit on the steepest side, and the other 104.86 feet from it on the flattest side.

T. H.

## P O E T R Y.

## ALNWICK'S CONDOLENCE;

## PASTORAL ELEGY.

In Memory of the late Most Noble  
Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, &c.

ALNWICK—FIDOR—THERON.

THERON.

AGAIN, my Fidor! mark the swelling  
Rorn;  
What pangs, again, the hoary brow de-  
form  
Of Alnwick's faithful Genius! O my  
friend!  
What frequent ills on human footsteps  
tend!  
And mark the gathering press! Let  
us, once more—  
—For humble swains claim Nature  
for their pow'r—  
With sympathy partake of Sorrow's  
lore!

FIDOR.

Forward with Caution! when the  
soul's alarm'd,  
By self-condolence, 'tis most gently  
charm'd!  
The sweetest palliative to minds distressed  
Is their own sursement of the wound  
to rest!  
And such his plaint, it speaks no com-  
mon grief,  
More welcome than the balm of sweet  
relief!

ALNWICK.

† "Silence that dreadful Bell! It  
frights the land,"  
And speaks some new calamity at hand!  
Hark! louder yet resounds its iron throat  
And horror swells on every passing note!  
"Silence," I say! Alas! Alas! how vain!  
Harder it tolls, and yet a harsher strain!  
The dismal cadence sinks into the heart,  
Boding to ill, beyond the reach of art!

"Silence," I say! "Silence that  
dreadful bell!"  
It grates the soul, worse than the Cur-  
few's knell!

† Shakspear.

† Dryden.

Worse than that tyrant, arbitrary sound,  
It spreads its baneful images around!  
"Silence," I say, Lo! millions inter-  
cede,  
To stop that awful summons of the  
dead.

THERON.

O rueful sight! Behold! how lost to  
Sense,  
The millions stand, suspended by sus-  
pense  
Like Niobe, converted as to stone,  
And only answering to each others  
moan.  
The Genius chief, the lifeless flood of  
tears,  
Lost in the bitterness of thought appears;  
Prescience bespeaks the anguish that is  
nigh,  
And his soul answers with according  
sigh.

FIDOR.

Awful indeed! and mark what gloom  
profound  
Sudden envelopes the horizon round;  
Whence issuing a voice, in accents,  
breaks—  
—Scarce can we say such fault'ring  
accent speaks—  
And lo, the mute elegiac fills the space;  
While the recording angel of His Grace,  
Alnwick his grief imparts, still must  
we bear,  
Still to complainings give the wound-  
ed ear.

THERON.

'Tis Nature's frailty, whereof all  
must share!  
But hark!

ALNWICK.

No charm 'gainst death!—no palli-  
ative be found!  
Triumphant still, must all admit his  
wound.  
Must woes on woes consume this short-  
liv'd span,  
Then death annihilate their victim  
man?

[To be continued.]

THE MUSES

To the Contributors to the Berwick Museum.

[Continued from p. 44.]

WE, lately, all the Philomaths observ'd,  
Whose noble aims Our Royal praise deserv'd;  
As sons, We own them, and, as sons,  
We give  
Their names, in fame and honour, long to live.—  
Born but to live, to eat, to drink, and die,  
The rest, neglected, in oblivion lie,  
Like buzzing insects of a summer's sky;  
Begot by pride, to folly next ally'd,  
A foetus vile, their ill-star'd genius dy'd;  
It's mother, seized with a dread affright,  
Ne'er brought, thank Heav'n, the monster to the light.  
Now, to the Poets, We must turn Our eye,  
Some too, of them, are in Our favour high;  
What tho' they can not, like a Short, attain  
The height of science, and triumphant reign;  
Yet We to all Our sons, extend Our care,  
And make them all their just encomiums share;  
Who eyes the flow'rs that Our sweet plains produce,  
And comes, in time, to gather them for use,  
Must have Our love, tho' less than he who can  
The depth and scope of Nature's motions scan;  
Who can in Nature's science highest rise  
Is great, indeed, and highest to the skies;  
The highest honour that great Jove can claim,  
Is Nature's Lord, and Philomath supreme.  
To Philostratus, first, We deign Our love,  
His care We view, and all his aims approve;  
What all desire, the honour of a name,  
He shall attain; and truly lasting fame.  
Great kings may rise and fall, and be forgot,  
And monarchs gone, may in oblivion rot.  
But those We love, in more than purple great,  
No time their deathless mem'ry shall abate!

Parnassus-like, they shall for ever stand,  
And live renown'd, thro' ev'ry age and land.  
Proceed, O Philostratus, in thy course,  
Display Our charms, and to Our will add force:  
Proceed, proceed, and shew to human race,  
The lasting sweets that Our fam'd empire grace;  
Let ev'ry line, with more than smug crown'd,  
Poeta nascitur non fit resound.  
Exert thy pow'rs, in just description shine,  
And rise to fame, immortal and divine.  
Good Tueda, next, demands our heavenly care,  
And shall the glory of Our favour share;  
The pious raptures of his soul shall find,  
"That We can bless, if mortals will be kind."  
What tho', in music's art, he sometimes fails,  
And now, and then, a jarring note prevails;  
Yet, as he always acts the moral part,  
And nobly strives to mellorate the heart,  
He shall attain the summit of his aim,  
And gain the trophy of an honour'd name;  
As all can not in thoughts sublime exceed,  
The will, with Us, is equal to the deed.  
Go on, O Tueda, and to mankind show,  
That Truth is heav'n, and happiness below;  
The greatest joys, that mortals know on earth,  
Are those to which habitual worth gives birth;  
A mind serene, and free from passion's strife,  
Is peace, is joy, is life, and more than life!

[To be continued.]

By the Muses command,

EUTERPE.

A MORNING SOLILOQUY.

SOFT genial morn, thou harbinger of day,  
Dispel thy damps, drive all thy fogs away,  
Rise crown'd with sweets, exert thy power on high,  
And mildly reign, o'er all the western sky.

And thou, O Sun, awake from Thetis' arms,  
 Ascend thy car, in all thy youthful charms  
 Display thy smiles, far o'er the war'ry space,  
 And shine, in all the dignity of grace,  
 Let Berwick feel, this day, thy dulcet power,  
 Uninterrupted 'till the latest hour.  
 This is the day † a truly faithful pair,  
 To crown their vows, to Hymen's fane repair;  
 Long have they lov'd, and, happy in their love,  
 Continually rever'd the Powers above,  
 To whose command and governance is given,  
 The earth, the sea, the air, and spangled heav'n;  
 Probus, the swain, of truly noble mind,  
 In manners gentle, and in nature kind,  
 To friendship just, to virtue, and to truth,  
 He fuses a pattern, from his earliest youth.—  
 Stella, the nymph, of truly graceful name,  
 Of noblest conduct, and of noblest fame,  
 With wit so bless'd, with virtue so inspir'd,  
 By all she is beloved and admir'd!  
 Come, come, ye swains, the banquet's joys prepare  
 To crown the day, and hail the happy pair,  
 Resume your harps, strike up the joyful lay,  
 And all the sweets of Music's art display—  
 Swell, swell your notes, nor drop the joy begun,  
 Till Cheviot's tops behold the rising sun;  
 Ye sprightly nymphs the hymenean sing,  
 And make each vale, with acclamations ring;  
 Your notes awake, and as ye sing, observe,  
 That none, but Probus, can such charms deserve;  
 And none but lovely Stella ought to gain  
 The heart, and hand, of such a noble swain!  
 Long may they live, with health and pleasure bless'd,  
 By all mankind beloved and caress'd;  
 And when that Time, and all it's joys are o'er,  
 May they to bliss, and peace, eternal soar.

SCOTICORUM SCOTICISSIMUS.

† January 2. 1787.

ON THE DEATH  
OFFREDERICK THE GREAT,  
KING OF PRUSSIA.

RELENTLESS fate the mortal arrow sped,  
 And mighty Frederick's number'd with the dead:  
 A name more glorious, actions more sublime,  
 Shall never grace the ample rolls of time;  
 Each noble science dignify'd his mind,  
 He rais'd each talent, and each art refin'd;  
 He curb'd injustice, chain'd her cruel hand,  
 And bade mild Themis sway the Prussian land;  
 Meek Peace he cherish'd, yet when forc'd to war,  
 Mars seem'd less dreadful in his blood stain'd car.  
 Germania weep! thy great defender's low,  
 Whose thund'ring arm struck terror in each foe,  
 Who sav'd Bavaria from invasions chain,  
 And render'd Joseph's arms and projects vain;  
 In vain the Austrian, Russian, Swede, and Gaul,  
 United, strove to cause the hero's fall.  
 Against their pow'r, a mighty rock, he stood,  
 Whose rugged base defies each storm and flood;  
 The furious waves in vain assail its sides,  
 It mocks their fury, and their rage derides;  
 Superior to each shock, the mass remains,  
 And storms, and floods, and furious waves disdains;  
 Yet ever ready friendship to embrace,  
 His foes he pardon'd, and he gave them peace;  
 Nor as a statesman was he less renown'd,  
 Success his wisdom, and his foresight crown'd.  
 His piercing eye pervaded dark intrigue:  
 His prudence form'd the great Germanic league,  
 Who, but a Frederick, could Germania save,  
 When restless Joseph menac'd to enslave;  
 Germania weep! thy heavy loss deplore,  
 Thy great protector, Frederick, is no more!  
 But all his genius, all his pow'r survives,  
 Great Frederick still in Frederick-William lives.

HAROLD.

A PASTORAL.

Part III.

[Continued from p. 90.]

Dedicated to Miss Mary C—mpt—n.

Nunc sto quid sit Amor.

Virg.

**A**CCCEPT the Muse's early lay,  
And hear for once what lovers endure,  
Design then to smite my pain away,  
And believe that love admits no cure.  
Ye Muses! come forth from the grove,  
For 'tis Jena,—young Jena's my theme,  
(Your meanest of sons sings of love.)  
And the woods echo back the dear name.

Anxiety damps ev'ry joy,  
And exterminates Hope's cheerful ray,  
Anxiety's sure to annoy,  
And to frighten Love's pleasures away.  
Suspended betwixt Hope and Fear,  
And alternately rais'd or alarm'd;  
This moment my joys disappear,  
And the next with my Jena I'm charm'd.

Her charms are the cause of my pain,  
And her eyes have depriv'd me of ease;  
No nymph half so fair treads the plain,  
And no beauty like Jena's can please.  
Other shepherds may boast of their loves,  
And engrave out their names on each tree,  
But Jena the pride of the groves,  
Alone appears most charming to me.

What care I for Grace on the Tweed,  
Or for Kate who enamours each swain;  
The beauties of Jena exceed,  
All the beauties which ever gave pain.  
Her features and figure excel  
Far the figure and features of these;  
Their lovers may look and they'll tell,  
That my Jena alone merits praise.

Ye breezes! which glide o'er my bow'r  
Cease to rattle the reeds on the lake,  
Pass peacefully over each flow'r,  
And inform her I die for her sake.—  
You'll find her beneath the cool shade,  
Where the warblers innum'rd do sing;  
Perhaps the may stray in the glade  
Where the daisies and primroses spring.

Haste, bear my impatience along  
To the hills and the dales waft my  
prayer,  
Each linnets will lift o'er my song;  
And pronounce her "The first of the  
Fair."

VOL. II.

The blackbird and thrush will combine,  
For to rend with her praises the sky,  
To convince HER no love equals mine,  
And the WORLD, that with her none  
can vie.

Beaumont-Banks, }  
March 1787.

P. —

ON THE MARRIAGE OF  
J—N C—NIE, Esquire.

**L**ONG Cupid fought; among the female  
race;  
A worthy SHE, young Damon's arms to  
grace;  
But long the God, so lovely was the  
Swain,  
Found all his search, to find that SHE,  
in vain:  
Till Venus, vexed to the heart to find,  
Her Son so much a fool by being blind,  
Convey'd the God to Celia's sweet re-  
treat,  
Then, there surpris'd, he found each  
Grace's seat!

UNUS MULTORUM.

TO MARIA IN MOURNING;  
A WISH.

**S**OFT may the gentle Zephyrs blow,  
Unclouded be the sky;  
With soothing sounds may waters flow,  
All Nature round give joys.

Bright Phœbus gallop on your steeds,  
Chace win't'ry clouds away,  
That Flora's train may leave their beds  
To make Maria gay.

May she be sooth'd with mild relief,  
While she her loss bewails;  
And may the storms of gloomy grief,  
Recede to Cyprian gales.

Yet while she pays the tribute due  
To a lov'd parent's shrine:  
O may her heart a sense renew  
Of sympathy for mine.

May she wish joy to none adhere;  
Still, happy, may she find  
A mother's, father's, husband's care,  
Complete in me combin'd.

But this my utmost wish is still,  
May all her feelings join,  
And all her lovely system thrill  
In harmony with mine.

Till Time with-holds us to remain  
In human nature's laws;  
Until our souls return again,  
To their Almighty cause.

## STATE OF POLITICS.

**T**HE Minister is making as much haste to throw us into the arms of France, as a good and wise minister would make to snatch us out of the insatiable devouring jaws of the most implacable hereditary enemy we now have, or ever had, or ever can have, in the whole world!—so much so, that he leaves no time or opportunity for the people of Great Britain to examine the matter minutely, to see their danger, and to remonstrate against the unprecedented and unparalleled measure!—That a raw inexperienced youth, whose head may have been turned with his extraordinary elevation to a dangerous pinnacle of power, should drive on impetuously and furiously into a new-fangled, wild, romantic scheme, the child of his own distempered brain, we do not much wonder at; but that men of riper age, of good intellects, and sage experience, can be found to shut their eyes and their ears, and cloud their own understanding, to exclude all candid reasoning and sound argument, for the purpose of taking a leap in the dark, to follow this their juvenile leader, and draw the nation with them, by dint of delegated power, into an unknown, untried, and unexplored gulph, the bottomless pit of French chicanery and perfidy, is somewhat wonderful indeed! too wonderful for us to comprehend!

We have attended very carefully, and indeed inquisitively, to all the reasoning on both sides of the question, that has reached our ears and our eyes, in private conversation, and public debate upon paper;

and we positively declare, that we have never yet seen or heard any thing like solid fair argument in support of this French Commercial Treaty; on the contrary, we say, this French Treaty carries on the face of it the broad mark of unfairness, inequality, and partiality. Indeed it wants the vital principle of all good Commercial Treaties, that is, the grand test of mutual wants and superfluities, which alone can bind civilized nations together in a commercial intercourse beneficial to both contracting parties. The first four articles out of thirteen of the Tariff, are all clearly and indisputably made for the great advantage of France, and the equally great disadvantage of Britain. The wines, brandy, oils, vinegar, are all levelled in the duty to the wish of the French without any equivalent whatsoever. The remaining nine articles pretend to no more than a reciprocal intercourse of admitting the same articles of manufacture into each country respectively, under the same duties, regulations, restrictions, penalties, &c.—a kind of see saw traffic backwards and forwards, from France to England, and from England to France; the same kind of goods meeting the same kind of goods in every stage, on the high seas, in the rivers, in the harbours, on the keys, (going out and coming in) and in the shops and warehouses; promising a scene of universal confusion and endless controversy; opening a door for innumerable frauds of

every kind upon the revenue, upon the fair trader, and the consumer.

For this very great boon to France we have got nothing! nothing pretended to be given.—The minister indeed tells us, that by the Tariff our Manufacturers have gained an accession of twenty millions of new customers!—What Manufacturer can resist this allurements!—But the Minister has not told them, that by this same Treaty they will get twenty millions of rivals in trade, who will push their goods upon their old customers at our home-market, under the very noses of our own manufacturers; and that the whim, caprice, and folly of our countrymen and women will throw the great preponderating weight into the French scale.—These are solid, serious, and indisputable truths, which we defy the whole Ministerial phalanx and the whole Frenchified junto to refute, or even to dispute.

We could likewise shew that the Treaty gives the French ample opportunity, not only of seducing our Artizans and Manufacturers, with their tools and implements, from their native country into foreign lands, but also of stealing the Arts and Mysteries themselves, and transplanting them into their own country, to the utter ruin of the British Manufactories. But we have not room for such copious investigation; we must therefore leave this task to the more enlightened part of the Manufacturers themselves, contenting ourselves with barely hinting it thus cursorily in our way; heartily wishing they may improve upon it, and make good use of it.

To this same Tariff of the Treaty, lame as it is, we sacrifice all our old friends, customers, and dependences; the commercial intercourse with Portugal, whose pro-

ductions supply our wants, and whose wants employ our manufactures, which constitute the vital principle of all commercial treaties.—We do the same by Spain and the Italian States—Even our own West India Islands do not escape making a part of the general sacrifice!—All, all is given up to French intrigue! Not so the French with their friends and allies!—They are strengthening and confirming all their old commercial treaties, extending and dilating the same!—They are commencing new engagements, alliances and commercial treaties with the very powers whom we are alienating from our interest, and throwing into the French scale. In short, they are taking all, and leaving us nothing, and we are helping forward their scheme with all our might! What strong delusion or insatiation covers our devoted island!

As to the political part of the treaty, it is enough to say, that, whenever it takes place, it will be the immediate downfall of the British empire at the feet of the French King; we shall lose our rank among the powerful maritime nations of Europe: they will no longer consider us as a firm barrier against the favourite French scheme—Universal Monarchy; but will look upon us as the humble tools of French intrigue, finesse, and treachery. We think we see, in some of the articles, a tacit or implied surrender of sovereignty of the sea, and consequently of the salute so steadfastly insisted on by our ancestors.

The impeachment of Warren Hastings, Esq. for high crimes and misdemeanors, which is now determined in the House of Commons opens a new scene in the present century. The conduct of East-Indian adventurers, whose de-

linquency was notorious to the world, has formerly been a subject of public investigation, but never of punishment; while almost the only person in high office in that quarter of the globe whose general merits have been recognized both in Europe and Asia, and will be transmitted from the present times to posterity, has been doomed to impeachment by the representatives of the people.

It is a melancholy truth, confessed by experience and confirmed by universal history, that wars and conquests carry desolation and calamities in their train. Asia in particular hath more frequently exhibited those revolutions which are incident to human affairs, and the evils which attended them, than any other quarter of the world. From the time of Alexander the Great, the first European, who over-run and subdued India to the invasion of the Mahometans, the conquests of the Portuguese, and the acquisitions of the French and English, you will find sufficient proofs that while Europe is destined to rule Asia, Asia is doomed to suffer from the tyranny of Europe. The natural equality of mankind is a vague metaphysical notion, which never extended its influence beyond the closet of the college. Superior talents will always hold their ascendant in the world; and the sceptre will be wrested from the hand that does not grasp a sword to defend it. Nor are these calamities consequent on military enterprise and exertion, confined to India. Examine the Greek and Roman history. Who are the heroes and the patriots celebrated by the refined nations of antiquity, and transmitted as objects of admiration, and models of conduct to all succeeding times? Not those, who like the generals of Theodosius in

the decline of the Roman empire, sat down to weep when they should have led on their troops to victory; not those, who, like the commanders in the last war, withdrew from engagements, and surrendered armies to the common foe; it was only those who fought in order to conquer, and knew at what a price victory was to be purchased. Where is the conqueror that has not been reproached with cruelty? Where are the laurels that are unsullied with blood? Who is there that is unacquainted with the atrocious severities and acts of violence committed by the Duke of Marlborough, the late King of Prussia, and the conqueror at Culloden? Impartial posterity, however, appreciates their merit, and considers these excesses as the result of situation, rather than of sentiment; as produced by necessity, not arising from character. To a philosophic eye, contemplating the system of nature, the inequalities in the surface of the globe do not detract from its spherical form; nor the spots in the sun diminish its splendour.

It deserves remark, that, in the present instance, the charges of cruelty against Mr Hastings are altogether without foundation. The treatment of the eunuchs was such as is common in the East; and the attachment of the Begum to the English interest, two years posterior to these events, vindicates the conduct of the governor-general.

If, notwithstanding the effectual and the splendid services he has rendered to his country, Mr Hastings is to be impeached, what will be the interpretation and the judgment of the world? The causes of hostility in the members of opposition, they understand; but what apology can they make for the leaders in administration? From

undoubted knowledge I affirm their decision will be, That there are oriental politics in England; that the jealousy of some members of the House, who are afraid of beholding a rival and a superior presiding at the board of control, or other partial motives, has determined them to unite their influence with those of opposition, in order to fix a stigma upon the character of Mr Hastings to prevent him from promotion in the service of a sovereign who respects his merits. They will make this farther animadversion on the members in the other side of the House, that if, to all the imaginary misdemeanors which have been imputed to Mr Hastings, he had added one real crime, had thrown himself, like the American delinquents, into the arms of opposition, and given his aid to wrest the government from the sovereign, and to vest it in a turbulent faction who courted his aid, his impeachment would never have been heard of, and his name and character been transmitted without a stain to the most distant posterity.

If Mr Hastings is to be impeached, who, in these patriotic times, and in this uncorrupted age is to cast the first stone, and carry his impeachment up to the House of Lords? Shall the pure and immaculate hands, recent from the abolition of Rumbold, present the impeachment of Warren Hastings? Shall the minister who lost our dominions in the West, impeach the man who preserved our empire in the East? Shall the admirals, under whose auspices, courage, and conduct, English fleets ignominiously fled before those of France and Spain, and surrendered the dominion; the generals, who, rather than shed one drop of Christian blood, fought the battles of Ameri-

ca, and delivered up their armies into the hands of the enemy; appear as the accusers of him who broke the most formidable confederacy that ever was formed against our empire in India, and saved it from destruction? Shall the parliamentary adventurers, the orators of fortune; men who exhibit talents at the expence of virtue, (for where no delicacy has been used on one side, it is unnecessary to exhibit it on the other) men who cannot appear within these walls without having an impeachment written in their brow; who cannot appear within those walls without virtual perjury†, without prostituting and profaning the last appeal which a man of honour can make to heaven and earth for the purity and integrity of his character, appear as the champion of Indian innocence, and the guardians of British virtue? Public ridicule would attend the ignominious farce, general execration accompany the meditated tragedy.

Although this nation should continue insensible to the virtues of Mr Hastings, and renew the ostracism of the ancient republics, there are countries where his merit is recognized and his name illustrious. The rival of England has felt his importance. At this moment the gates of Caroli are open to receive with plaudits the hero who shook the foundations of her eastern greatness, and levelled her tower with the dust. Armed at the head of the Volsci, Coriolanus might lop the remaining great arm of your empire, and reduce this island to its primitive insignificance in the map of the world.

† Every member of parliament, previous to his admission, is obliged to swear that he has an estate of 200*l.* a year.

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

**A**T a meeting of the Academy at Berlin on the 25th of January last, the Count de Herfsberg declared, that he meant to inspect the publication of the works of the late King, which should be done without alteration, and published in the following order, in 12 vols. 8vo. and to be printed from Baskerville's types.

1st, *Memoirs of the Times*, being the Political and Military History of all that passed since 1740, to the peace at Dresden.

2d, *History of the seven years war.*

3d, *History of all that passed since the peace of Hubertsbouurg to that of Teschen.*

4th, *Essay on the Forms of Government, and on the Duties of Sovereigns.*

5th, *A Search into the System of Nature.*

6th, *Remarks on the System of Nature.*

7th, *On Innocence, Sin, and Spirit.*

8th, *Three Dialogues of the Dead.*

9th, *Three Volumes of Poems.*

10th, *Preliminary Discourse to the Henriade.*

11th, *Considerations on the present Political State of Europe.*

12th, Above 100 letters of his Majesty to the most celebrated writers; Voltaire, Fontenelle, Rollin, Le Marquis d'Argens, d'Alembert, Le President Henault, Algarotti, Concordet, &c. with their answers.

It is proposed to publish the above by subscriptions, which will be opened at different Bankers in the principal places of Europe.

*Extract of a letter from Vienna, March 1.*

"The departure of the Emperor for Cherson to which place his Majesty will go directly, without passing through Kiow, is put off to the 24th of next month. Two gentlemen of the noble Hungarian Guard, set out from hence a few days ago charged to make the necessary arrangements on the Monarch's route; and particularly to order barracks to be built in the places where there are no houses."

According to the narrative published of the journey of the Empress, we learn, that after having travelled 1508 werstes, in the space of twenty-three days, her Majesty arrived the 9th instant at Kiow. On her approach to the town, she quitted her travelling carriage, and mounted a gala coach, being attended on horseback by a number of pages and other persons of her suite. A great concourse of people, and a squadron of cuirassiers, waited to receive the Sovereign at the four werstes out of the town. On the banks of the Nieper, Vice Admiral Putcheschin was at the head of a detachment of marines. Her Majesty was saluted from the Fort of Petscherky, with a discharge of seventy-one cannons, and as she afterwards passed the river, thirty-five guns were fired from the same fort. At the first triumphal arch, the magistracy and the body of merchants had the honour to compliment the Empress, and to present her according to custom, wine and bread. Upon her arrival at the second triumphal arch, General Rochins offered her Majesty

the keys of the fortress, during which ceremony 101 guns were fired. Descending from her carriage at the gate of Saint Lawra, the Sovereign immediately proceeded to the Metropolitan church dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and after prayers, repaired by a third triumphal arch to the Imperial palace.

The journey of the Empress of Russia, and the different troubles among the Tartars, have given a considerable turn to the operations of the Divan at Constantinople. Orders have been issued for putting the castle of Adrianople into a proper state to receive the Grand Signior and his family, who always reside there in war, to avoid the tumults of the populace at Constantinople. The whole Turkish army is put in motion, consisting of 350,000 men, and twenty

sail of the line getting ready with all expedition to cruise in the Black Sea. The Capitan Pacha is sent for to Egypt, to take the command of the fleet.

*Tangiers, Feb. 26.* We hear that the Emperor of Morocco is about to fall out with the Maltese, who seem to prefer hostilities to peace; in consequence of which, his Majesty has sent one of the Secretaries as Envoy to Gibraltar, to demand of the English Governor six ships of war; viz. two of 50 guns, two of 60; and two of 70, in loan for a certain time not fixed; for these he offers 150,000 piastres the first year; that is, 100,000 piastres ready-money before-hand, and 50,000 in duties upon provisions shipped at Tetuan. The Envoy has not yet received his answer from Gibraltar.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*London, March 1.*

THE report current at the Hague gives an alarming account of the situation of North Holland; in many of the villages, and at Horn and Enkhuysen in particular, the two parties of Patriots and Stadtholderians had risen to such a height, that *vi & armis* was wielded on both sides with great fury and devastation. Much blood had been spilt in consequence, and the Magistrates had been obliged to abandon their respective towns. The States of Holland have ordered General Ryffel to send a detachment of cavalry and infantry, to establish peace and harmony amongst these terrible Mynheers. The Patriots it seems have been themselves the cause of this confusion, in endeavouring to

promote what they call a *just representation of the people in the government*; which being evidently calculated to weaken the Prince of Orange's power, roused the attention of his friends, who not to be behind hand, assailed them from all quarters, and obliged these renowned patriots to act, not as they began, on the offensive, but on the defensive!

Other letters by the last Dutch mail mention a quarrel to have happened at Haerlem, between the friends of the Stadtholder and some of his opponents, which proceeding to blows, terminated in a general riot. The same was with great difficulty suppressed by the Magistrates, but not until four or five houses had been pulled down and totally demolished. These

advices getting into general circulation, made some trifling impression on the funds.

Six naval officers, at the desire of Mons. Soderini, the Venetian Ambassador, lately received the permission of the Admiralty Board, to serve on board the fleet of the Venetian Republic. One of them is to receive the compliment of an Admiral's flag in the Venetian service, and the others are promised very liberal rewards for their services.

14. By private letters from New York, delivered on Tuesday last to several principal merchants in the city, we are informed of the present gloomy appearance of every thing in that province. A general discontent, and occasional risings of the people prevail, and when the frost breaks, consequences of a much more serious kind are expected, such as destroying the barriers to the North, and calling to the native Americans, perhaps to the extirpation of all Government. The result of all this is what may be expected—not a dollar stirring—every man contracting his own affairs, and a general stagnation in trade.

By the latest American papers and letters advice is received, that a civil war which threatens the most ruinous consequences, now rages in the State of Massachusetts. In its tendency and complexion, it is not unlike that carried on here, in the last century, between the Independents and the Puritans.

26. His Majesty was attacked by a disorder to which he is, unhappily very subject—the rheumatic gout in his stomach. This the physicians attribute to his abstemious regimen, and are apprehensive that it will prove fatal unless he can be prevailed upon to adopt their more generous pre-

scriptions.—We rejoice, as every well-wisher to his country must, to hear that our gracious Sovereign is since Monday night, perfectly recovered.

20 Mr Campbell indulged his pupils with a Public, in which they displayed an uncommon degree of elegance, in dress, and grandeur, in appearance. In their several figures, measures, and movements, they discovered an extraordinary degree of proficiency and perfection which reflected the highest honour upon the distinguished abilities of their *Instructor*. In short, they were an honour to themselves, the renown of their *Teacher*, and the delight of a very numerous and polite assembly of spectators.

#### MARRIAGES.

*March 14.* Hugh Scot of Gala, Esq; to Miss Monro of Edinburgh.  
Mr A. Logan of Lainerton, to Miss Johnston of Prendergust.

27. At Ayton, Mr Peter Fairbairn, Schoolmaster of Coldingbarnie, to Miss Paxton of Berwick.

#### BIRTH.

*March 4.* Mrs Fenton, Hidehill, of a son.

#### DEATHS.

*March 1.* Mrs Crammond, of Cornhill.

2. At Tweedmouth, Mr John Ormiston, aged 89.

15. Mrs Friskin, of Tweedmouth, aged 63.

18. Mrs Smart.

24. Nicholas Huet, aged 6 years.

Mr Brian Grey, Attorney, at Alnwick.

T H E

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## M O N T H L Y

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BEING A VIEW OF THE  
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OR,  
MONTHLY LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

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F O R A P R I L, 1787.

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*A Short Review of the Political State of Great Britain, at the  
Commencement of the Year, 1787.*

*Continued from page 106.*

**N**OT more liberally endowed by Nature with the graces of external figure, or with the elegance of manner and address, than his rival Mr Pitt, he has yet an unknown and undescribable something, which pervades the darkness of his complexion, and sheds a sort of lustre across his Saturnine features. Whether it can be termed a smile, I will not venture to assert; but it certainly has the effect upon the heart which smiles are calculated to produce; that of inspiring confidence, and exciting complacency. Descended from a monarch, distinguished by this peculiar and characteristic excellence of face, he may perhaps claim an hereditary title to it. Son to a nobleman, as much marked out by public obloquy and accusation, whether justly or unjustly acquired, as

Lord Chatham was by general favour and admiration, he cannot look for protection to paternal virtues, or plead the patriotism and disinterestedness of the House of Holland.

Unequaled in the arts of attaching mankind to his person and fortunes; steady and fervent in his friendships; open and avowed in his enmities; never abandoning those, under any circumstances, to whom he is bound by political ties, he is designed by Nature for the Chief of a party. Educated in the school of political learning, brought into the Senate before he had attained to manhood, and joining a long experience to the vigour of natural talents; he may be considered as consummate in all that detail of knowledge, only to be acquired by an early initiation into

the mysteries of a democratical government. Possessing powers of eloquence, less copious and brilliant, but perhaps more solid and logical than those of Mr Pitt, he is equally formed to captivate, to convince, and to subdue. Skilled either to entrench himself in almost impregnable fastnesses; or to carry the thunders of the war into the lines of the enemy, he can with the same facility imitate Scipio, or Fabius: He can adopt the Consular dignity, or the Tribunitian rage. Abandoned, in the more early stages of his life, to the frenzy of play, and to all the dissipations of youth and unlimited profusion; a portion of those defects and errors accompanies his riper years, and sullies the lustre of his endowments. So far from being like his fortunate rival, indifferent to the company, or superior to the blandishments of women, Mr Fox does not blush to appear with the companion of his softer hours, in a phaeton in Hyde Park, or in the first rows of a crowded theatre. Convivial in his nature, and open to social pleasures, he confirms his political triumph over the mind, by his private and personal conquest of the heart. Bold and decided even to temerity in his conduct as a Minister, he is capable by turns, of aggrandizing; or diminishing the power of the Crown; and of justifying by reasons and arguments, the most plausible, the measure; of whatever nature, which he shall have seen fit to adopt.—Generous and beneficent in his disposition, placable and forgiving in his temper, his political enmities extend not beyond the limits of a debate, or the walls of a House of Commons.—Equal to his antagonist, in all the sublime talents requisite for the government of an empire; superior to him in modern and polite

knowledge; in an acquaintance with Europe, its manners, its courts and its languages; he is his inferior only in one requisite; an opinion of his public principle, generally diffused among the people. When to this great and inherent defect, is superadded the unquestionable alienation of his Sovereign, both to his person and his party; we may lament, but we cannot be surprized, that abilities so universal and sublime, are left unemployed, and are permitted “to waste their sweetness on the desert air.”

From this illustrious and shining character, by an obvious and natural transition, we pass to Lord North; a nobleman, once high in the confidence of his Sovereign, and possessed of more than ministerial power for a term of near twelve years; now a monument of departed greatness,

“Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
“Fallen, from his high estate!”

and compelled to take shelter from oblivion and insignificance, under the protecting shield of that party, who pursued him with unrelenting violence, and hunted him at last into the toils!—Having raised the banner of revolt against the very Prince, whom he had so long served, and from whose bounty he had derived so many advantages, it is not to that drawing-room, of which he was once the ornament, that he can ever look again for an asylum. Employment, it is indeed possible, he may obtain; but confidence must be for ever extinct. Endowed with almost all the attainments, or abilities, which can enliven society, or diffuse mirth and festivity through private life; formed to charm his friends, and to disarm even his enemies, by powers of humour and ridicule un-

equalled, he was deficient in all the sterner virtues and qualities of a Minister and a Statesman. Vigour, energy, coercion, principle—these were unhappily wanting; and their defect entailed on this unfortunate country, a war, in which her glory was lost, her dominions and provinces torn from her on every side, and her public credit exhausted, undermined, and shaken to its foundation. But, let me respect the ashes of the politically dead, and tread lightly over them! Personally and individually amiable, tho' an object of public censure, his private virtues yet extend some protection to his unsheltered head, and claim, even amid the wreck of an empire, our esteem and our affection.

I shall content myself with characterizing the genius of Opposition, and marking its outline, without descending to a delineation of its less prominent features. The eccentric and ill regulated imagination of a Burke, unrestrained in its wild excesses by temper and judgment, is not calculated to add strength to that party, however it may frequently dazzle by its illusive brilliancy. But I should indeed be deficient, if I did not pay the tribute of one line, to so rare and so matchless a combination of talents, as meet in a Sheridan. There, a temperate and a winning elocution, sustained by classical elegance, adorned with dramatic and poetic images and allusions, pointed with the keenest irony, and rising, when necessary, into the noblest animation, conspire to render him one of the most conspicuous leaders of Parliamentary debate.

The year 1786 has been distinguished by one great and extraordinary event, the effects of which must, in all probability, extend far beyond the reigns of George

the Third, or Louis the Sixteenth, and will be felt to distant times. The "Commercial Treaty," recently signed and interchanged, is a vast gulph of political and commercial speculation, where the keenest and most pervasive light cannot penetrate the darkness. Pregnant with unknown and unascertained benefits, or injuries to this country; and producing, in one great act, a complete revolution in the system of policy, adopted by England during several ages, it can only at present be considered as an experiment, to which time must affix the seal of approbation or condemnation. Too complicated and intricate in its nature, too comprehensive and vast in its operation, for any judgment to embrace, without the imputation of temerity, its principle, at least, appears in so "questionable a shape," that it cannot, on a first view, be regarded with other sentiments than those of predilection. —To extinguish, or to diminish those illeberal prejudices, and those immortal wars, which, from the reign of Edward the Third, have devastated the two Monarchies, and alternately convulsed them: To substitute the mild interchange of commercial advantages, and reciprocal benefits: To open new and untried channels for activity, enterprise, and industry. These objects, if they can be attained, will do equal honour to the genius of the Minister who planned, and to the spirit of the age which adopted them. Whether they are so obtained, or not, I am not so presumptuous as to pretend to determine. But, when I see the public prints teeming with invective against the present treaty, because it bears so intimate a resemblance to the treaty of commerce signed in 1713, and which was rejected in the subsequent triumph of a rival

faction, I cannot help commiserating the ignorance and credulity of a people, who can be made the dupes of so wretched an imposition. If there be any apology for the defection of that ministry from the great alliance, which, under Queen Anne, had so nearly brought Lewis the Fourteenth to the last stage of destruction: If the names of Oxford and of Bolingbroke can have any claim to be pronounced, without resentment and indignation, as the authors of the peace of Utrecht; it is from the degree of merit which they can claim with the English people, for having fabricated and obtained the Commercial Treaty. It was the compensation given by the Court of Versailles for our political honour, and national faith sacrificed to France: It was a bribe, basely accepted by England for the destruction of Holland, and the House of Austria, who were abandoned to their evil destiny, and to the chastisement of Villars. I call upon the names and writings of Torcy, and of Desmaretz, who were then at the head of the councils and finances of the French Monarchy, for the justice of my assertion? Whether Vergennes may not adopt a similar line of policy; whether that able and artful court may not find their interest in extending to us such unquestionable advantages of trade, as will induce us to overlook higher and nobler objects of national consideration, may be matter of inquiry or for caution. "*Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.*" But that a fair equality, of apparent commercial benefit is meant to be allowed us, I think, will scarcely admit of any reasonable doubt.

The year 1786 has likewise been distinguished by the death of one of the most illustrious and extraordinary personages, who has ap-

peared on earth in modern ages. A prince, like Cæsar "graced with both Minervas;" like him, "alone and superior," not in rank and dignity, but in splendour of talents, and in every sublime endowment of the human mind. I need not say that I mean the late King of Prussia, who expired, after a reign, immortalized by the most incredible exertions of genius and vigour, during six and forty years; and the energy of whose abilities could only be eclipsed and extinguished, by the separation of his mind and body. Future times, who shall look back through the medium of years upon his character and reign, will require all the testimony of concurring historical evidence to compel their reluctant belief of the unexampled display of military prowess, and civil endowments, which he exerted, to extricate his dominions from the vast combination, by which they were surrounded. Perhaps, impartial posterity will even admit much, which may palliate though not altogether exculpate, his severities and acts of violence, committed, during the great war of 1756, in Saxony and Bohemia. Excesses, which were unquestionably more the result of situation, than of sentiment; more produced by necessity, than arising from character! They will recollect, that, while he set fire to the suburbs of Dresden, and carried off the Saxon youth of both sexes with the savage ferocity of a Genseric, or an Attila, never more to revisit their paternal seats; he was yet, where the fatal necessities of war allowed him to consult the elegance of his genius, or the clemency of his nature, the patron of arts, and the protector of his vanquished enemies. The same monarch who drove Augustus the Third from his hereditary dominions, and com-

pelled him to take refuge among his Polish subjects; yet when master of the palace and capital of his rival, was so far from exercising the rights of conquest there, that he only modestly besought permission of the Queen of Poland, to place his chair opposite the "Notte" of Corregio, in order to admire its beauties. Magnanimous and exalted in his feelings, he was raised above his subjects, more by dignity of talents, than of situation. Clement and forgiving, even where the injuries offered to him were of the most wounding and personal nature, he never condescended to punish or resent them. Pervading with eager and active eye, every department of the State; uniting unparalleled corporal activity, to equal energy of intellect, he extended his protection, or his punishment, to every class of his subjects. Averse to the effusion of human blood, no scaffolds streamed in Berlin, during a reign of near half a century. Terrible to his enemies in peace, from the recollection of his exploits in war: Courted and admired throughout Europe, by its Princes, who contended for his friendship: Revered by his subjects, and idolized by his soldiery, the companions of his victories; he at length sunk under the common lot of mortality, from which all his talents could not exempt him; leaving behind him a name, which must endure, and augment in celebrity, as long as man possesses a capacity of perpetuating or transmitting any testimony of his own existence. A new Prince has ascended the Prussian throne, educated in the great school of his predecessor; and towards whom it is natural, peculiarly in the present critical situation of Holland, for all Europe to turn their attentive eyes,

at the opening of his reign. I shall not, however, pursue any further the subject of German transactions, or continental politics. The short remainder of these papers will be directed to more domestic objects.

Two singular and interesting scenes, occupy the principal part of the canvas, and arrest the attention. Scenes which, in all ages, seem to have been acted, and by which Athens and Rome were successively disgraced! Scenes which recal to every classic mind the injured names of Themistocles and of Phocion, of Scipio and of Camillus!

If there be a man to whom this grateful country should erect public statues, and whom she should enrol among her tutelar deities, it is unquestionably to Lord Rodney: that such honours are due. It is to him that we are indebted for one proud day, unequalled in British history; the only, or almost only compensation for years of disgrace, of profusion, and of ignominy. It was with resentment and indignation, that this country beheld that illustrious person, recalled in the moment of his victory; that she saw another Ormond succeed another Marlborough; and that she was witness to a reluctant and inferior title being conferred on her hero and her deliverer, in the same year, — nay, almost in the same little month, in which two naval characters, not quite so deservedly dear to their country, were raised to superior dignities. Posterity will demand with natural astonishment, under what minister, so flagrant an act of national injustice and ingratitude was committed. They will hardly believe, that scarce sixty days elapsed between the elevation of Lord Howe and Lord Keppel to the rank of Viscounts, and that of Lord Rodney

to the rank of a Baron.—But, in what colours of honest indignation am I to depicture the more inhuman treatment, which that illustrious person actually suffers? So far from returning to repose, in the evening of his life, under the shade of those laurels, which no political lightning can ever wither; instead of meeting that affluent retirement, so justly merited by his successful labours; what is his present situation? Persecuted by legal accusations: Compelled to hold up his hand as a criminal, at the bar of that country, which he has saved and extricated. Pursued by individuals, who were leagued with America in the most flagitious of all connections, for the ruin of England. Deprived by the removal of those very papers from the office of a Secretary of State, which he sent home with every precaution, in order to secure their safety, and which are indispensibly necessary to justify his own conduct, and to punish his prosecutors. Finally condemned by a decision of the Privy Council, the inevitable consequences of which sentence not only involve the destruction of his fortune, but extend their pernicious influence to the fleet and army at large, and to every commander employed to fight her battles. This is a melancholy, but a too faithful picture of the actual situation of the man to whose high merits and services rendered his country, a garter and a dukedom are far unequal.—But will the people of England look tamely on, and see their Belisarius extend his laurelled hand, and ask for bread? Are we thus fallen? Are we more vile and de-

based, than were the Roman people under Justinian? Shall Europe be spectators of so disgraceful a proceeding? Shall we drive our guardian and our protector again to seek an asylum in the capital of that enemy, whom he vanquished and subdued? And shall he receive from the generosity of the Court of Versailles, what he has been denied by the ingratitude of England? Forbid it glory! Forbid it shame! Forbid it manhood!—Will not the legislature itself interpose between him and poverty, and by the same act redeem Lord Rodney from distress, and his country from disgrace? Or, are we to see the law, with harpy talon, lay its fierce gripe on the property of the saviour of the empire? Is his age to be embittered by suits, and attachments, and all the nameless engines of judicial torture? If this is to be the concluding scene of so illustrious a life, we may indeed exclaim

——“O Gloria! vincitur idem  
 “Nempe, et in exilium praeceps  
     fugit, atque ibi magnus  
 “Mirandusque cliens sedet ad  
     praetoria Regis,  
 “Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare  
     tyranno.  
 “Finem animae, quae res huma-  
     nas miscuit olim,  
 “Non gladii, non saxa, dabunt,  
     nec tela; sed ille  
 “Cannarum vindex, ac tanti san-  
     guinis ultor.”——

—the cruel and unjust decisions of an English judicature.”

*To be continued.*

*Extracts from Cook's Voyages.*

*Continued from page 112.*

*Account of the inhabitants of  
Wateoo.*

AS our ships were standing in, many of the natives put off, some in single, others in double canoes; the single have seldom room to contain more than one person; the double ones will hold eight or ten. They soon paddled along-side, and with very little persuasion, came on board; their size was above the middle standard, and they were stout well-made people, with fine open countenances; their colour of the olive cast, with a mixture of brown. Their hair was black; in some long, in others short, and wore in a variety of forms, just as convenience or fancy directed. None had more than a narrow piece of cloth round their middle, which were painted or dyed of different patterns, with red, black, and yellow. Several were marked or tattooed most curiously from the middle downwards, particularly upon their legs. They were very friendly and good-natured, and ran about the ship with as little ceremony, and appeared as perfectly at ease, as if they had been long used to them. In this interval Captain Cook ordered out the pinnace and large cutter, and sent them on board the *Discovery*, with Mr Gore and Omai, to learn if there was a possibility of anchoring, and if any refreshments could be procured from the natives; for, as she was much nearer the shore than the *Resolution*, all the canoes came to her. Soon after their arrival, a double canoe, paddled by eight people, with a tall stout man standing up in her,

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came along-side; he, without any ceremony, came on board with a branch of a cocoa nut tree in his hand, and several roots of the ava, a plant with which they intoxicate themselves.

Omai accosted him in the Otaheitan language, which appeared to vary but little from his own. The intention of this visit was to establish peace on both sides, after the ratification of which we were to be supplied with hogs, bread-fruit, plantains, and every thing the island produced. After the ceremony was over, and every article agreed to by the chief on his part, and by Omai on ours, the *Resolution's* boats, attended by the *Discovery's* large cutter, and a number of canoes, proceeded to the shore.

The boats returned, with the disagreeable news of not being able to land, this part of the coast being surrounded by a reef, upon which a continual surf was breaking.

We were determined however not to give up the point in this manner, but to make another trial; and since it was impossible to effect a landing in our boats, those who were to go upon this expedition were to land in the canoes of the natives, who from long experience were very dexterous at this kind of work.

Having thus settled our plan, the *Resolution's* pinnace and cutter, in the former of which were Mr Gore, Mr Anderson, and Omai, attended by the *Discovery's* large cutter, were sent on shore. The natives came to the ships, bringing cocoa-nuts, plantains, and the intoxicating pepper root, but no hogs, which would have been the most welcome sight; we gave them in return knives, red cloth, and nails.

The account that they gave,

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when they returned, was, that they had with very great difficulty got ashore in the Indian canoes; as soon as they were landed, the natives led them in great form to their king, who behaved rather reservedly upon the occasion: upon informing him that we were in great want of provisions, he said that we should have hogs and other things, but as they were at a great distance up the country, it would be some time before his people could get them: they waited a considerable time, but none appearing, they again requested that some might be brought, or at least some bread-fruit, plantains, or cocoa-nuts. They were desired to stop a little longer, which they did till it became rather late, and they deemed it prudent to get on board as soon as they could. The inhabitants would at first scarce permit them to go, but seeing them resolutely bent on departing, they at last acquiesced, having taken from them almost every thing they could find, and glad were they to escape so cheap, as they were apprehensive of being detained on shore against their inclinations. One circumstance was very remarkable; which was, Omai's finding five of his countrymen on this island. The account they gave was, that in passing from one island to another, they were drove out to sea, and after beating up and down for several days and nights, and suffering almost the extremes of hunger, thirst and fatigue, they at last fell in with this island; the inhabitants of which not only very humanely offered them protection, but likewise gave them wives; and, in short, they were now looked upon as natives of the place. This affair, according to Omai, happened near ten years ago.

*To be continued,*

*Some rules to the Ladies for chusing  
Husbands of agreeable tempers.*

A Very large nose is no sign at all of a good temper, but often indicates pride, envy, and a sneering contemptuous disposition. Let a lady of a meek, gentle disposition beware of a very great nose. An acuteness in the extremity of the nose, or when the upper part of the nose ends small and thin, betokens a most violent hasty temper, which cannot but make a lady very unhappy. The oblique nose, or the nose that is assaunt or crooked, is significative of an internal obliquity of mind. Wide open nostrils portend great heats, and storms of anger. I would recommend a nose to the ladies neither too long nor too short, neither too low nor too high, neither too thick nor too thin, with nostrils neither too wide nor too narrow.

The next thing to guess at the state or disposition of the minds of people, is their particular tone of voice, or manner of speaking. Socrates thought there was more to be learned this way than from the face. When a gentleman sent his son to Socrates, that he might be informed of his genius and disposition, after he had looked at the youth some time, he said, "Speak, my boy, that I may see thee." Diogenes used to say, That he always wondered how people were so exact, as never to buy a pot of earthen-ware, but they would try it by the sound or ringing of it; but when they bought a man, they thought it sufficient only to look at him.

As a due medium is the best in many things, it is certain it is the best with regard to the tone of our voice. If it is not too much upon the grave or the acute, the too deep or too shrill, the too in-

tense or the too remiss, the too high or too low, it is a token of a great felicity of temper, and a great many other very good qualities, which make a man not only happy in himself, but useful to the world. A grave deep strong voice, betokens boldness, pride, and obstinacy: An acute small voice denotes timidity and cowardice, and more particularly so, the acute remiss voice; but the acute intense, or strained voice is a sign of indignation and anger. A man whose speech is vehement and hasty, seldom wants a temper with the same qualities: It proceeds from a warmth of constitution, which causes an extraordinary quickness and hurry in every thing. A slow remiss soft way of speaking, generally indicates mildness and lenity, it proceeding from a coldness of temperature, by which the animal spirits are kept from that violent agitation which is the occasion of all the rougher and more boisterous passions. A stammerer is generally of a fiery temper, he being too much precipitated by his spirits, which cause that confusion and indistinction there is in his voice.

A good deal of the Physiognomical Science is to be learned from the chin, which I may explain at some other occasion.

No one will think it difficult, by long comparing faces and tempers together, to find out some of the principal qualities of the mind of any person, if he considers, that about fifty years since there was an abbot in France, who was celebrated for an extraordinary and surprising skill in describing the genius and qualities of any particular person whom he had never seen, from only having a sight of his hand-writing, even though it was in a language he understood not one word of.

*Conclusion of the Lady's Adventures, from page 111.*

THE first thing my mother did, after she had received Myrtilla's letter, was to go to Mr Melvill, who, as the reader may remember, was my father's friend. To him she opened the whole affair, shewing him the letter she had received, and conjured him to let her know how she could immediately speak with my father. Mr Melvill, who was a generous good-natured man, was at no great loss to gather from the course of my mother's relation, how things went with poor Myrtilla, and as he knew the character of the amorous priest, he judged that there was no time to be lost, so he immediately introduced my mother to a private room, where my father was. Sir, says she, when she entered the room, without giving my father the least time to express any part of his surprise; if you have the least spark of gratitude or nature within your breast, you will lose no time by asking any questions, but instantly comply with the measures which I shall lay down, for saving the honour of a sister, to whom you owe your own life. Upon this, she put Myrtilla's letter into his hand, and Mr Melvill explained to him the whole affair. My father, notwithstanding of some oddities in his character, had a great share of natural courage, and was possessor of a mind equally susceptible of the force of nature, and the ties of gratitude: He blushed, he sighed, and sunk down, with an emotion, which was the effect of shame, surprise, tenderness, and concern. What can be done? said he, if my life can, in the least, contribute to the safety of her honour, I will again surrender myself to the

prison from whence her generous courage delivered me. No, said my mother, that would be to ruin yourself without serving her. But if you can deign to dissemble so far as to wear a habit foreign to your profession, and to use a language which is foreign to your heart, I believe, with a little of this gentleman's assistance, I can put you upon a method, by which you may acquit yourself of some part of the debt you owe to the best of sisters. The method I propose is, that you should equip yourself in the habit of a Jesuit, and by a letter of recommendation, which we may get from some English nobleman in King James's service, introduce yourself to the father, as an English clergyman who was obliged to leave England upon the late revolution, and that you are very desirous to be employed by his reverence. As you are an Englishman, he perhaps may employ you to talk with Myrtille, and who knows then what opportunities this may present, for the working out her deliverance? The proposal was agreed to by my father, not so much out of any hopes he had of succeeding, as a desire he entertained of leaving nothing on his part undone, which carried the least appearance of delivering Myrtille. Accordingly Mr Melvill borrowed a habit from a Jesuit of his acquaintance, which, with the help of a long white beard fastened to his face, disguised my father so as it was impossible to know him. He then was introduced to the Lord — as a father newly come from England, and this nobleman who was very well acquainted at the French court, recommended him in very strong terms to P. le Chaise. Upon which my father waited a convenient opportunity, and about six that same evening,

accosted the amorous priest, telling him, when he had presented the letter, that his zeal was such, that he never inclined to be shut up within the walls of a house, out to expose his life, as he had often done, by converting heretics to the faith. P. le Chaise, finding he was an Englishman, thought that he might be a proper instrument for securing the box of jewels, which my mother had mentioned, and which he designed as a present to the Lady Abbess for her good services. But, as he was under a necessity of acting in this affair with the utmost caution, he gave my father no other answer, but that he might meet him next evening about eight o'clock at the Convent of —, where he would be, in order to take the confession of a dying nun. This was the very convent where Myrtille (to whom we shall now return) was expecting every moment to be again plagued with the nauseous company of the priest. She had, agreeably to Lucia's advice, treated him with great gentleness, and in such a manner as made him hope that nothing was so necessary to her conversion to all his purposes, as a little forbearance and time. As soon as he arrived at the convent, he took the lady abbess apart, and after describing the English father, he acquainted her with his design of recovering Myrtille's jewels. The abbess jumped at the proposal, so they resolved to introduce the priest that very night into the convent, and to cause Myrtille to write another letter to the person who had the jewels, which they imagined, in consequence of her former letter, would be in readiness to be delivered to the messenger. Accordingly P. le Chaise punctually kept his appointment with the English father, and actually intro-

duced him that night into the convent. When they arrived there he was carried to the apartment of the abbess, who acquainted him, that they had got an English lady in the convent, who had some thoughts of being reconciled to the church, and taking the habit : But as it was against the knowledge of her friends, who were heretics, it was necessary to keep it secret for some time. She then, in a very artful manner, told him, that the young lady had no fortune, except some jewels, which it would require a great deal of management to recover from her friends : And as it was for the service of the church, she did not doubt but that he would do all that was recommended to him for that effect, and act with the utmost caution and secrecy. My father, from the beginning of this discourse, conceived some hopes that the nun mentioned by the abbess might be his sister, though he was quite in the dark about the story of the jewels, he knowing very well that she had none. However he dissembled a zeal for the church, and promised every thing in so strong terms, that neither the abbess nor the father had the least distrust of him, but thought him to be a very fit man to become in time one of their private counsellors.

After this discourse, the lady abbess went out, and in a few minutes returned with Myrtila : My father had some difficulty to suppress his emotions at seeing his sister in such a situation, however he now thought of nothing but how to let her know him. Finding this impossible at that time, he resolved to wait for a more favourable opportunity, which fortune soon presented. The abbess and the father presented him to Myrtila, as being her country-

man, and seemed to make a merit of introducing him. They at the same time told her that, as he was an Englishman, he was the properest person in the world to entrust with her jewels, which it was by all means proper she should have in her own possession ; and that she should give the father proper directions how to act. This startled Myrtila ; which my father easily perceiving, he interposed, and pretending to recollect himself, in some surprise, asked her if she was not daughter to such a person, naming her father ; and at the same time expressed the greatest satisfaction in what the abbess had told him about her intention to take the habit, congratulating her upon being reconciled to the Holy Church. Myrtila was struck with the similarity betwixt the father's voice, and that of her brother, but was far from suspecting the truth : Till at the Lady Abbess's request she sat down, and wrote a letter to my mother, wherein she earnestly recommended to her what she had mentioned in her last, desiring her to deliver the jewels to the bearer, who was their countryman, and understood English. This letter was, at the request of P. le Chaise and the abbess, to be translated by the English father, and by him delivered. Upon which, taking pen and ink in his hand, he actually translated it, and shewed it to Myrtila who immediately knew her brother's writing. This joined with the resemblance of his voice, convinced her that the priest was no other than her brother, though the reader may judge how much she was at a loss to conceive how he became so much altered in so short a time. After the letter was fairly transcribed, the crafty abbess, that she might be perfectly sure of her

man, carried the translation to Lucia, who read it in French almost in the same words with the copy from which it was translated, and which the abbess kept in her own hand. This left the abbess and P. le Chaise not the least room to suspect any trick; and the English father was dispatched with orders to return next day with his answer. Upon my father's leaving the convent, he went straight to the house of Mr Melville, who immediately sent for my mother, and they contrived an answer.

It is now time to return to Myrtille and Lucia. After my father was gone, P. le Chaise waited upon them to their apartment, where they spent part of the night in great mirth, Myrtille having conceived strong hopes from the late adventure, and the plotting brain of her sister-in-law. The glass going pretty freely about, the priest redoubled his attacks upon Myrtille's virtue and religion, attributing the agreeable change he perceived in her, to her being pleased with his person and behaviour. Myrtille played her part very well, and told him that indeed he had conquered some prejudices that perhaps she had too long laboured under, but that he must not expect she was to be won so easily, for she must have a few scruples, which she still retained, resolved by some person who was less interested than himself, and that she should be glad to talk half an hour with the English father when he returned. The priest being quite charmed with this, attributed her scruples to the pride of a woman, which wanted to have some pretence for yielding: So he consented to wait till next night, when he was to receive her final answer, after the English father had resolved the doubts she still entertained. Upon this he

took his leave of Myrtille, being the most satisfied man in the world. Next day about eleven in the forenoon the English father returned with a very fine box of jewels, which my mother had delivered him, in order to carry his project the better on: This was so substantial a proof of his address and fidelity, that the abbess and the priest thought they could not trust him too far. So they told him that the lady had desired to talk with him, as they supposed, about some foolish scruples she still retained from her former principles and education: My father answered them, that nothing should be wanting on his part. So they all three went to Myrtille's room, where my father delivered the jewels into her own hands. Myrtille was surprised at seeing the box, which she immediately knew belonged to her sister; but took it as the happy omen of her deliverance. The priest and the abbess soon left them together, the priest being obliged to return to the court, and the abbess to the cares of her house.

As soon as my father and Myrtille were left by themselves, my father taking off the false beard, which still now had disguised him, Strip, dear Myrtille, said he, let me perform the same duty to you which you paid to me. If you put on these habits, and let me have yours, I hope to manage it so that all shall be well. Myrtille did not want a second invitation; in an instant they exchanged habits, and when my father was dressed in his sister's cloaths, there was scarce any distinguishing the one from the other. Myrtille then told him, that there was only one obstacle to their escape which was Lucia. She then in a few words acquainted him of the generous part that poor creature had

acted, and recommended her to him in the strongest terms. My father bad her be easy in that respect, and promised to share in her fate. After they had, to avoid suspicion, stayed together for half an hour, or somewhat more, Myrtilia called in Lucia, and laid the whole scheme of her escape before her, telling her at the same time that now was the time for her making a bold push for her freedom: My father then gave her the strongest assurances of his zeal to serve her, and was as good as his word, as the reader shall soon understand. Myrtilia by this time was upon the utmost stretch of impatience to escape, and after she had tenderly embraced my father and Lucia, left the room, and without the least suspicion got clear of the convent, and went directly to my mother's lodging. About nine at night P. le Chaise returned from court, and calling for Lucia, enquired about the success of the English father's negotiation. Lucia told him, that if she was not mistaken, he had succeeded very well: Adding, that she believed it would be his own fault, if he did not succeed likewise that very night. The impatient father then sent Lucia back to prepare his mistress to receive him, after every thing in the convent was quiet, and all the nuns had gone to bed. Accordingly about eleven o'clock he was admitted by the faithful Lucia, who followed him into Myrtilia's chamber. As soon as he was entered, my father arose, and before the priest could perceive the alteration he clapt a pistol, which he had brought along with him to his breast, telling him that if he spoke the least word he was a dead man. P. le Chaise immediately perceived by the alteration of the voice how matters went, and as guilt is

always cowardly, he fell down on his knees, while my father with the assistance of Lucia bound him with a small cord, and thrust a handkerchief into his mouth, all which he had brought along with him by my mother's advice. They next searched his pockets for the pass-key, which they got likewise, then taking the box of jewels along with them, they went down stairs, and by the assistance of Lucia, who knew every corner of the house, they got to the outer gate, which the priest's key likewise unlocked, then under the cover of a very dark night, they reached Mr Melvill's house, where my mother and Myrtilia had left a note for him to meet them at a private lodging in the suburbs, to which they had removed, not thinking themselves safe in their old lodgings. My father then begged Mr Melvill, who knew the whole affair, to procure a suit of men's cloaths for Lucia, she still having on her nun's habit. Mr Melvill readily agreed to this, and when they were both equipt, she in Mr Melvill's, and my father in his own cloaths, they called a coach, and drove to the place to which they were directed by my mother's note. The reader may judge of the mutual congratulations of all parties at this happy meeting: All former animosities and heats were forgotten, and my father and mother agreed to return with the first opportunity to England; which they did, and were long happy in one another. As for poor Lucia, my mother carried her along with her likewise, and she afterwards lead a life full of penitence and exemplary virtue. The history of that lady, with her return to France, may be the subject of some more papers from your constant reader and servant.

MARIA.

*To the Editor of the Berwick  
Museum.*

Mettez dans vos discours un peu de  
modestie,  
Ou je vais, sur le champ, vous quitter  
la partie.

MOLLIÈRE.

I Have ever been of opinion, and I see no good reason still to alter my sentiments, that the loquacious part of the human race is by far the most unpleasing and disgusting part of it. Clamour is apter to excite our surprise than to insure our conviction, and the noisy orator is never the persuasive one. There is a degree of stiffness in the tone and gesture of the speaker, which never fails to captivate the hearer; and this mildness of voice and manner is always more successful than the loudest vociferation. The renowned Cicero has insisted, that action is the first and only requisite quality in an orator. I agree with him that there is nothing more agreeable and enticing, than to behold the motions and movements of the body, gracefully keeping pace with the tongue; but I can never admit, that a speaker who puts his person into the finest possible positions, and is at the same time possessor of a discordant and unmusical voice, can ever be deemed a complete orator. So long as he brays and bellows he will offend and displease, and his gestures will be considered as imitable mimicry. On the contrary, an actor upon a country stage (for we must divest ourselves of the idea that we are listening to a vagabond and a beggar) has apparently a glib and voluble tongue, but mark how he is incommoded with his arms and his hands. Besides, where the ideas are rough and confused, and the

tongue unmanageable, pray what availeth action! But to return.

Loquacity in a female (for this is the kind which I am now to treat of) seldom or never fails to rouse our immediate aversion. The lady who has acquired the itch of disputation, and the art of engrossing the whole conversation in whatever company she makes her appearance, is one of the most disagreeable objects which I know of. The habit of giving her opinion prevails over her finer feelings, and she will seem dauntless and unabashed even where the discourse strays into the current of indecency. "The charming blush of innocence, exalted by modesty," (as Thompson expresses it) becomes utterly obliterated, and an assurance and obstinacy of countenance assumed in its stead. Silence is superseded by noise and bawling, and the bashful beauty is degenerated into temerity and boldness. You no longer perceive "the modest virtues mingled in her eyes," nor the charms of her "unaffected blushes." In lieu of the amiable countenance and bewitching features, you have the eye of effrontery, and the "loud and stubborn" tongue of declamation. Women (or rather ladies) of this description every where abound, and I would fain reddem the cheeks which are unaccustomed to blush, and put to silence the tongue which wanders astray. Let it here be noted, that I include under the epithets of forward and bold, &c. only such as still retain the appellation of virtuous. I have no intention in this paper of painting or reclaiming the prostitute. To proceed then. In this land of learning and letters, there is no woman capable of instructing, or even entertaining the other sex by disputation; so inferior is the education of the one to that of the

other. Add to this, that the mental powers of the sexes are very unequal and different, and that solidity generally accompanies the male, and levity the female. How much therefore is the one superior to the other ! Fools indeed are the produce of every soil ; but as we have proclaimed the French nation to be light-headed, we thereby clearly infer that the ladies in France are altogether mad. But to end the dispute, let' us give every female credit for what she knows, in proportion to the extent of her wisdom, and we shall soon discover, that the least noisy are possessed of the most knowledge. Can there be any thing more insupportable than to hear a half-witted lady pretend to ridicule a man of sense, or to get the better of his doctrine by the insurmountable argument of a laugh. In a word, the lady whose tongue takes the lead in every company, and is eternally claiming kindred with wit and wisdom, is an object of detestation and pity. And she who has pretensions to writing, is only fit for confinement. The loud and loquacious female is as dangerous to the community (for we are certainly imitative !) as a mad dog. And she who has acquired that indescribable fearlessness of front and intolerable volubility of tongue, ought to be avoided as a basilisk.

I am, &c.

PHILOSTRATUS.

*Beaumont Bank, 1787.*

#### HISTORY OF

#### LORD WARTON.

I Shall not trouble you with repeating my pedigree, or the history of the ancestors from  
VOL. III.

whom I am descended ; the many honourable posts they have enjoyed will prove their nobility, and I cannot say I have that profound respect for their memory as to suppose a circumstantial relation of either their actions or pursuits would afford you any entertainment, but shall confine myself to him who has the honour to call himself your friend, and only premise, that being heir to a good estate, my accomplishments and perfections were the object of admiration in my own family at least ; and before I was twenty, was universally allowed by all the women to be irresistible, and was declared by my relations to be a prodigy of wit and understanding, though to say the truth, very little pains had been taken in my education, for it was agreed by both masters and preceptor that " too much study fatigued the mind, and weakened the memory." I had learnt a few words in most of the European languages, and even could express myself tolerably in some of them, and had made the greatest progress in French, but my knowledge in any was merely superficial, and I frequently found myself dreadfully at a loss when I most wished to shine in company ; indeed, to speak truly, the only real qualifications I could then boast, were, to ride gracefully and well, to make a bett with judgment, and to be so nicely exact in the care and management of my stable, that my race horses were celebrated through the three kingdoms both for strength and swiftness. My father anxious to see me a complete fine gentleman, determined I should go abroad, that I might hereafter, as he thought, be a pattern and example to the rest of the young nobility—his partiality combining thus the love of his child with zeal for the

X

future welfare of his country and its improvement: when this project was communicated to me I received it with rapture, and was impatient to set out on the tour of Europe as soon as possible.

My equipage was ready in eight days, for as I was to travel incognito, it was my intention to be frugal on the road, and less limited in my expences when I staid for any time in any particular place. I took with me only a valet and a footman, for my father thought me old enough to be master of my actions, and did not conceive it to be at all necessary to encumber me with that horrid animal called a tutor, as he had ever looked upon them as mere pedants, whose constitutional remonstrances weary, without instructing their pupils.

I resolved to begin my travels by the way of Holland, therefore embarked in the packet with my slender retinue, and a fair wind soon blew us over to the first port in the Low Countries, and as I knew it must be impossible that any provincial town could afford any thing worthy of notice, I continued my way without stopping till I came to Amsterdam: the appearance of this city is worthy the capital of a rich republic; but I was much less struck with the edifices than with the number and diversity of the inhabitants, as there is here, as I may say, a sample of the people of the different nations of the universe; and as it is an undoubted truth, that a contemplative mind may make itself acquainted with the national disposition of a whole kingdom, without ever associating with the inhabitants, so I formed a perfect and complete idea of the manners and custom of the Hollanders, from the observation made from my inn window, as from

thence it was easy to observe that their dress was of the coarsest cheapest kind, without either gold or silver lace, and that their chief amusement was to walk with a pipe in their mouth, which national particularities convinced me that the Dutch are miserable, avaricious, slovenly, and idle.

Thus fully acquainted with the national character of the men, I then wished to know something of the general disposition of the women: I happened to mention my wishes on this subject to one of the smoking fraternity, who came to drink beer and talk politics at the inn; he seemed sensible of the condescension I shewed in entering into conversation with him, and quitting his pipe in return for my politeness, requested I would accompany him home for that evening, where I should see something worthy my curiosity: though I could not form any very pleasing ideas of the entertainment I should meet with at the house of a man whom I had always seen enveloped in a cloud of tobacco, yet a weariness of myself, and a wish for something to do, induced me to go with him. We set out and walked thither; but how great was my surprise to see him enter the gates of a magnificent palace, the outside of whose walls were painted in different colours, and within lined with beautiful China tiles, according to the custom of the Dutch; this he told me was his habitation: we traversed a large court yard full of domestics, and went up a grand marble staircase, which led to apartments most superbly furnished, and which contained luxuries from every quarter of the globe; the exact neatness with which these rooms were arranged and kept in order, increased the pleasure they gave to the beholder; the floors were

bright as the looking-glasses, and every piece of wood shone like silver. My friend, the smoker perceived my astonishment:—

“Young stranger, said he, the same neatness, at which you seem so much to wonder, is universal through Holland, for which reason it is generally said, we pass half our lives in the care of our furniture.”

I was going to answer, when he threw open the doors of a cabinet full of natural curiosities, worthy of a sovereign prince, and which to a lover of natural history, would have afforded hours of entertainment; but as I have neither taste or judgment in that way, I candidly own to you that I was tired to death, so very long did he keep me expatiating on the different rarities it contained: we quitted it at last, and he then led me towards an apartment I had not yet seen. “This, said he, is where I receive my company, (I was going in) but you must, continued he, pull off your shoes before you enter it; princes who do me the honour of a visit, are not exempt from this custom, and I always submit to it as shoes leave marks on the floor.” This custom appeared to me so very ridiculous that I could scarce keep my countenance; however, both the Dutchman and myself having pulled off our shoes, we entered bare-footed into the room.

I did not repent my complaint, nor bestow much attention on the decorations of the apartment, though it exceeded for elegance and beauty all I had yet seen; but I had eyes only to gaze on a young person, who more nearly resembled a goddess than any mortal I had ever seen before: this object of my admiration was sitting near the window, and was employed in making lace,

which shewed the smallness and delicacy of her hands, and the roundness and whiteness of her arms to the greatest advantage: when she rose to receive us, I was charmed with the elegance of her form; but when she advanced to meet us and threw herself into the embrace of the fat Dutchman, calling him her dear papa, I envied him the caresses she bestowed on him, though her father. My new acquaintance presented me to her, if not in a polite, at least in a friendly manner, and told her, “I was a young Englishman, with whom he had lately made an acquaintance; I told him, added he, that I should be glad to see him during his stay in Holland, and doubt not, but you will be as much entertained with his conversation as I am.” I made not any difficulty of assuring the honest Batavian that “I would accept this permission, and wait on him often;” but when I endeavoured to address the young lady, I was at a loss for words to express myself, and conscious of the very ridiculous figure I made, was still more confounded; and though I could have wished to pay a long visit, was glad to make an escape to my inn, after a very short one; and I then learnt from my landlord, that my new acquaintance was one of the richest traders in the United Provinces, and likewise one of the States General. “His High Mightiness, he said, had been a widower some years, and had only one daughter whom he idolized.—“What a detestable country is this, returned I, where there is no distinction of dress to render rank conspicuous, but persons of real consequence are clothed like the vulgar! Long live, say I, those brilliant nations of the polished world, where men

are so fond of appearing what they are not; that a laced coat is often the whole estate both real and personal of those who wear it.

*To be continued.*

### On Patriotism and Tithe-Gathering.

*Concluded from page 128.*

**T**HE mode of gathering the tithes, however simple and established it may appear, is, nevertheless, the point worthy the greatest deliberation of the farmer, when considering his farm. Many farms, indeed, are tithe free; and where that is the case, the landholder, no doubt, is only concerned, but as this custom is not general, I shall give the sentiments of an author on Agriculture to you Sir, on this head, and proceed in his words to a description of the matter.

Speaking of these lands where the tithes are gathered, (as the phrase is) he goes on thus: "All farmers know well enough the oppressive exorbitancy of this *tax* so collected; which is not fixed in proportion to any given value, rent, product, &c. but increases regularly with his industry and improvements. In a word, it is a matter beyond the power of calculation; which will grow up, not with your riches, but according to the exertions of your labours:—will lay *violent* though *legal* hands on the tenth, not of your rent, nor of your expences, but of the whole of your produce, that is, of rent, labour, and expences of every kind. In fine, it is a *tax* of ten *per cent*, upon every shilling of your out-laying, of what kind and sort soever. Avoid such an

oppression as you would do a pestilence."

So much for the gathering of the tithes; my author next mentions a species of compound, which is equally enormous and unreasonable. Where this is the common practice, it seems, the farmer, in taking a lease, earnestly enquires the general manner of agreeing with the ecclesiastical landlord; with whom he desires to establish a compact of tithes, drawn in proportion to the average price of corn, &c. through the preceding year; but the parson for the most part, admiring the rich glories of uncertainty, absolutely refuses any such bargain, and very devoutly tells the husbandman, that such ways are against the rules of the church, which dependeth on God alone, and whose dues are to be regulated by his divine grace, and not the will of his creatures.

"Some little time, therefore, before harvest, (says my author) the priest rides through your farm, and holds forth to the following purport:

"Farmer, this is an excellent crop!—a noble crop of wheat; truly!—you must pay me ten shillings an acre for it.—That is not quite so good, I will accept eight shillings for that.—This barley is indifferent, five shillings an acre will be about the mark.—Ha! a noble crop of oats indeed! well worth six shillings an acre.—These are bad ones, I will be contented with two shillings and sixpence.—But there seems to be a very fine field of beans;—aye, indeed, a very fine crop! seven shillings must be your tithe for them."—Thus will your crops be scanned, and the sum total demanded without power of appeal."

Besides these more material things mentioned by my author,

fruit, garden-stuff, beehives, and some few exotic plants such as tobacco, rhubarb, &c. are tithed like wise: *for the Lord hath need of them.*

Having made it appear, therefore, that the farmers, &c. are now quite unconcerned about the subject of tithes; let us now, Sir, observe the conduct of the insurgents. Allowing it to be the rabble, that out of their own heads, began these commotions, it is not easy to suppose, that they who are least affected by the tithes, if they ever intended to create a disturbance, should set forth the oppression of the tithes for their reason of so doing; as they of all others, stand in the greatest awe of the clergy. Besides, these meetings are conducted with the greatest art and regularity; a circumstance never attending the frantic and tumultuous proceedings of the mob, when left to themselves, whom every morn inspires with a variety of new intentions, every one of which will bear the marks of the incongruity of its producers.

Of all the French taxes and oppressions, that which Britons look upon with the greatest disdain, is the arbitrary distressing of the husbandman's effects; or that power which can lay hold of his improvements, and consequently puts an effectual stop and restraint on his industry; but were the prejudices, which are so apt to envelope the minds of mankind dispelled; there would, in my humble opinion, appear no small similarity between this grievance, and the sacred imposition that grows upon the industry of our farmers, as the *taxes* with the *wheat*, and at last overtops it; as plenty is the properest field for oppression and imposture, and since manure and culture have the unlucky tendency towards producing and giving vi-

gour to weeds, as well as the more hopeful bounties of the year.

There are, in Ireland, according to the smallest computation, two millions, two hundred and seventy thousand persons, and out of these, on a calculation, most favourable to *Protestantism*, there are one million, three hundred thousand *Papists*. Now, Sir, on the remembrance that the *Papists* are double taxed, double tythed, and subjected besides, to severe penal laws, it must be confessed, that the people of Ireland have no great reason to cry up the liberal ideas of the times! The double land-tax, &c. will oblige the *Popish* gentlemen to stretch to the utmost the rents of their estates: and as it has been stated, the farmers on the other hand, oppressed by the clergy, are not able to give adequate wages to their labourers, so that the different stations of men may be said to lie upon one another's shoulders! The same being the case amongst tradesmen, manufacturers, &c. must occasion inequality and confusion over the whole country!—Concerning these matters, application and remonstrance have been made to Parliament, at several periods, which (for reasons better to be conceived than demonstrated) have been passed over in silence. And now, pray what more reasonable or natural method could they have pursued to gain their purpose, than to render, by frequent obstinate, and determined opposition to these grievances, their complaints of sufficient moment to attract the regards, and merit the consideration of the legislature? It is true indeed they have proceeded to outrages, but ill respondent to the character of a civilized people; but let it be remembered, that the lowest members of the community are

the element that must be acted upon on such occasions—an element of such elasticity, that when once impelled, there is no determining the consequences!

Therefore, Sir, having gone thus far, I would recommend to you, and all other unprejudiced people, that setting aside clergymen and patriots, with the same wisdom that excludes physicians, &c. from juries, you would judge according to common reason, and common liberty of what I have set before you. I shall only add, that England and Ireland have borne, and still bear a *burden*, which when introduced into Scotland, has this long while given rise to such a commotion, as has liberated the people from a continuation of its oppressions!

Nevertheless, I dare scarcely venture to attribute *this* to the liberal ideas of the inhabitants, as they yet bear a Christian aversion to all those who will not fall in with the rules of Presbyterianism. How lately did the flames of desperate fanaticism drive from society and their own country some few families who had the unheard of audacity to make it appear, that they harboured thoughts not quite conformant to the *holy Pastors of the land*? By what shall we distinguish their rage from that of the Holy Inquisition in its present state of moderation? unless it be allowed that the *Catholics* outdo us in Christian charity, (and indeed it cannot well be otherwise, since they have the immediate and undoubted *representative of God* for their regulator, whereas our Scots parsons assume only the titular dignity of apostles) for they chasten every one for the good of his own proper soul, while we far more selfish and interested, set fire to people's houses, expose them to the seve-

rities of God's air, or expel them from the face of the earth, for our own present peace and eternal salvation! Now, Sir, lest I should be taken for an unprincipled calviler, and reviler at all the instruments of religion; or one who *wishes no good to the Clergy*, I declare, that far from thinking their emoluments too great, the situation of the inferior part of them, has always filled my breast with pity for their condition, and perhaps too little respect and reverence for these favoured members of the church, who shew much more eagerness for the *gracefulness* of God's riches, than the *richness* of his grace. These weighty gentlemen, seated in their easy chairs in a good warm room, when their hearts are filled with gladness, because of the fat things of the earth, can never imagine, that many poor subalterns of the church, (if I may use the expression) can find the least difficulty in maintaining their families in a decent and respectable manner, on an annual salary too little to be mentioned, earned with the risk of their health, and frequently the ruin of their constitution. No: if they think at all of this matter, they are busy contriving how they may lessen the small pittance their inferiors at present obtain; that (if possible) it may be more completely fulfilled as it is written, *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.*—But the sufferings of the one party, and the zeal of the other, would swell my epistle to the bulk of your whole Museum; therefore I shall recommend them to the mercy and protection of providence, and do sincerely wish that the dues of the church were established and collected in a manner more consistent with Christian liberty than the present.

It may be objected by you, Sir, and not without reason, that it is highly necessary to suppress the Papists with double taxes, penalties, &c. This I am ready to allow, and would desire you, Sir, to remember, that I never proposed to examine the proprieties of these things; but only the present leniency, liberality, and openness of heart, the application of which epithets, to this age, brings into my mind the story of the wolf, who not content with being acquitted by the crane, demanded a particular remerciment for his kindness, and the title of the gentleman of unprecedented generosity!

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

CAIUS GRACCHUS.

*Court of Common Sense,* }  
*March 1787.* }

# THE ADVENTURES

## O F A P E N.

**A**S biography is a branch of science that has always claimed the regard of the sensible and discerning in the most enlightened ages, on account of its being both instructing and pleasing, I hope to be excused in laying before the public a series of adventures, which will be found at least uncommon, if not interesting. I shall therefore, without farther apology, enter on my own history, and relate the most material events that have befallen me, from the earliest part of my existence to this day.

The first thing I can remember, is my being, a long time since, situated on the wing of my parent, with four of my brethren, on a large common in Lincolnshire.

Here we lived in great amity with each other for several months, being carefully placed by my mother's side continually, and invigorated by the warmth of her body, till we ripened into full growth and firmness, and were capable of assisting her in the various employments of her station.

We frequently enabled her to escape her pursuers, by running when slightly attacked; and carried her aloft in the air, when any imminent danger threatened.

At length, however, a dreadful catastrophe happened to my mother, and about thirty more of her companions. She was caught, with the rest, in spite of the utmost efforts we could make for her rescue, inhumanly stripped, while alive, of us her offspring, and then turned out, almost naked and defenceless, with her fellow-sufferers, on the same common which had been the place of her birth.

This account may, perhaps, be looked on as fictitious by many of my readers; but I can assure them that it is the general practice in that humane and polite country, and that many of our species have been claimed as titles by some of the pious tribe of Aaron, to reward the pains they are at in implanting the principles of humanity and benevolence in the tender-hearted inhabitants.

But to return. Myself and brethren were violently torn from her bleeding sides, (without the least regard to her moving cries and writhing anguish) and put into a basket by an old woman, where we found our own species in the same state of slavery. Here we consoled with each other on our hard fate, in the hands of un pitying enemies, and exposed defenceless to the unknown insults of feeling barbarity. In a short time

we were shut up in close durance, and deprived of air, light, and water, for many days. At length we were huddled promiscuously together in a large hamper, and put into the Stilton waggon for London.

On our arrival there, we were carried to a large dealer ~~for~~ our species, who purchased us at a low price, and turned us into a room among thousands of companions, who had arrived there before us. Here we passed the night under various apprehensions of our fate, till the approach of morning, which put an end to our conjectures, by the experience of such horrid tortures as could not have been exceeded by a Nero or Caligula.

Soon after sun-rising, the tyrant who had bought us came into our apartment with a fierce countenance, accompanied with two or three of his myrmidons at his heels. He soon laid hold of several companies of us, which were separately bound up with cords, and conveyed us into another room, where was a large fire, and a cauldron over it filled with boiling liquor.

I apprehended we were going to suffer some new calamity; but how great was my horror, when my cruel master, with me, and about five hundred of my companions in his arms, approached the reeking vase, and threw it into the boiling fluid that filled it! The act was so sudden, that had it been in our power, we had no time to resist; therefore, as soon as we felt the piercing heat, we endeavoured to keep above the surface.

But even this poor solace was denied us by our cruel master, who pressed us down in the liquor till it had penetrated every part of our frame, and nearly destroyed our texture. Words are too faint

to express the anguish we felt in this Tartarian gulph, wherein we were almost reduced to a jelly. At length, however, we were released from our torment, and thrown by to cool at leisure. But this was only a temporary respite from one suffering to another; for in a short space of time we were seized, and condemned to pals the night in a hot oven. Soon as we approached the dreadful mouth, our fine filaments began to shrink; but when we were inclosed in the horrid cavity, our tender bodies were scorched to that degree that our texture was again almost destroyed. Our skins were shrunk, parched, and shrivelled like those of the inhabitants of Madagascar, or the swarthy inhabitants who dwell under the torrid zone. Here we suffered the most intolerable anguish, while the piercing heat dried up all our fluids, and melted our very marrow; yet we found no end of our being, but still survived to undergo new torments from another master. By degrees the heat abated, and in the morning, being released from our confinement, myself, and ninety-nine more of my companions, were disposed of, as a sample of our colony, to an eminent stationer in Fleet-Street. On our arrival there we were mixed with a vast number of our own species in a back room, where we enjoyed a longer respite from misery than we had known since our first captivity.

At length, however, a strange kind of a being called an Author, came; and with an odd mien and gesture, looked us over, and purchased a score of us, whom he took home with him to his lodgings. Our new master lived in an unfrequented court, in an exalted region, vulgarly called an uncieled garret.

Here we were exempt from the terrors of heat, and enjoyed every advantage that a free circulation of air could supply; there being a great many fissures in the dome, through which Favonius breathed his gentle gales, and cooling rains descended. A window towards the east (whose fractured quarries proclaimed the ravages of time) admitted a dim, shadowy light, over the whole mansion. Here our master entering, threw us down in a kind of extasy, muttering hard sentences, which we knew not, with a vociferous accent, while his eyes and hands were rolled and thrown about in the most extravagant attitudes and gestures. We soon perceived on the floor the scattered fragments of many of our species, cut, hacked, and torn into piece-meal. This greatly alarmed me, and gave me the first suspicion of those unheard of tortures we were shortly to undergo.

But we had not long to reflect on the scene; for our master soon unbound us, and squeezed our bodies alternately, without pity; till finding one of my companions more robust than the rest, he laid him on the table before him. Then with uplifted eyes, and in a tone of exultation, he exclaimed—"Thou shalt be the instrument of raising me to the pinnacle of fame, and of encircling my brows with unfading laurels."

Instantly taking a small knife out of his pocket, being the only thing he had now left in it, he fastened up my companion, and scraped his body till no part of the skin was left on him, and the very sinews lay bare. Then making a dreadful incision in the lower part of his belly, he drew out his entrails entire, after which he split him up the back, and sharpened him to a point. But it happen-

ing that the fissure in his back was a little jagged, he threw him aside in a rage, and immediately caught up me. I then suffered the like excoriating and mutilating operations, notwithstanding all my endeavours to evade the edge of his cruel knife. Now having lost my lower parts, I was metamorphosed into a new being, although not deprived of my existence, and stuck erect in a broken phial of black liquor before him, to be "the instrument of raising him to the pinnacle of fame." As the delicacy of my frame and pliant disposition pleased him, I was carefully preserved as his favourite servant, and employed by him in numerous offices, though seldom to any good purpose.

But, notwithstanding this, I was still far from being happy; for sometimes, in the midst of his lubrications, he would hold me so near the fire, that I was almost scorched; and at other times, when he had racked his brains ineffectually for a new thought, or a poignant remark, he would gripe me between his teeth till I was near perishing. However, on the whole, I enjoyed more ease than formerly, although I was generally employed on hard duty, which so injured my lower parts, that the operation of the knife was frequently wanting.

As my master was a manufacturer of paragraphs to fill up barren newspapers, I have often related robberies and murders that were never committed; brought many persons to the altar of Hymen, who perhaps had never seen each other; consigned numbers to the tomb, who, for aught I knew were in perfect health, and related many private transactions, intrigues, gallantries, and *tete-a-tete* conversations, which had no

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existence but in the addled brains of my master.

I have also been of singular use to him in artfully endeavouring to render vice pleasing, and folly venerable, in making virtue the object of ridicule, or at least to enforce her precepts with such languor and coolness, as evinced my master not to have been her real friend.

Sometimes, indeed, I have promoted vice without hypocrisy, in describing the most picturesque scenes of lewdness and debauchery transacted in stews, brothels, night-cellars, and bagnios, in terms best calculated to awaken licentious passions in mankind. At other times, in the character of a learned divine, I have made commentaries on the sacred text for hire, and puffed off my erudite performances with the dignified title of a doctor of divinity. In short, I have been a perfect Proteus in my employment ever since I became the slave of this mercenary hireling, whose daily bread I was the means of procuring, at the expence of every honourable consideration.

However, being by continual duty reduced to a state of incapacity for delicate service, I one day chanced to disgorge a considerable quantity of the black virulent fluid of his ink-horn on the fair copy of a petition to a certain great man for political employment. This put him in such a rage, that he threw me instantly out of the casement that stood open before him. My natural levity occasioned me to make a slow descent, and a young lady passing by at that instant, I safely lodged myself in the hood of her capuchin.

This lady was the daughter of an old citizen, a perfect miser; and had a secret correspondence with a young officer in the guards, whose personal accomplishments,

though they gained the affections of the daughter, were not beheld in the same amiable light by the old gentleman, for this plain reason, because they were opposite to his own. He was descended from a good family, was very genteel in his person, extremely affable in his conversation, a man of strict honour, and who detested a mean action. He had, however, the misfortune to be the younger brother of a numerous family, and was to seek his fortune in the field of honour.

Dorus (for so I shall call him) had frequently seen the lady in one of the green-boxes of Covent-Garden theatre, and between the acts had employed his time so effectually as to gain entire possession of her heart. Her father having received intelligence of the affair, took it into his head that she might probably elope; therefore, on her return from the milliner's where she had been that morning, he thought proper to confine her to her room, and to deprive her of the use of all my species. In this solitude she spent the day, without the possibility of informing her dear Dorus of her imprisonment; but in the evening, when she was folding up her capuchin, I fell out on the table before her, and my unexpected presence filled her with the greatest transport. She instantly caught me up, regarding me as a valuable treasure, and pressing me to her lips with extasy, carefully lodged me in a private drawer for future use. Next day she requested some black cherries, which being sent up to her, she employed me in conjunction with the juice, to inform her dear charmer where she was confined. But as she was folding up the letter, her father unexpectedly entering, saw me lying on the table, and in a fit of passion, vent-

ed in severe exclamations, caught me up, and put me in his coat-pocket.

The first use I was put to after I fell into the hands of Gripus, (my new master) was to disinherit my fair mistress. This was a task greatly against my will to perform; but I was a mere machine, and incapable of resisting. But I had soon after the satisfaction to find, that the old gentleman's revenge recoiled upon himself; for having both wills before him, he in the heat of his passion threw that in which his daughter was disinherited into the fire, and carefully lodged the former, in which she was appointed sole legatee, in his strong box. After this I was employed in making contracts, and signing receipts for interest on bonds to young tradesmen, at the rate of twenty per cent, till I became unfit for use, and was thrown by, totally neglected.

At last, however, one day, some coals happening to fall into the dripping-pan, while the meat was roasting, the cook caught me up as I lay in the corner, to sweep them out, and placed me on the side of the fender. A kitten being in the room, and attracted by the gravy that hung about me, caught me up in her jaws, and with hideous roaring ran into the dining-room, and conveyed me under a bureau. Here she mumbled me till my upper parts were almost destroyed; but still I survived, and remained there neglected many months, till at length the death of my master occasioned a general removal of the furniture. It was then that I was found by the scut-lion, who being engaged in an amour with an Irish chairman, wanted to send him an assignation that very evening. After she had wrote her billet-doux, she left me

in her chamber by a parcel of paper; and while she was absent in the morning, I employed myself, for the first time, in writing this narrative of my own adventures, which you will please to insert in your Museum. I am your friend and benefactor at command,

A PEN.

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THE NATURAL

HISTORY OF TEA.

**T**EA, which throws some people into vapours, affects their complexion, spirits, and nerves, so as to apprehend themselves either dying or dangerously ill; gives others the cholic or gripes, and affects not a few with tremors, &c. while it enlivens the mind, eases the stomach and bowels, and helps to brace the nerves of others, is but very little known in regard to these surprising and contrary effects, though it is almost universal in use.

This plant, or rather shrub is called Tea from the Chinese original Thea or Thee. It is a shrub of a very slow growth; it has a black, woody, irregular, branched root, rises to a fathom high, or somewhat more; the bark of it is of a chestnut colour, dry, thin, and weak, greyish on the stem, and a little greenish on the extremities of the twigs; yet it is firm, and sticks closely to the wood, and is covered with a very thin rind, which sometimes loosens of itself, as the bark grows dry. Under the rind the bark is greenish, and smells like the hazel-tree leaves, and has a bitter, nauseous, and astringent taste.

The wood is hard and fibrous, of a greenish colour, inclining to white; of a very offensive smell when green; and the pitch, which

is very small, sticks closely to the wood.

The branches and twigs are numerous, irregular, slender, of different sizes, but rather short, and have none of those rinds which denote the annual increase of other trees and shrubs. Its leaves are very thick set, without any regularity, on short, fat, green foot-stalks, roundish and smooth on the back, but hollow and somewhat compressed.—The leaves are in substance like those of the *Morella* cherry-tree, in shape, colour, and size, when well grown; but when young and tender, they resemble (except in colour) the *Spindle tree*, with red berries, called *Eunymus*. The larger leaves are two inches long, and one broad, or but little less: from a small beginning they become roundish and broader, and then taper into a sharp point. Some are of an oval shape somewhat bent, and irregularly undulated lengthways, depressed in the middle, with the extremities rolled backwards; they are smooth on both sides, of a dirty green colour, somewhat lighter on the back, where the nerves, being raised pretty much, leave many hollows and furrows on the opposite side: they are serrated or indented, the teeth being a little bent, hard, obtuse, and set close together, but of different sizes; they have one very conspicuous nerve in the middle, which is answered by a deep furrow on the other side. Every leaf is branched on each side into five, six, or seven thin transverse ribs of different lengths, and bent backwards near the edges; and some smaller veins that run between the transverse ribs.

The fresh leaves are astringent and bitterish, but not nauseous, and have no smell. They differ in substance, size, and shape, according to their age, situation, and the

nature of the soil on which they grow. Their quality is narcotic: so that if they are drank green or fresh gathered, they would affect the body, especially the hands with tremblings and convulsions in the nerves. But they lose this noxious quality in the drying and rolling, by which the clammy, yellowish, corrosive juice, that causes these tremors, and which will sometimes flea the hands of the roasters and rollers, is entirely squeezed out, and drained off.

The branches contain many flowers of an inch or more in diameter, not unlike our wild roses. They have little smell, and are composed of six round hollow leaves, standing on stalks an inch long, which from a slender beginning, insensibly grow larger, and end in an uncertain number, commonly five or six, of small round leaves, which serve instead of the calix. These flowers continue growing till late in the winter; one or two of them are generally sick, shrunk, and fall far short of the largeness and beauty of the rest: and they have a very disagreeable, bitterish taste, which chiefly affects the basis of the tongue.

This flower contains many white and very small stamens, like those of the rose above-mentioned, with yellow heads shaped like a heart; and these flowers are succeeded by great plenty of fruit, which is uncapfular, bicapfular, or more commonly tricapfular, like the seed vessels of the *Recinus*, or *Palma Christi*, composed of three round capsules of the bigness of wild plumbs, grown together on one common foot-stalk, as on a center; but distinguished by three pretty deep partitions. Each of these capsules contains a hulk, a nut and seed.

The nut is almost round on one side only, and is covered with a

thin, hardish, shifting, inclosed in a coloured shell, inclosing a reddish kernel, as firm as that of a filbert: it at first tastes sweetish, though not very agreeable; but it soon grows rougher and bitter, like that of the cherry seeds, making one spit plentifully; yet, though these kernels contain much oil, and are very nauseous, when they fall down into the throat, the disagreeable taste goes off quickly.

The method of sowing the seeds of this shrub, is to put a seed vessel, containing between six and twelve seeds into one hole about five inches deep, and at such a distance, as when they come to grow up and spread, they may not run so close as to hinder the plucking off their leaves. They thrive best in a rich fat soil; and the leaves should never be gathered before the bush is three years old. In seven years time it rises to about a man's height; after that it grows very slowly and yields but few leaves: therefore they cut these old ones down to the stem, and by that means new sets of branches and twigs shoot out thicker and more numerous than before.

The method of gathering the leaves is one by one, lest they should be torn. The first gathering begins at the middle of the first moon, immediately before the vernal equinox. These leaves are scarce fully opened, being only of two or three days growth: but they are accounted the best, fetch the best price, and are called the Flower of Tea, but by the Chinese You, Bui, or Bohea Thea; though the second gathering, which begins about a month after, is often sold for the first, especially by those that pick out, and separate the smaller and most tender leaves of this growth. The last

gathering is in June, the leaves of this gathering are sorted into three several classes, according to their size and goodness, and are sold accordingly. The greatest quantity imported into Europe is of the third, or grosser sort, and it is of this sort that the generality of the natives drink.

After the leaves are gathered, they are, the same day, carried to the work-house, and roasted over a slow fire in an iron pan, and that they may be thoroughly dried, the roaster keeps them constantly stirring with his hands, then takes them out with a shovel like a fan, and commits them to the rollers, who roll them with the palms of their hands in small parcels, till they are equally cooled, and the sharp, yellow, and greenish juice is quite discharged, if not, they are roasted and rolled a second and third time till it is, and then they are poured upon a mat, and sorted a second time into different classes according to their goodness, and those that are left curled or burnt are taken out.

As soon as this prepared Tea is quite cold and sorted, the Chinese put it into boxes of coarse tin, inclosed in wooden chests, and carefully stopped in all the clefts with paper, to preserve the Tea from the effect of the air. These boxes, tubs, or chests contain about one hundred and twelve pounds each, and are the same in which the East India company import their Tea.

It is commonly said, that the Dutch were the first importers of Tea into Europe, about the year 1606, for which they exchanged dried sage with the Chinese; and though the English did certainly, about the same time, gain a knowledge of this shrub; we do not find that the government took any cognizance of it till the restoration,

when in 1860, a duty of eight pence per gallon was laid on the liquor made and sold in all coffee-houses, attended with the inconveniences of an excise officer's survey, who was not obliged to attend above twice a day.

Not only China, but Japan, and Siam are fruitful in this shrub. And the Japan-Tea is most esteemed for its fine, clear, green colour, smaller leaf, and more delicious smell.

The Tea commonly imported amongst us, is only of two sorts, Green and Bohea. At first the Europeans mostly used the green: but since the Japan trade is lost, and we have traded most with the Chinese, who, when they are weak, chiefly confine themselves to Bohea, and ascribe to it a singular virtue of healing, and preventing diseases, and applied it as the balsam of life to the human machine, we have introduced the use of Bohea-tea very much, though Green tea is still the favourite of nice palates, and persons of high rank.

The Chinese Bohea is distinguished by the names of Pekoe, Congo, and Common.—The Pekoe is a very small black leaf, and has many small white flowers mixed with it. It has the most pleasant and delicate flavour, its liquor is not of so deep a tincture as the others, and it creams briskly when poured out. The water must stand on it a considerable time to draw out its virtue, and it will bear four or five sundry waters. This sort of Tea improves by keeping.—The Congo is of a larger leaf, and a deeper brown. If you do not pour off the water quickly, the whole strength of the Tea will be drawn out at once, so that the best way to have fine tea, is to mix these together in equal quan-

ties.—The Common Bohea is blacker and larger leaved than either of the former, and smells and tastes more faint, and not unlike dried hay. It gives the deepest tincture, and two or three waters draw out its whole strength.

Green Tea is distinguished by the names of Hysson, or Hyson (so called from Mr Hysson, a rich East-India merchant, that first imported it) imperial, common, and ordinary.—The Hysson-tea has a smaller, harder, and more curled leaf than the common Green, it is of a more blue colour, tastes crisp in the mouth when chewed, and afterwards looks green when spit out; and though it scarce tinctures the water with a pale greenness, when strongest, it is of a most delicious flavour. Its virtue is known by the clear blue green of its leaves, or more certainly by letting a cupful of its liquor stand all night, then, if its colour delicate smell, and bitterish taste continue, it is good; but if these, or any of them be impaired, the Tea is old, and lost part of its virtue.—This Tea will bear four or five waters, and requires not so much Tea, as any other sort, to the same quantity of water.

Imperial Green-tea is green in the eye, crisp in the mouth, of a lighter green than Hysson, has a more flat, large, and loose leaf than any other green tea, and is pretty pleasant to the smell, but has the faintest taste of all green tea. Two waters will draw off its strength, because it is the lightest, and its principles the loosest of all others.

Common Green-tea is of the better sort, has a better leaf than the imperial, is of a darker green colour, rougher, and more astringent to the taste, and will bear three or four waters.

Ordinary Green-tea is of a darker (or, if very coarse, of a light whitish-green) colour; neither so pleasant to the taste nor smell as the common, and will not bear so much water.

## AN ESSAY ON LIGHT.

WHEN God had spoken into being that illustrious globe of light the sun, every dark orb in the new-created system was so illuminated as to exhibit to its future inhabitants the vast variety of entertaining wonders, with which the creation was to be replenished.

Light, indeed, according to the Mosaic account, existed antecedent to the creation of the sun; and the yet imperfect world, without that bright luminary, enjoyed an alternate succession of day and night. God himself enlightened it, his spirit moved upon the surface of the chaotic mass, and "divided the light from the darkness."

When these divine beams were suspended, the same almighty power was pleased to supply their want by fixing the sun in the mighty void to give light upon the earth; whereas, if the world had been left in its original restless state, our very eyes would have been but a useless ornament, and all the beauties about us for ever buried in eternal night.

But in obedience to God's command, the solar rays stream swiftly from their blazing fountain, and, by a regular and constant flow, always illuminate one half of the rolling world: their motion is so swift, and their quantity of matter so minute, that when they come within the sphere, they are out of the force of the earth's

attraction; otherwise they would actually move about her, with a compound motion, and make a perpetual sunshine.

Many of these rambling effluvia, in their passage from the sun, unavoidably passious world, travel of from system to system, and lose themselves in the spacioust regions of empty space; but there, they never stream in yains like so many ready obsequious servants they visit every object, fly to us unnoted, and pleasantly entertain us every moment with the endearing beauties of the gay creation.

*Observations on Winds, Clouds, and Rain.*

TO waive many other considerations by which it might be demonstrated that the Winds are a wise contrivance of the Supreme architect of the universe, I shall confine my present observation to their usefulness to the world.

So great is their use, and of such absolute necessity are they to the salubrity of the atmosphere, that all the world would be polluted without these agitations thereof: For as we are made sensible, from daily experience, how putrid, fetid, and unfit for respiration, as well as health and pleasure, a stagnating, confined, pent up air is; it is certain if the whole mass of air and vapours was always at rest, and without motion, instead of refreshing and animating, it would suffocate and poison all the world: whereas the perpetual commotions it receives from the gales and storms, keep it pure and healthful. Hence it is well observed in Lord Howard's voyage to Constantinople, that at Vienna they have frequent winds,

which if they cease long in summer, the plague often ensues. And it is probable, that from some such commotions of the air that the plague immediately ceases at Grand Cairo, as soon as the Nile begins to overflow.

These ventilations are also necessary for the pleasure of the inhabitants of the terraqueous globe. Without the gentle breezes that fan us in the heat of summer, even in this our temperate zone, men are scarce able to perform the labours of their calling, or not without danger of health and life; as might be exemplified on that remarkable hot day the 8th of July in 1707, which was so excessively hot, and suffocating, by reason there was no wind stirring; that divers persons died, and others were in great danger of death in their harvest work. But especially witness the perpetual gales which throughout the whole year do fan the torrid zone, and make that climate an healthful and pleasant habitation, which otherwise would scarce be habitable.

To these we might add their great use in various engines, and various businesses. By these, men are transported to the farthest distant regions of the world. And in particular we ought to pay a special regard to the providential dispositions of these meteors, which supply us with general and coasting trade winds, the sea and the land breezes; the one serving to carry the mariner long voyages from east to west; the other serving to waft him to particular places; the one serving to carry him into his harbour, the other to bring him out.

But not to dwell too long on this meteor, which serves in many o-

ther particulars to the necessities and conveniences of life; let us proceed to the other meteors, Clouds and Rain, which we shall find no less useful; as is manifest in the refreshing pleasant shades, which the clouds afford, and the fertile dews and showers, which they pour down on the trees and plants, which would languish and die with perpetual drought, but are hereby made verdant and flourishing, gay, and ornamental; so that, as the Psalmist says, "The little hills rejoice on every side, and the valleys shoot for joy, they also sing." And if to these uses we should add the origin of fountains and rivers, of vapours and rains, as some of the most eminent philosophers have done, we should have another instance of the great use and benefit of that meteor.

Now, if we reflect upon this necessary appendage of the terraqueous globe, the atmosphere, and its great convenience to the whole, and in a word, that it answereth all the ends and purposes that we can suppose there can be for such an appendage: who can but own this to be the contrivance, the work of the great Creator? Who would ever say or imagine such a body, so different from the globe it serves, could be made by chance, or be adapted so exactly to all those forementioned grand ends, by any other efficient than by the power and wisdom of the infinite God? who would not rather, from so noble a work, readily acknowledge the workman; and as easily conclude the atmosphere to be made by God, as any pneumatic instrument, wrought by its power, to be contrived and made by man.

*Miracle of the Skull, a pleasant Story.*

TWO men digging a grave in a church-yard, at Macon, upon the river Seine, found a skull, which they threw upon the grafs by them, with the common unconcern of grave-diggers; but soon after, perceiving it to stir, they they ran to the curate of the parish, and told him what they had seen. The superstitious curate immediately supposed it was the skull of some saint, that had been buried in that place, and therefore posted thither, where to his great surprize and joy, he found the skull still moving, upon which he cried out a miracle! a miracle! and resolved to have the precious reliet deposited in his church with all proper ceremonies; for which purpose, he sent in all haste for a consecrated dish, a cross, and holy water, his surplice, stole, and cap, ordered all the bells to be rung, and sent to give notice of the joyful news to the parishioners, who thronged in crowds to the place. Then he had the skull placed in the consecrated dish, and being covered with a napkin, it was carried to the church in procession; during which great debates arose among the parishioners, every one insisting that some of their family had been buried in that place, in order that they might assume to themselves the honour of having a saint in their family. Upon their arrival at the church, the skull was placed on the high altar, and a *Te Deum* was begun; but when they came to the verse *Te per Orbem Terrarum*, a mole unluckily crawling out of the skull, discovered the secret cause of its mo-

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tion; upon which a stop was put to the ceremony, and the congregation being greatly disappointed, dispersed.

*A Concise History of MAN.*

*Continued from page 118.*

NEXT to the brain, the eye demands our particular attention as one of the noblest ornaments, and of the most useful members of the human body. In its structure and wonderful properties are manifested the wisdom and goodness of the divine Creator.

The situation of this member is happily contrived as to provide for its security, at the same time that it is made to be the chief ornament of the face,—remove it either higher or lower, let it be more protuberant, or sink it deeper into the head, and you destroy its effect as an ornament, while you expose it to accidents, from which it is at present guarded.

Of the beauty and powers of the eye, so much has been written by orators, poets, and physiognomists, that we may with great propriety refer to their works, and proceed to that particular delineation of it, which belongs to the Natural History of Man.

In the first place, we wish to confirm our assertion, that the situation of the eyes is the best calculated for their security and defence.

For this purpose, they are sunk into convenient vallies, and are encompassed by prominent parts, which serve as strong ramparts, to prevent external injuries, from accidental causes. By the projection of the forehead and of the

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cheek bones, all blows descending or ascending obliquely, are warded off, and they are likewise defended against the strokes of any flat or broad bodies; so that any material injury done to the eyes must be directly contrived and aimed at them: thus we observe, that the hand must be clenched, and the joints of the fingers projected in fighting, to make a mischievous assault upon this delicate member. Not less admirable is the contrivance of the eye-brows, to prevent inconveniencies of a painful and troublesome nature, though of less consequence than the violences from which they are guarded by the nobler parts just mentioned. Were it not for the eye-brows, dust, or sweat, or loose hairs falling from the head, would expose the eyes to numberless minuter accidents, which would interrupt their operations. Their eye-lids and eye-lashes have likewise their share in the security and defence of the eyes: not only protecting them, in an immovable state against any troublesome insect that might otherwise settle upon the chrySTALLINE parts, but when in motion, acting as a fan effectually to keep them off, yet notwithstanding these barriers, we all know the painful sensation which arises from any small particle of matter fixing upon the cornea; seldom as this happens, it affords the most striking proof of the security and defence provided for by the eye-lids and eye-lashes; but they likewise prevent the bad effects of too glaring a light, by casting a necessary shade over the eyes, and lastly, they protect them from all external injuries during the time of sleep, as well as render that sleep sound and refreshing to nature, by drawing their delicate curtains and excluding all light.

The outward coat of the eye being pellucid, to transmit the light, if the eyes were always to remain open, they would grow dry and shrink, and consequently lose their lustre, therefore the frequent winking of the eye lids has this peculiar use, a moisture, by this motion, is separated from them by glandules, contrived for that purpose, with which they new varnish the eyes, and likewise wipe off any filth that might otherwise adhere to them; and lest they should hinder the sight, this motion of the eye-lids is performed with amazing celerity.

The next subject of admiration is the ball of the eye, the substance of its exterior membrane being so tough and strong, that it is difficult to make a puncture in it; it is likewise so slippery that it eludes the touch, and even abates the force of a blow, to which its globular form also contributes.

And as the direction of the body in walking, and all its other exercises depends upon the eyes, they are necessarily exposed to the air, and to every inclemency of weather; for which reason, to guard them against the effects of cold, the kind author of nature, has seated them in a bed of fat, and as this is constantly warm, while life remains, they are by far less sensible of cold than any other part of the human frame.

*To be continued.*

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*Observations and Remarks upon Health, addressed to the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

SIR,  
**Y**OU have taken some pains to instruct and please the public; I return you thanks for the share I

have had in your monthly entertainment; were I able to communicate any thing to you that might further your design, and prove worthy of your acceptance, from a principle of gratitude I should cheerfully do it. I shall make my first attempt in offering at something relating to the health of the human body:—A blessing, not only great and valuable in itself, but is what gives a peculiar relish to our other enjoyments of life, which without this, in a great measure, would prove insipid and unfavourable. What is honour and fame, riches or grandeur, friends, food, or raiment, &c. to the weak and languishing, the sick, pained, and oppressed patient?—All comparatively are of little account.

Health is (or does consist in) a free, easy, and perfect enjoyment of all the faculties of the mind and body, with a due performance of all the vital, natural, and animal functions, without any impediment, pain, or molestation. It does consist in an equal motion of the fluids, and an equal resistance of the solids in every part. The fluids are said to be equally moved when they make no greater impetus upon one part than another; the resistance of the solids may be said to be equal when they press the liquids on every side, so as to cause no sensation of pain. It seems to be a circumstance absolutely necessary to a full enjoyment of health, that all the component particles of the chyle, blood, and other fluids remain uniformly and exquisitely mixed, so that none of their parts may flow by themselves. Were the saline parts to separate from oily, the small vessels would be destroyed by their corroding quality; the oils by themselves would render the parts they possess inaccessible to the aqueous fluids, and the water

alone would desert all the larger arteries and veins, and escape into the smaller vessels. Health, in short, is a right exercise of the several actions of the solids and fluids according to the established laws of nature, whereby the blood, with the other circulating juices are carried through their respective vessels, the several secretions are made in due proportions, and the excrements expelled by their different emunctories in their proper seasons, without obstruction.

Perfect life is Health, the abolition of life is death, and life injured is disease. Galen has observed we use the word Health, with some degree of latitude: perhaps few persons can be said to be perfectly in health, but we usually say they are in health, when they have no particular complaints, and are able comfortably to discharge the common offices of life. Indeed without some measure of health, we can be neither agreeable to ourselves, nor useful to our friends;—we can neither relish the blessings of Divine Providence attending us in this life, nor acquit ourselves of the several duties we owe to God and our neighbour. These considerations induced Mr Cowley to consider Health as

“ The salt of life which does to all  
a relish give;  
Its standing pleasure and intrinsic  
wealth:  
The body's virtue, and the soul's  
good fortune.

Health was deified by the ancients, both Greeks and Romans, the latter erected a temple to her in their capital city, where she had divine honours paid her, under the name of Salus, and was supposed to have been the daughter of Æsculapius. To this Dr. Garth may perhaps allude in the follow-

ing beautiful lines, descriptive of Health :

“ Hail blooming goddess ! thou  
propitious power,  
Whose blessings mortals next to  
life implore ;  
Such graces in your heavenly eyes  
appear,  
That cottages are courts when  
you are there.  
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile  
or frown,  
Find ease in chains, or anguish in  
a crown.

Exercise and temperance do largely contribute to health. In order to enjoy and continue this blessing, a late writer hath given this good advice—

“ Let supper little be and light :  
But none makes always the best  
night.”

The late Dr Cheyne hath justly observed, that to die martyrs to luxury and wantonness is equally beneath the dignity of human nature, and contrary to the homage we owe to the Author of our being. Those who wilfully transgress self-evident rules of health, are guilty of great ingratitude to God, in thus slighting and despising the noblest temporal gift he can bestow upon man. This conduct in a rational creature does also incur great guilt upon other accounts, it being a treacherous forsaking the post Divine Providence hath placed a man in, and rendering himself incapable of answering the evident designs of God's providence over him in the world.

I think it is somewhere said of the emperor Augustus, that for his health he every year used the bath, every month he took a puke,

every week he fasted a day, and every day he walked an hour.

Some have observed that a healthful body at full growth does ordinarily weigh about two pounds and a half averdupois less in the summer than in the winter season, which is owing to the cold lessening perspiration, and the heat in summer increasing it.

The chief end of all knowledge in the art of physic, is to restore health to the sick ; and practice is that part of the science of physic which teaches how to find out by undoubted natural signs in the patient, when there is a disease,—what that disease is,—in what state, whether in its beginning, height, or declension ;—and by what method and means this disease may be carried off, and health restored.

Let those who enjoy this favour be thankful for it, and shew a becoming concern to improve it ; answerable to their better ability, they should do more than others both in religion and social life. Such should not be willingly wanting in any known instance of duty to God, their neighbour, and themselves.—Let such as labour under disorders in the fleeting frame, seek relief in the use of all lawful means which Divine Providence hath put within their power ; at the same time looking to the God of nature as the great Physician for success.

I am, Sir, yours,

W. B.

#### *Remarks on the ancient Egyptian Government and Customs.*

THE antient Egyptians were not only famous for the invention of arts and sciences, but are reported by several historians

to be the first who understood the true nature of government. Diodorus Siculus informs us, that although their government was monarchical and hereditary, it differed in several respects from all other monarchies, and that their kings were more strictly obliged to obey the laws.

Not only slaves and foreigners were prohibited to attend about their persons; but men of the most distinguished birth, education, and abilities, were always chosen for that office, in order to instil generous sentiments into their minds, and check them in their extravagancies; which little upstarts could not take the liberty of doing; for it seldom happens that kings indulge themselves in any vicious excesses, unless the ministers or favourites encourage them in their irregularities and passions.

The kings of Egypt were so far from complaining of these restraints upon them, that they did not look upon it as any affront to be stinted both in quality and quantity of their eatables and drinkables. Nay, instead of being allowed by law to range abroad in pursuit of unlawful pleasures, even the times of lying with their own queens were prescribed to them.

However, these Egyptian monarchs were allowed a little flattery, like other kings; for it was the particular business of the high priest, in the midst of their divine service, not only to pray for his Egyptian majesty, but likewise to enter into a long detail of his royal virtues; taking particular notice that he was a most gracious and religious king, mild in his government, just in all his actions, a perfect master of his passions, &c.

But the high priests of that age were not so sullen in their panegyrics as some of modern date;

for though they paid these fine compliments to all princes, whether they deserved them or not, it was with a glorious intention of exciting them to the practice of virtue, and in order to dissuade them from vice. They took the liberty of putting them in mind, at the same time, of the faults and miscarriages, which kings are capable of committing. To do this with the more decency, they always supposed that it was owing either to ignorance or misinformation; denouncing vengeance against all ministers, who gave their royal masters ill advice, or concealed the truth from them.

But amongst all the Egyptian customs, the most remarkable were their funeral ceremonies. In most other countries, and particularly in the present age, it is grown a received maxim, to speak nothing ill of the dead; but in Egypt it was not allowed to praise them in the same indiscriminate manner. They could not have that honour, without the approbation of the public. As soon as any man died, he was brought to his trial. There was an officer appointed, on purpose, to accuse him. If it was proved that the deceased had behaved in a scandalous or corrupt manner, his memory was branded, and his body denied burial. On the contrary, if he was acquitted, he had all the honours of interment paid to him. This law had such an effect upon the morals of the people, that every body was afraid of disgracing his own character, and the reputation of his family.

What was most surprising, in this public court of judicature upon the dead is, that the crown itself was not exempted from it. The kings were spared, during their lives, for the sake of the public good; but, when dead,

were obliged to undergo the same strict enquiry; and some of them have been actually denied the funeral honours of their country.

All the people of Egypt were reputed noble, and did not look upon any thing as true praise, but what arose from personal merit. For this reason they insisted only on the prince's justice, generosity, modesty, affability, sweetness of temper, and other amiable qualities, which not only secured him from censure, but raised the most glorious and lasting monuments to his memory.

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*Anecdotes from Sir John Hawkins's  
life of Dr Johnson.*

*Of Dr Mead.*

**I** Here add an Anecdote of no less a person than Dr Mead himself, who very early in his life attained to his station of eminence, and met with all the subsequent encouragement due to his great merit, who nevertheless died in a state of indigence. The income arising from his practice I have heard estimated at 7000l. a year, and he had one, if not two fortunes left him, not by relations, but by friends no way allied to him; but his munificence was so great, and his passion for collecting books, paintings, and curiosities, so strong, that he had no savings. His manuscripts he parted with in his life-time to supply his wants, which towards his end were become so pressing, that he once requested of the late Lord Orrery the loan of five guineas on some toys, viz. pieces of kennel coal wrought into vases and other elegant forms, which he produced from his pocket. This story incredible as it may seem, Lord Orrery told Johnson, and from him I had it.

*Of Dr Birch, the Antiquarian and Historian.*

“ I heard him once relate, says Sir John, that he had the curiosity to measure the circuit of London, by a perambulation thereof, the account he gave was to this effect; he set out from his house in the Strand, towards Chelsea, and having reached the bridge beyond the water-works, he directed his course to Marybone, from whence pursuing an eastern direction, he skirted the town, and crossed the Islington road at the Angel. There was at that time no City Road, but passing through Hoxton, he got to Shoreditch, thence to Bethnal-green, and from thence to Stepney, where he recruited his spirits with a glass of brandy. From Stepney he passed on to Limehouse, and took into his route the adjacent hamlet of Poplar, when he became sensible that to complete his design he must take in Southwark; this put him to a stand; but he soon determined on his course, for taking a boat, he landed at the Red house at Deptford, and made his way to Say's-court, where the great wet dock is, and keeping the houses along Rotherhithe to the right; he got to Bermondsey, thence by the south-end of Kent-street to Newington, and over St. George's Fields to Lambeth, and crossing over to Millbank, continued his way to Charing-cross, and along the Strand to Norfolk-street, from whence he had set out. The whole of this excursion took him up from nine in the morning, to three in the afternoon, and according to his rate of walking, he computed the circuit of London at above twenty miles: with the buildings erected since, it may be

Supposed to have increased five miles, and if so, the present circumference of this great metropolis is about half that of ancient Rome.

### AN E C D O T E.

IN the twelfth century, that age of superstition, when scarce one person imagined that devotion and vice were incompatible with each other, Saint Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, was distinguished by a purity of sentiment and manners then uncommon. One day he came to the nunnery of Godstowe, and entering the church, beheld a magnificent tomb, covered with

silks hangings, and surrounded by lamps and wax tapers. Enquiring whose it was, he was answered, that it was the tomb of Rosamond, the mistress of King Henry II. who had been a great benefactor to that church.—“What!” exclaimed Saint Hugh, “can money then obtain these honours which are due to the virtuous only? This woman has enriched your house: but she perished in her guilt. Remove those pompous ornaments from her tomb, and let us convince mankind, that it is not gold, but repentance and piety alone, that can expiate a life of scandal and adultery.”

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

SIR,

Your indulging me by the publishing of my last, emboldens me to trouble you again with the following Barometrical and Thermometrical observations made at Berwick, in March, 1787,

I am, yours, &c.

OBSERVATEUR.

*Berwick, April, 1787.*

1787	Barom. at		Ther. at	
Mar.	Noon.	Night	No	Nt
1	24.91	28.9	57	53
2	28.7	29.06	57	43
3	29.1	29.32	57	40
4	29.7	29.84	44	38
5	29.85	30.38	38	36
6	28.95	28.84	42	43
7	29.2	29.6	49	36
8	29.67	29.6	46	36
9	29.4	29.2	45	41
10	29.15	29.42	43	39
11	29.62	29.9	46	36
12	30.1	30.12	48	47
13	30.16	30.3	55	49
14	30.3	30.25	55	46
15	30.2	30.2	55	51
16	30.15	30.2	56	52

1787	Barom. at		Ther. at	
Mar.	Noon.	Night	No	Nt
17	30.3	30.42	62	50
18	30.5	30.42	57	48
19	30.3	30.25	54	48
20	30.12	30.1	59	48
21	30.1	30.08	60	46
22	29.8	29.5	53	51
23	29.	29.1	55	43
24	29.4	29.58	55	41
25	29.5	29.4	50	42
26	29.35	29.35	56	49
27	29.46	29.3	53	46
28	29.2	28.29	51	45
29	28.88	29.08	50	41
30	29.14	29.25	48	43
31	29.6	29.75	48	42

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

SIR,

The following most extraordinary Problem having for many years engaged the attention of the most eminent Mathematicians in our dominions; and though we all agree in its solubility, yet none of us have been found equal to the task: But, nothing being *too arduous or refined* for some of your ingenious Correspondents, we cannot entertain a doubt of seeing a full and explicit solution thereto in your instructive and entertaining repository; and that nothing may be wanting on our part to encourage so laudable an undertaking, we have ordered our Treasurer to present with 500 guineas the learned gentleman, who shall, before the Feast of St. Michael next ensuing, exhibit the most elegant Solution; which Premium will be paid without any deduction, on his repairing to *our lodgings*.

A Ball being shot from the Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed on the first of January last at noon, in a vertical direction, and with a velocity of 6.9793 miles per second; it is proposed to determine the point of the earth's surface to which it will be vertical on the thirty-first of December next at twelve hours P. M. with its distance from the earth's center, and its velocity at that time, supposing it to move in a nonresisting medium.

PLUTO.

*Questions.*

I. I have a Garden in form of a parallelogram, whose length exceeds its breadth by eight chains, and its area is 825 chains. Required the sides?

J. C.

II. Given the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle 70 feet, and the legs are to each other as 5 to 6. Required the area?

*An Enigmatical List of the Principal Ladies who danced at Mr Campbell's Public, April 10.*

1. The name of the shallow place of a River where people usually cross.
2. The fairest flower in the garden.
3. Three fourths of a monosyllable, and two thirds of *finger*.
4. The beloved disciple, and the best of all materials for building.
5. A word synonymous to *sacred*, and the name of twenty-four hours.

*Berwick.*

F. S.

## P O E T R Y.

## ALNWICK'S CONDOLENCE.

[Continued from page 138]

TEN years, alas ! long tale of human grief,  
Where boundless Charity supplied relief !  
'Ten years, alas ! long injury, and woe,  
For which our tears did mutually o'er-  
flow ;  
Since to immortal bliss our Ducheſs fled,  
And now—Northumberland himſelf is  
Dead !

## THERON.

He droops—he ſinks !—the millions  
too aghaſt,  
Decline their heads as willows to the  
blaſt !  
And hark ! what ſhricks of anguiſh and  
deſpair,  
Rend the according regions of the air !  
Striking the ſoul with ſuch a ſolemn  
pause,  
As ſuits the ſolemn ſubject and the cauſe !  
Spreading new chaos o'er the face of  
day,  
While ſympathetic nature owns its ſway !

## FIDOR.

And now each paſſenger with heart-  
felt moan,  
Sobs out—“ Our noble Duke for ever  
gone !  
“ The gracious Percy—gentle, kind,  
and juſt  
“ Not all his virtues ſave him from the  
duſt !”

## THERON.

But Alnwick ſee, recover'g from his  
trance,  
Forth, to the gath'ring croud, more  
calm advance,  
With ſolemn ſtep, and ſlow ! His wav-  
ing hand  
Reſtrains the preſs. They bow to his  
command !

## FIDOR.

But ſoft ! He ſpeaks !

## ALNWICK.

Friends ! Fellow Sufferers too—  
For each his goodneſs, as his greatneſs,  
knew—

VOL. III.

Here pauſe awhile ! and ere th' admir-  
ing Muſe,  
With ſympathetic tears, his urn bedews ;  
Like you, enamour'd, enters on the  
theme,  
Northumberland's dear regiſter of fame ;  
Let us—before ſuch character we draw,  
Eſtabliſh eulogy's unwarring law !

Let flattery's ſons, or ſycophants pre-  
pare,  
For human greatneſs, the well painted  
tear !

With borrow'd plumage deck the lord-  
ly herſe,  
And daub the ſcutcheon with their art-  
ful verſe !

Thro' all the changes of th' elegiac  
line,  
Make the whole catalogue of virtues  
ſhine,  
Raiſing their pageant above divine.  
In ſelfiſh hope the living to enſnare.  
By miſjudg'd honours paid the kindred  
bier !

If ſacred truth withholds her full eſt  
blaze,  
Such fabled eulogy becomes diſpraiſe !  
Where ſhe—bright oracle whom all re-  
vere,  
Who only can command the honeſt tear,  
Where ſhe approves not the acknow-  
ledged theme,  
In vain the Poet conſecrates to Fame !  
O'er-heightened virtue dwindles to a  
crime,  
By ſuch exaggeration of the rhyme !  
Each carping critic, ſtill the Muſe's peſt,  
Feeds on the ſatire, and enjoys the feaſt.

So Duke or Ducheſs—how ſoever great,  
Tho' tenfold digniſh'd by worldly ſtate :  
So would it be, if, to thy fitting ſhade,  
Condolence ſung in doubt, or falſe  
parade !

But where thy name, thy memory illumine  
The truths that riſe refulgent from the  
tomb ;

Where all the ſiſter-virtues hand in  
hand,

Unitè their praiſes with a grateful land ;  
Tho' green-eyed jealousy, tho' envy  
frowns,

And eager haſte to pull thy trophies  
down ;

A a

Tho' foul-tongued malice, with envenom'd rage,  
 Impeach the candor of th' historic page;  
 Like the cur's barking at the silver moon,  
 Their breath as fruitless; slander dies as soon;  
 While to thy glory all due credit give,  
 And greet those laurels which shall ever live!

[To be continued.]

## AN APOLOGY.

SOME with their nature constantly at strife,  
 Assume an air, and lead a single life,  
 Concluding thus that all the sex are vain,  
 Perverse, or worse, and nuptial honour stain;  
 Averse to thought, to virtue, and to truth,  
 They live corrupted from their earliest youth;  
 So prone they are to act a vicious part,  
 "That ev'ry woman is a rake at heart."  
 But stop, my friends, do not the sex revile,  
 And all debauch'd without distinction stile;  
 There are, perhaps, among the female race,  
 Such characters, its shame, and its disgrace,  
 Who, in their hearts, licentious from youth,  
 Are perfect strangers to the voice of truth,  
 But sure I am the characters are few  
 That such obscene and vicious paths pursue;  
 If we with candour view the female mind,  
 The most to modest virtue are inclin'd;  
 In early years, licentious thoughts nor pride,  
 Are ever to their tender minds ally'd,  
 And if in age, such thoughts they entertain,  
 (gain!  
 It is from you such sentiments they  
 "Woman, by whom you are, the source of joy,  
 "With cruel arts you labour to destroy,  
 "A thousand ways their ruin you pursue,  
 "Yet blame, in them, those arts first taught by you!"  
 But some there are in place of vicious blame,  
 Deserve the trophies of the noblest fame,

Who rather than submit to base desire,  
 Would die by torture, or in flames expire,  
 A thousand deaths they rather would endure  
 Than yield up virtue for one single hour—  
 One single hour—nay for a moment's space,  
 Ten thousand deaths they rather would embrace!  
 Lucretia was and still Lucretia's are,  
 The proud to humble and licentious dare,  
 Who rather than pollute their spotless soul,  
 Would find the dagger, or prepare the bowl!  
 Nor is it shame that keeps them thus in awe,  
 As some aver, but virtue's sov'reign law;  
 For tho' they were remov'd from human eye,  
 As far as earth is distant from the sky,  
 Chaste virtue's cause their hearts would still defend,  
 All arts defy, and glory to the end,  
 Their motto this, "All vicious pleasure cloy,  
 "But virtue crowns with everlasting joys!"  
 Then cease, my friends, at the whole sex to rail,  
 Nor more attempt to call them worse than frail;  
 If some there be who have their virtue lost,  
 And in the gulph of vicious pleasure tot's'd,  
 Lament, lament, you were the only cause,  
 That made them swerve and fall from virtue's laws,  
 And if to them stern punishment be due,  
 For virtue gone, what must be done to you!

Berwick, }  
 March, 1787. } CATO REDIVIVUS.

## TO THE EDITOR.

Nolra nec erubuit sylvas habitare  
 Thalia. Virg.

HID in the winding vale, beside the stream,  
 Where waving birks a fragrant shade diffuse,  
 Where inspiration guides the youthful dream,  
 Her vot'ry fond invokes the rural Muse.

The lofty strains let abler poets sing ;  
My humble pipe shall sound no lofty  
strain ;  
But pleas'd salute the love-inspiring  
spring,  
And trace the artless beauties of the  
plain.

Nor yet to deck my song with foreign  
greens,  
To old Arcadia's far-fam'd fields I'll  
stray :  
O ! guide me, Muse, to paint my na-  
tive scenes,  
I ask no brighter streams, no shades  
more gay.

In richer climes, let nature's slavish hand  
With richer verdure clothe th' enamel'd  
mead,  
Delight with fruits and flow'rs the hap-  
py land,  
Be mine the joys that bless the banks of  
Tweed !

There, sacred freedom holds her spor-  
tive reign,  
And peace and plenty crown the cir-  
cling year ;  
Discord and war no more approach the  
plain,  
Nor mad ambition arms her vet'ries  
near.

Yet ah ! too oft has Tweed's delightful  
shore,  
Beneath the ruthless hand of rapine bled !  
Seen every flow'ry vale distain'd with  
gore,  
And orphan'd tears and widows sorrows  
shed !

Then direful horror reign'd in every  
breast,  
Hatred was hiss'd by every infant's  
tongue ;  
And oft the dying father's last request  
Enjoin'd his sons t' avenge a parent's  
wrong.

The careful swain in vain prepar'd the  
soil,  
In vain in patient labour spent the day,  
Since Autumn's gifts that should re-  
ward his toil,  
Became (unhappy times) a ruffian's prey.

The simple cotager forsook the plough,  
To ward destruction from his humble  
home ;

The warrior's wreath adorn'd the shep-  
herd's brow  
His fleecy charge neglected left to roam.

Gentle Thalia† struck with just alarms,  
With such disastrous scenes could ne'er  
agree,  
Where every shade conceal'd a host in  
arms,  
And every stream " ran purple to the  
sea."

Ye gods, forbid ! such times should e'er  
return,  
To mar with scenes of death the rural  
joys,  
To cause again the captive maid to  
mourn,  
Or damp with grief the cheerful infant's  
voice.

Long may the rude and savage voice of  
war,  
At distance howl from Tweed's delight-  
ful shore !  
And borne by Britain's fearless sons afar,  
On Gallia's coast let Britain's thunder  
roar.

O may no sorrow swell the gentle gale,  
But that soft grief which love-sick minds  
endure ;  
Long may the shepherd only fill the vale,  
With 'plaints, which beauty's conq'ring  
smiles can cure.

The Muses haunt th' Aonian mount no  
more.  
Nor stray with Maro o'er the Mantuan  
plain ;  
They long ago deserted Tyber's shore,  
To guide thro' British groves the na-  
tive swain.

Here Thompson sung—Ah could I catch  
his flame,  
And reach the grandeur of his rural  
strains,  
Thy banks, O Tweed, should rise aloft  
to fame,  
And everlasting greens adorn thy plains.

Oh ! honour'd bard, may thy celestial fire,  
Warm ev'ry youth that roams thy na-  
tive mead ;  
Thy heavenly raptures every swain in-  
spire,  
That leads his lambs along the banks of  
Tweed.

† The rural Muse.

While ardent youth inspires my care-  
less breast,  
I'll musing wander o'er the flow'ry glade,  
And soft reclin'd on balmy cowslips, rest  
Beneath the waving woodlands grateful  
shade.

There ancient oaks with ivy clasp'd a-  
round,  
And spreading elms with vernal beauty  
bloom;  
There the pale primrose strews the  
favour'd ground,  
And eglantines diffuse a sweet perfume.

And there the blushing violet is seen,  
(Fit flow'r to deck my charming Chloe's  
breast!)  
And there the laughing daisies paint the  
green,  
By nature's hand in varie'd liv'ries  
dress'd.

These sure are subjects suited to my  
lyre,  
The stream, the sunny hill, and fragrant  
grove:  
The sweet confusion Chloe's eyes in-  
spire,  
Will guide my Muse to sing the pains  
of love.

Tweedside, }  
near Kelfo, }  
April, 1787 }

DAPHNIS.

Assur'd that he, tho' master of his art,  
Could not such fine such rapt'rous  
charms impart  
As fancy could, therefore his thoughts  
were fix'd  
On only this, to find for her a text.

Now Maskind, Sir, we, ev'ry day we  
live,  
A proper text to genial fancy give,  
Ev'n when you see, as your complaint  
discloses,  
"Nothing save chips, and mouths, and  
tops of noses;"  
If these be seen, and properly express'd,  
Your fancy soon will paint you all the  
rest,  
Or if it cannot, go again to school,  
And be a sober dull prudential fool.  
But e'er you go, to this advice attend,  
The man of fancy is our only friend;  
As long as we have fancy on our side,  
In youth or age, we care not what be-  
tide;  
As long as fancy lasts our charms may  
sway,  
And teach ev'n kings and monarchs to  
obey,  
But fancy gone, our charms that pleas'd  
before,  
Devoid of beauty, now can please no  
more!  
Prudes may be piqu'd, and belles their  
features show,  
But we to fancy half our graces owe!

WOMAN-KIND.

Barwick, April 1787.

An Answer to Man-kind's Query, pro-  
posed page 93, in the Museum for  
February.

WHEN great Apelles drew the Paphian  
queen,  
The boast of art, not half her charms  
were seen;  
The head and breast was all the artist  
drew  
And these were half averted from the  
view;  
He perfect master of enchanting stile,  
The goddess drew, but almost en profile,

## ERRATA.

For the four first lines of the Pastoral  
on page 141, read the following:

Accept of the Muse' early lay,  
And for once hear what lovers endure,  
Then deign to smile anguish away,  
And believe love admits of no cure.

For the last line of the third stanza  
read

Does alone appear charming to me!

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

*Extract of a letter from Lisbon.*

"WHILE the Dey of Algiers refuses to treat amicably with any European power, and continues to infest the Mediterranean, he has had the mortification to lose one of his largest galleys, which was taken on our coasts by a Maktese ship, after a bloody engagement, during which the carnage was dreadful on both sides. The Maktese Captain, and most of his officers were wounded. The Algerine Captain, and two of his principal officers were wounded, and the greatest part of the crew killed or drowned. An immense booty was found on board the piratical vessel, consisting of goods pillaged from all nations, and a considerable quantity of Portuguese coin."

*Extract of a private letter from Algiers, dated March 16.*

"Our Dey has dispatched a confidential officer to Smyrna, to raise new recruits, and bring them hither; the officers took shipping in an English vessel which happened to be here. The Chamber of Commerce at Marseilles have sent the Dey his annual tribute, which the Marseilles merchants, and even the European powers call presents. A present implies a gratuitous gift, the nature of which is entirely left to the donor. But those barbarians have frequently the insolence to refuse the presents, unless they be entirely to their liking, and to threaten what they will do, if their wishes are not complied with. So that what the European Powers send, cannot be considered as a present, but a tribute which they are obliged to pay.

"M. Don Thomas, the Envoy from Naples, was ordered by the Dey to begin a negotiation for the relief of the Neapolitan slaves, whom he has in his power. The conferences on this subject were frequent and long, and the difficulty was, how to settle the price of each slave's ransom. The Dey, who knew that he had power to release, or keep them just as he pleased, asked an exorbitant price; but at length it was agreed, that Don Thomas should pay for every sailor 550 sequins, (near 100*l.* of silver sequins) besides which he was to pay all the expences which the proprietors of slaves might pretend to have been at. Three of these unhappy slaves are not included in this bargain, because the Dey has thought proper to put an uncommonly high price on their heads. As soon as the slaves have been released and embarked for Naples, Don Thomas is to begin a treaty of peace, which, it is hoped, he will be able to accomplish, as the Dey and all the regency seem inclined to live in amity with the Neapolitans. The Portuguese are not in so high favour; it is not thought that they will succeed, unless with great difficulty, nor without making considerable concessions. Their Envoy, however, is doing all he can. The Dey asserts that he does not wish for peace with any other nation than the Neapolitans. The Regency of Algiers appears even to wish to quarrel with any other nation, nor can the Barbarians be censured for avoiding being at peace with all the European nations who plough the main; and

as they perceive that they are feared, they seem determined to turn this panic to a good account. They attack, pillage, and rob; and if any power declares war, it is just that they want, because when

the time of making peace comes, they can raise their price at pleasure. Spain affords a striking instance of this, and the case of the Portuguese is nearly similar."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*April 26.*

**L**ORD George Gordon appeared again; but the Attorney General and the Solicitor General on the part of the prosecution, did not appear.

Lord George went up to the Master of the Crown-office, and Secondary, on his first coming into Court, and told them the Court had been wrong in pressing him to plead the day before to the informations the Attorney General had exhibited against him, as Mr Jones of the Crown-office had only served him with one of them. However, he would speak to the judges in proper time.

His Lordship waited there till all the other causes were over and the Court rising, when he addressed the Judges saying, That yesterday he would not contend with the Judges as to the propriety of pleading guilty, or not guilty, to two informations at once, though he had been only served with one, because the Court was thronged with his friends, and a grenadier having carried his bag, gave rise to one of the Counsellors privately asking him "if he was come to besiege them?" That day he had brought his bag himself, without any attendant, and requested the Bench would inform him, if he might subpoena one witness, and obtain the sanction and authority

of the court to recover one letter relating to the first information; adding, that the nicest delicacy ought to be attended to, as great personages only would be involved in opening and trying the cause between the Courts of France and St. James's and himself. The Court informed his Lordship that the trial being now at issue the delicacy was out of the question; and that he might apply to their proper officers for whatever subpoenas and papers were necessary for his defence. His Lordship bowed with gratitude and submission to the Judges, and the Court rose.

It was understood at Westminster Hall, that a certain great lady was the witness his Lordship alluded to; and the letter is supposed to be one written to his Lordship by Comte d'Adhemar, the French Ambassador, which is in his Majesty's own possession, accompanied by one from Lord George Gordon, delivered to the King by the Marquis of Carmarthen and Mr Fraser, relating to the affairs of Ireland.

Lord George Gordon went to the Lady's in question immediately after the Court of King's Bench rose, and left a message that he would be subpoena'd to appear in the King's Bench, in the prosecution against him by the Court of

France and London, and entreated she might not be the least alarmed on the subpoena being served upon her.

Lord George Gordon informed the Court that he did not intend to call any witness to prove his innocence of the second information, (called by the Crown Lawyers a libel against the Judges) as he was confident he could make a witness arise in each of the Judges own breasts, on the day of trial to convince them that he was guilty of no contempt, misdemeanour, or trespass, against such honest and impartial men as he had always found them.

A few days ago, Thomas Davis a native of Spain, who has for many years excited charity by the oddity of his dress, being enveloped in patches and rags, and well known in the vicinity of St. Giles, was apprehended by Mr Keen, a Marshalman in Aldgate, and brought for examination before Alderman Townsend, at Guildhall. The Alderman observing him decorated with a long beard, declined entering into the merits, till he had been shaved and his head dressed, This was accordingly done; when he returned, after the operation, the fact of his being a common beggar was fully established, and the Alderman directed him to be sent to Bridewell for a month, and to receive bodily correction; he also ordered his coat of many colours to be burnt, and a plain dress substituted in its stead.

Nothing more plainly shews the alteration which dress makes, than the appearance which this man cut, after having been shaved and powdered; instead of being an infirm and aged man, he proved, wonderful to relate! a stout, healthy, young fellow, not 35.—Proof

of this was adduced by more than two or three, who assisted in conveying him to confinement, as he was pretty liberal in the distribution of black eyes and broken shins.

After the hearing was over, the Alderman took the opportunity of approving the conduct of Mr Keen in securing so atrocious a vagrant, and gave it, as his opinion, that the laws now in being for the suppression of beggars were quite sufficient to effect that purpose if properly carried into execution.

## B E R W I C K.

*April 1.*

It is a remarkable fact in the history of Scotland, that a gentleman, who is extensively concerned in the Salmon fisheries, and who had built a very large Ice-house, with a view of preserving the fish for the London market, could not procure a single particle of ice for that purpose through the winter; such has been the singular mildness of the season.

As most people are never satisfied, there are not wanting many who say, that the promising appearance of the seasons is fallacious, and that late springs produce the greatest plenty. Dr Johnson accounts for this *in his way*. The delay of blooms and fragrance, of verdure and breezes, is for the most part liberally recompensed by the exuberance and fecundity of the ensuing seasons; the blossoms which lie concealed till the year is advanced, and the sun is high, escape those chilling blasts, and nocturnal frosts, which are often fatal to early luxuriance, prey upon the smiles of vernal beauty;

destroy the feeble principle of vegetable life, intercept the fruit in the germ, and beat down the flowers unopened to the ground.

9. There was a young goose, at Bowdson moor, laid an egg of an uncommon size, which induced the owners to break it, in order to see, if any thing particular was the cause of its great bulk. It was found to be double. The inclosed egg was about the common size. The shell of the outmolt was not so hard as the other. This, together with the inclosed egg, also contained an equal quantity of white and yolk. The whole weighed upwards of 13½ ounces.

*An useful hint.*—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight in the course of 40 years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years 121 days and sixteen hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that it is the same as if ten years of life, a weighty consideration, were added, in which we could command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, or the dispatch of business.

*Extract of a letter from Dublin, April 10.*

“An account from Cork mentions an extraordinary circumstance which took place at Cattle-townroche in that county, on the 30th ult.—A ball of sulphureous ignited matter fell from the clouds on the cabin of an inhabitant of the last mentioned quarter, by which one man was killed immediately, and six others burned in a miserable manner; a pig was also killed, and the carcase is said to have emitted an almost intolerable stench, inasmuch that when even covered to a considerable depth in the

earth, the effluvia was extremely offensive. No particulars are mentioned as to the state of the atmosphere previous to this phenomenon.”

The following barbarous method of curing a restive horse, was lately put in practice by a servant of Mr Parker, of Wetherby.—The servant having experienced some delay by his horse's unwillingness to stretch his gear, determined to compel him by a no less foolish than cruel experiment:—he accordingly fastened a cord to the horse's tongue, tying the other end to the stretcher of the leading horse; when the fore horse no sooner laid too, than Dobbin's folly was marked upon his countenance by surprise and fear, at seeing the horse's tongue suspended upon the stretcher.

#### BIRTHS.

*April 2.* The wife of Andrew Carr of Gathrick, of two sons and a daughter.

13. Mrs Cockburn, Tobacconist, of a son.

26. Mrs Todd, Bridge-street, of a son.

#### DEATHS.

*April 1.* Mrs Forster, widow, aged 78, she lived 50 years in the house where she died.

— Mr James Rate at Ancroft-Greens, aged 39.

7. Henry Thomas, aged 91.

9. Sarah Phorson, aged 17.

13. Mr Thomas Robison at Ford.

16. Isabel Robison, aged 78.

17. William Griffin.

19. Mrs Mary Herriot, aged 82.

30. Miss Jane Dixon, aged 15.

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OR,

M O N T H L Y

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

BEING A VIEW OF THE

HISTORY, POLITICS, AND LITERATURE  
OF THE TIMES.

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# THE BERWICK MUSEUM:

OR,  
MONTHLY LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

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F O R M A Y, 1787.

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*A Short Review of the Political State of Great Britain at the Commencement of the Year, 1787.*

*Continued from page 136.*

**H**UMILIATING and disgraceful as is the picture which I have drawn, it is not the only one of a similar kind, which England presents at the present judicature.—Lord Rodney is not the single victim of 1786! Another very distinguished and very illustrious person has been selected by party violence, for its most inveterate attacks; I mean, Mr. Hastings. If his services have been less brilliant and glorious than those of Lord Rodney, they have yet been attended with the most solid and beneficial consequences. While the one extricated our affairs in the Western World from an abyss of ruin which approached to total extinction, the other sustained the honour of the English name and arms, over all Asia and the East. It was indeed in India, and in India only, that we may be said to have made any conquests during the late war, while flight, and dis-

grace, and retreat, accompanied our operations in every other quarter of the globe. “*Prospera in Oriente, adversa in Occidente Res.*” Amidst this scene of confusion and anarchy, Mr. Hastings, from the boundless resources of his own mind, successfully opposed within the limits of his jurisdiction the efforts of domestic faction, of interior rebellion, and of external hostility. While with one hand he subjected Cheir Sing, and repelled the Mharattas; with the other, he extended assistance to Madras, and marched an army to the opposite coast of Malabar; a march, in comparison of which, the boasted retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon cannot be produced in competition! To his celerity and decision we unquestionably owe the preservation of all the English dominions on the coast of Coromandel, at that disastrous period, when Hyder

Ally had spread terror and consternation to the gates of Madras, and threatened the extermination of the name and existence of England throughout the Carnatic.

And are these the services for which Mr Hastings is accused and impeached? Did such important and salutary exertions merit so hard a return? Did Mr Pitt, though conscious of, and bearing his own testimony to them, yet abandon and forsake him, because a degree of error, or even of misconduct and severity might mark one measure of his government? Is the oppression, even admitting it to be such exercised against Cheit Sing, preceded and accompanied as it was by the circumstances of that Prince's revolt; to be admitted as a sufficient reason for delivering up Mr Hastings to the insults of his enemies? Does a single instance of mal administration cancel a life of public labour and distinguished merit? If this is to be the principle, on which every man in dangerous and elevated situations of public trust, is ultimately to be acquitted or condemned; if we require of him that he

"In one meridian brightness shine,  
"Nor e'er, like evening suns, decline."

We are, I fear, henceforward to expect none of those bold and decisive measures, which in certain circumstances are the only means left to save a sinking state; but which, as they of necessity suppose and involve a great degree of personal responsibility, and frequently of obloquy, will not be adopted, from an apprehension of eventual prosecution and impeachment. In the conduct of Mr Pitt, and in his vote upon that memorable transaction, I can neither trace the liberality and expansion of a superior mind,

nor the consistency and sound policy of an able Minister. The exultation and triumph with which his enemies beheld the error that he had committed: The concern and condemnation which many of his friends expressed and affixed to his conduct: The astonishment and incredulity, with which the intelligence of it was received at Versailles—all these opinions concur to evince, that the measure was as injudicious in its nature, as I believe it will be found pernicious in its effects. The general merit of Mr Hastings's administration, however particular features of it may be liable to the imputation of error, is felt deeply in the Court of France, although it be disputed here. Whether the articles of accusation preferred against him will be resumed in the approaching session, or on what principles they are to be prosecuted, I know not; but I will venture to assert, that Mr Pitt's line of conduct, by which he seems to abandon Mr Hastings's character to impeachment, while he affects to screen his person from the effects of parliamentary prosecution or condemnation, is of all measures, that which will disgust every party, and meet with general disapprobation. If Mr Hastings, on the impartial survey of his whole administration as Governor-General of India, is thought to deserve punishment, let it be exemplary! If his services are found greatly to outweigh his defects, and to have manifestly preserved and sustained the empire, let him receive that generous and grateful protection from the State, which he extended to it in the most perilous circumstances. But "out upon this half-faced fellowship!" Mr Hastings has, however, one appeal from the candid virulence of Mr Burke, and from the inconsistent

rectitude of Mr Pitt. There is still a tribunal in this country superior to, and independent of a vote of the Commons, or a sentence of the Lords. It is the tribunal of the people of England, and of public opinion; that ultimate and awful jurisdiction, to which Junius appealed, and which gave more than one salutary lesson to Ministers and to Parliaments, in the commencement of the present reign; when persecution armed with all the powers of the legislature, vainly attempted to oppress a single individual! Before that tribunal Mr Hastings will appear, and they will finally determine whether he is an object of the condemnation, or of the protection and gratitude of his country.

The retreat, either actual or imminent, of Lord Mansfield, from a situation which he has held with so much dignity to himself, and so much public benefit to his country, for the period of thirty years, forms not only an epocha in the annals of the jurisprudence of England; but ought not to be passed over in silence, in the enumeration of those leading facts and events, which characterize the close of 1786. This great and superior person, the rare endowments of whose mind have so long, and so deservedly sustained him in the seat of the chief criminal justice of England, has seen his popularity survive even the rude attacks of Junius, and bloom anew in the evening of his life. It is rather to be wished, I fear, than to be expected, that his successor in that high and important situation, will leave no room to regret the succession of Lord Mansfield, and the loss of those sublime talents by which he has been ever distinguished.

Here I shall stop, nor attempt to delineate all the inferior fea-

tures which characterize the present æra. My intention has been to present, and to convey a general resemblance, without shading the minute parts of the picture. How far the portrait will be found faithful to Nature, I must leave to those who shall survey it. It is, at least, defaced by no party misrepresentations, and obscured by no private prejudices. Above the vileness of writing for any faction, or adopting from interest, any opinions: Having little to hope, and less to apprehend, from any minister, I have written what I felt, on every subject. Even on matters the most personal, I have been biassed by no sinister views or motives. "*Mihi Galba, Otho, Vitellius, nec beneficio, nec injuria cogniti.*" I am neither to be found on the terrace at Windsor, nor at the suppers of Carleton House: I have neither bowed to the Meridian, nor to the Rising Sun: I have neither flattered the minister, where I conceive that he is an object of censure; nor justified the Opposition in those acts where I believe them to have merited condemnation. Perhaps, at a time like the present, this impartiality may be found to have few recommendations, in a country, and a capital where party pervades every class and description of mankind. But, if these sheets, by any fortuitous and improbable accident, shall float upon the surface of that political stream, which rolls down the events of the reign of George the Third. If, by some unmerited preservation, they should escape the destiny of a vulgar pamphlet, futurity will appreciate that impartiality, and regard it with more favourable eyes. Could I go farther, and indulge the absurd supposition, that my own contemporaries, the inhabitants of this country and capital, should re-

ceive with favour the present production, it may induce and incite me, in some moment of leisure, to resume my pen, and to attempt to complete that picture, of which I have here only traced the outline.

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*Account of Naples, and the Manners of its inhabitants, with a brief Description of Mount Vesuvius, in its Neighbourhood.*

**N**APLES is the largest kingdom in Italy. It was formerly called Sicily, on this side the Streight of Messina, whence the king, who likewise possesses Sicily, is called King of the Two Sicilies. Towards the north-east it is bounded by the Ecclesiastical State, and in all other parts by the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas. Its length is 280 miles, but its width not above 120 where broadest. The air is hot, and the soil fertile; but the number of insects, reptiles, &c. and frequent earthquakes, render the country not very engaging, and at times even dangerous to the inhabitants. This is an hereditary Monarchy, and the kingdom a papal fief. The King, in acknowledgment of the Pope's feudal right, sends him every year a white palfrey, and a purse of six thousand ducats. The title of the King's eldest son is Prince of Calabria. The higher nobles consist of Princes, Dukes, or Marquisses, and Barons. The general assembly of the states, consisting of the nobility and commons, is summoned every two years to meet at the capital, to deliberate on the customary free gift to the sovereign.

The chief city of the kingdom is called Naples, situated in the province named Terra di Lavara, which is the richest and best inha-

bited of the whole kingdom, and comprehends a part of the ancient Campania Felix. This city is advantageously placed, having a beautiful country on one side, and a noble bay of the Mediterranean on the other, with an excellent harbour. The circumference, including the suburbs, is 18 Italian miles, and the number of the inhabitants four hundred thousand. The houses are of stone, flat-roofed, and in general lofty and uniform; many of them have balconies, with lattice windows. The streets are well paved, but they are not lighted at night, and in the day time are disfigured in many places by stalls, on which provisions are exposed to sale. Here are several magnificent churches, convents, fountains, and palaces of the nobility, many of whom constantly reside here. The cathedral is a very splendid Gothic edifice. It is usual for the people to walk on the tops of their houses in the evening, and to breathe the sweet cool air, after a sultry day. Monks and nuns of all sorts, swarm in this place to such a degree, that there are no less than nineteen convents of the Dominicans alone, eighteen of the Franciscans, eight of the Augustines, and in proportion of the rest. In the cathedral, the head and blood of St. Januarius, the tutelar saint of Naples, are kept, the latter in two glass or chrystal vials. The nunnery for ladies of quality is said to be the largest in the whole world, containing no less than 350 nuns, besides servants. The climate is so mild, that plenty of green peas, artichokes, asparagus, and other vegetables, may be had so early as the beginning of the new year. The fortifications of the city are strong both by sea and land. The bay is one of the finest in the world, being of a round figure,

and thirty miles in diameter. There are five piazzas or squares in Naples, and of all the palaces, that of the king is not only the most magnificent, but also in the best stile of architecture. Here is a university and two academies; also the office for advancing money to the poor, on pledges, at a low interest. It has an income of 50,000 ducats. The arsenal contains arms for fifty thousand men. Instead of ice, vast quantities of snow are used for cooling liquors, not so much as water being drank without it. This is conveyed, by means of an aqueduct, from the foot of Vesuvius, which being a remarkable natural curiosity, we shall give a short account of it.

This celebrated mountain stands five miles from Naples. Its South and West sides, as well as the tops, are covered with black cinders and ashes, though some of the other declivities are planted with several sorts of vines. It is not more than three miles from the foot of the mountain to the summit; but the ascent is very troublesome. The neighbouring peasants, for a trifling reward, serve as guides to, and assist, travellers in climbing up; they wear leather belts, which strangers take hold of, in order to render the ascent more easy. A stream of lava often issues from the volcano, consisting of melted metal, sulphur, minerals, &c. it runs like a river, bears all before it, and does incredible mischief; as we approach the volcano, if the mountain is casting out matter, the ashes grow hotter and hotter; at the same time a horrid noise is heard, like the explosion of a whole battery of cannon, and a rumbling under foot, like a continual boiling of a large cauldron. Not a tree or shrub is to be seen on the top of the mountain: the

hollow, whence the eruptions issue, is very large, and goes shelving down on all sides. When the mountain is quiet, this hollow may be safely looked into, but then it is generally full of smoke. During the eruptions, it is filled with glowing and melted matter, which as it boils over in any part, runs down the sides of the mountain like a torrent. At these times also vast quantities of ashes, cinders, and huge stones, are thrown out.

Not far from Mount Vesuvius is the village of Portici, where is a royal palace, with an amazing collection of antiquities, mostly dug out of the ruins of the ancient city of Heraclia, or Herculaneum, which stood near the spot, and was destroyed, partly by an earthquake, and partly by an eruption from Vesuvius. Several accounts of these antiquities have been published, and the people still continue to dig for more. The grotto of Paufilippo is a broad, straight, subterraneous road, hewn through a mountain. Two holes on each side admit air and light. This cave is one hundred feet high at the entrance, but diminishes afterwards, and the whole which is paved with broad stones, is about half a mile long. At coming out the road leads to the lake Agano, which is circular, and a mile in circumference. In the midst are the sudatories of St. Geronzo, being stone apartments, where the hot steams that arise produce a profuse perspiration; hence they are much frequented by those who are afflicted with various disorders.

Nor must we omit to notice the town of Puzzuolo, or Puteoli, which glories in being the place where the first Christian community in Italy was formed; for we are

sold that St. Paul, in his journey to Rome, found brethren in it. The earth of this place hardens in the water, and, after lying in it some time, looks more like stone than earth. In the neighbourhood are what the ancients called the Elysian fields, from the sweetness of the climate, the fertility of the soil, &c. But its former beauties are all defaced, the whole place being now covered with bushes, briars, and ruins. But it is now time to return to our subject.

Many of the common people in Naples prefer begging, or robbing, to labour; yet some manufactures are carried on. Women, whose honour is particularly attended to, are more closely confined than in any other city in Italy. Sumptuary laws are also made to restrain luxury, and chiefly in regard to what concerns the table. Yet he would find himself much in the wrong, who would suppose that good living, or even that which is called the epicurean sort, was not to be found in Naples. But if any one there wishes to accuse his neighbour, then, "*let him that is guiltless cast the first stone.*"

After all, with some inconveniences, the soil and situation of Naples are such, that this part of Italy is almost continually honoured with the presence of those princes and nobles of other countries, who wish to make the Tour of Europe.

#### *Parnassian Advertisement.*

**T**O all Gentlemen Bookseilers, and others. At the house with stone steps and sash windows, in Grape-street, vulgarly called Grub-street, liveth an AUTHOR, who writeth all manner of books and pamphlets, in verse and prose,

at reasonable rates; and furnisheth at a minute's warning, any customer with elegies and congratulatory verses, adapted to all manner of persons or professions, ready written, with blanks to insert the names of the parties intended for. He supplies gentlemen Bell-men and Lamp-lighters with verses on all occasions, at 12d. the dozen, and teacheth them accent and pronounciation *gratis*.

He taketh any side of a question, and writeth for or against, or both, if required.

He likewise draws up advertisements, and asperseth or lampoons, after the newest manner.

He writeth for those that cannot write themselves, yet are ambitious of becoming authors; and will, if required, enter into a bond never to own the performance.

He transmogrifieth, alias transmigrapheth, any copy, and maketh many titles to one work, if required.

*N. B.* He is come down from the garret to the parlour, for the convenience of customers.

\* \* Pray mistake not the house, for there are many imposters thereabouts.

††† No trust by retail.

#### A N E C D O T E.

**S**OME gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, one proposed play, but, said another of the company, I have fourteen good reasons against gaming. 'What are those?' said another. 'In the first place,' answered he, '*I have no money.*' 'Oh! said the first, if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another.

*Affecting History of Two Sisters.*

**A**BOUT the close of those troublesome times, when England was thook by the feuds between the Houses of York and Lancaster, there resided, in a village near the Banks of the Medway, a gentleman, whose name was Geoffry de Saint Clair, descended from a family of great repute. The many launces, and pieces of armour that hung around the old hall, did not render it more respectable, than the unbounded benevolence of its present possessor.

Saint Clair had allied himself in marriage with the Lady Margaret de Boys, a woman of high birth, whose accomplishments might have embellished the greatest scenes, had not a love of domestic life, and a religious cast of mind, induced her to prefer retirement.—All the leisure hours, which her family did not call for, were spent in duties, which, in that age, ladies of the noblest rank exercised without thinking they demeaned their stations;—she relieved the indigent, advised with the unfortunate,—visited the sick,—and brought up her twin daughters, Frances and Isabella, in the same sentiments. As these young ladies were the sole issue of Saint Clair and Lady Margaret, they devoted their whole attention to their education; and had the comfort to find in their minds so rich a soil that every thing prospered which was planted in them.

When Frances and Isabella arrived at the age of twenty-five, they won the admiration of all who approached them, and had, from similitude of manners, contracted such a warm affection for each other, that it seemed as if

Nature, by forming them together in the womb, had prepared them for those effusions of elevated friendship, which the loss of their exemplary mother was one day to call forth.—Nor was this event very remote; Lady Margaret was seized by a sudden illness, which, in a few days, desolated one of the happiest families in the world.

Frances and Isabella had the weight of a father's sorrow added to their own; which compelled them to smother their feelings, great as they were, and to assume a fortitude their hearts disavowed.

Though Saint Clair called in all his philosophy, to support himself under the loss of his beloved lady, yet his silent sorrow had so visible an effect on his health, as to menace his life; and in about a year put an end to it.

In this mournful interval, the greatest comfort his dejected daughters received, was from the frequent visits of their uncle, John de Saint Clair, Abbot of the monastery of St Augustin, in Canterbury. He was the younger brother of Geoffry, and was reputed to be a man of so much learning and virtue, that Saint Clair, by his will, recommended his children to his care and protection, bequeathing to each of them a very large inheritance.

The manner in which Frances had been brought up, added to her natural turn of mind, determined her to a religious life, and a great convent of Benedictine Nuns, not very distant from Faversham, happening, a few months after, to lose their principal (who was always one of a considerable family) the Abbot of St. Augustin, perceiving her fixed in her scheme of life, procured her to be named the Lady Abbess of it.

Isabella, who had never as yet been separated from her sister,

would, on this occasion, most willingly have taken the veil; and it was with great difficulty, that, by the repeated solicitations of Frances and her uncle, Isabella was prevailed on to relinquish intirely her intentions of entering into a monastic life.—She resided for some time in her father's mansion, accompanied by a widowed aunt, her father's sister;—who, at intervals, attended her on visits to Frances,—and also, at particular seasons, to the Abbot.

In one of these visits to her uncle, she became acquainted with Henry de Belville, between whose father and the Abbot there had long subsisted a most firm friendship.—He was of good birth, tho' much inferior to Isabella in fortune, his father's estate having greatly suffered in the confusion of those turbulent times.

Belville was now in his twentieth year;—his figure was graceful, and his understanding had been improved by the most extensive education that the fashion of the age allowed.—He was now on his return from a short expedition into France, and had stopped at Canterbury, to pay his respects to the Abbot.

Belville, on his first return to England, a few years previous to the present period, had been honoured by the patronage of Richard Duke of Gloucester; who being now mounted on the throne of England, the whole nation was thrown into an hostile state.

Belville felt himself enamoured of his fair companion,—and had the satisfaction to perceive, that his attention to her was not thrown away; having reason to think he had made a favourable impression on Isabella, he did not long hesitate to propose himself to her, as one who would be happy to pass his life in the society of

so engaging a woman—His offer was not less pleasing to Isabella, than it was to her uncle and Frances; the latter of whom agreed to give up to her sister her right in the castle of Saint Clair, where it was proposed they should reside.

Every thing was preparing for their nuptials, and nothing could wear a fairer face of prosperity, than did this purposed union. But the successful progress that the arms of Henry of Richmond had made in the kingdom, obliged Richard to oppose them with his utmost force, and to summon all his servants to attend his camp; amongst whom was the intended bridegroom, who at this time would most willingly have waved the service, had not his own nice sense of honour, and his zeal to serve his master, overcome every private motive. Belville was amongst those of the king's followers who shared their master's fate in Bosworth field.—He was near Richard in great part of the battle, and was also witness of his death;—and his own horse being killed under him, either by the fall, or by being trampled on in the confusion, his thigh was broken; and, after Richmond's party had obtained the victory, this gallant youth was carried, with several others wounded, into Leicester, where, his rank being known, he was lodged in a monastery of Black Friars, in that city.

A little before he expired, he desired to be left alone with his Page, that he might give him his latest orders.

“Bertram,” says he,—looking wistfully on him—“the day that has ruined our Sovereign's fortune hath blasted mine!—and that too in the moment when it shone the fairest!—Thou wilt soon render me the last of thy faithful services!

—Let my body rest with the fathers of this house,—and, as soon as thou hast seen its due rites performed, speed thee to Canterbury,—and acquaint the holy Abbot of St. Augustin with the bloody event of yesterday.—Conjure him, that he unfold it to my intended bride, in such a manner as his discretion shall advise.—Bear her this jewel from my finger, in token that my last thoughts dwelt on her;—and tell her, my only sigh in leaving the world was for the losing of her whose virtues so embellished it!"——

The faithful Bertram dropped a tear of affection and gratitude over the grave of his gallant master;—and, journeying to Canterbury with a burning heart, presented himself before the Abbot, with such a countenance as hardly needed a tongue to tell his melancholy errand.

When Saint Clair was himself sufficiently composed to open the mournful business to his niece, he spared none of that ghostly comfort, which a good man would offer on such an occasion;—though the emotions of nature must subside before the soothing voice of reason can be heard!

Isabella, after giving way to the first transports of passion, assumed a fortitude and resignation which her piety alone could inspire; and as soon as her mind was more fortified, she communicated her final resolution to her sister.

When the Lady Abbess saw her sister, she found her still more confirmed in her determination to enter on a monastic life; and as soon as her affairs were properly adjusted, she took the veil in the convent where Frances resided.

Isabella found in religion the only consolation for her past misfortunes.—The two Sisters enjoyed all that heart-felt pleasure which

arises from rooted friendship;—and, as the effects of benevolent dispositions operate on all around, theirs served to communicate happiness to all the sisterhood.

After these ladies had passed near fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the Abbess was seized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung so long upon her, that they greatly endangered her life.

During her illness, she made a vow to the Blessed Virgin Mary, that, if she recovered, she would send some costly present to a chapel, which was consecrated to her, at a little port, called Bradstow, or Broad-stairs, in the Isle of Thanet; and in which her image was esteemed to work such miracles, that pilgrims came from parts very remote to visit it; and all ships passing within sight of it, are reported to have continually lowered their topmasts, to salute it. The feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, which was the third day of May, being to be celebrated there, with great solemnity, her gratitude for her recovery, and for the supposed intercession of the Virgin, determined the Abbess to go herself and fulfil her vow.

Isabella obtained permission to accompany her sister in this devout journey; and the roads being little frequented in that age, they put themselves with two attendants, aboard a passage sloop; but had not been at sea above two hours, before a violent storm arose.—Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coast, quite to the mouth of the Thames, knows how difficult it is rendered by the many banks of sand that obstruct it.

To pursue their course was impracticable; they therefore attempted to save themselves by

running in on the shore, at a little place called Reculver, a small village of great antiquity, on the border of the isle of Thanet;—but the advance of night, and a thick fog, prevented them from discerning exactly whereabout they were. —Every endeavour to reach the shore was frustrated by the storm driving them from it;—and, their sails being all shattered, a sudden swell of the sea bore them quite out of their direction, and struck the vessel on a bank of sand, called the horse, that lies a little off from Reculver.

The surprise and confusion that must naturally rush into the minds of people who are on the point of being wrecked, can only be felt by those who have stood in so dreadful a situation. Each one recommended himself to God, to his tutelary Saint. —The mariners hoisted out their long boat, as precipitately as they could; and that which most agitated the thoughts of Frances and Isabella was the mutual preservation of each other.

Scarce was the boat on the surface of the waves, when every one was eager to rush into it; for it was certain the vessel must bulge in a few hours,—and, to add to the horror, night advanced. —The Captain, almost by force, dragged the Lady Abbess, and her sister, from the cabin,—and scarce had he helped the first, half dead as she was, down the side of the ship, when those already in the boat, finding they must all perish, if more got in, pushed off instantly, and rowed towards shore.

The only faint hope which now remained to those on board was, that the vessel might hold together, till some assistance could be obtained from the shore; which they still flattered themselves would come, in case the boat reached the land,

—which it providentially did, though with the utmost risk.

But it was four hours after the arrival of the boat, before any one durst venture out;—when, the storm abating, with the departure of the tide, and the day being near dawning, a large boat came off to the wreck. —When those who went to assist got to it, they found all the people on board refused in different places beneath the deck,—great part of which was broken away. —Isabella had remained in the cabin; one side of which was also washed off, and the room half filled with water;—she was almost exhausted by the terrors and hardships she had sustained,—yet life seemed to flush anew in her countenance, on hearing that her sister was preserved.

As soon as they had brought her on shore, she was supported by several women, and conducted to the house where the Lady Abbess was. —Frances, transported at the first sight of her sister, ran out to meet Isabella,—who, the moment she approached, made an effort to spring forward to her, but sunk down, overpowered in the arms of her attendants. —Frances clasped her hand in eager joy, would have uttered something, but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a swoon. —She received every assistance that could be procured;—but her strength and spirits were so far exhausted, that she lived but till the evening of the following day.

Frances, though still sinking from the shock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her sister, her own sufferings. —She often accused herself, as the fatal cause of all that had befallen her, by suffering her attendance in this expedition. —Isabella chid her for thinking so,

—declaring, it was the will of Heaven, to which she patiently submitted.—“ Though we came into the world together,” says she, “ yet as we were not destined to perish together, a time must inevitably have come, when death would have dissolved our union.—I rejoice that I am not the survivor.—I die where I have ever wished to live, in the arms of the most beloved of sisters—Pray for the repose of my soul;—and lay me in the tomb, which you have allotted to be your own,—that one grave may in death hold our remains, who in life had but one heart.”

The loss of Isabella plunged the Lady Abbess into that deep distress, which minds, formed like hers, with the noblest sentiments of tenderness and benevolence, must, on such a trial, inevitably feel.—She caused the body of her unfortunate sister to be deposited, with every mark of respect, in a vault, on one side of the shrine of Saint Benedict,—bedewed with tears of the most heart-felt sorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the sisterhood.

When time and reflection, had somewhat calmed her affliction, Frances failed not to transmit her intended offering to the Virgin of Broad-Stairs,—accompanied by a donation of twelve masses, to be said for the repose of Isabella's soul.—And soon after to perpetuate the memory of her sister,—as well as to direct mariners in their course,—she caused an antient Church, that stood on a rising ground just above the village of Reculver, to be restored and enlarged,—and erected two spiral towers at the end thereof; which she directed should be called THE SISTERS;—and to this day it retains the name, and is a sea-mark of great utility.

She survived Isabella eleven years, and died most sincerely and deservedly lamented, towards the end of the year 1512.

Her remains, pursuant to her own desire, were deposited by the side of those of her sister, with all that solemnity due to her high rank and office.—A monument was erected near to the place, where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a cross,—and beneath it a plate of brass, recording their unshaken friendship.

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*On the Guilt of Inturring Debts, without either a prospect or an intention of Payment.*

**A**MONG the various devices which young men have invented to involve themselves in difficulties and in ruin, none is more frequent than that of incurring debt without any real necessity. No sooner is the aspiring youth emancipated from his school, or his guardian and superintendants, than he becomes, in his own idea, a man, and not only so, but a man of consequence, whom it behoves to dress and make a figure. To accomplish the purpose of making a figure, some expensive vices are to be affected or practised. But as the stipends of young men, just entering into life, are usually inconsiderable, it is necessary to borrow on the most disadvantageous terms, or to purchase the various requisites of a pleasurable life on credit. The debt soon accumulates from small beginnings to a great sum. The young adventurer continues, while his credit is good, in the same wild career; but adieu to real pleasure, to improvement, to honest industry, and to a quiet mind.

His peace is wounded. A perpetual load seems to weigh him down; and though his feelings may, by length of time and habit, become too callous to be affected by the misery of his situation, yet he is lost to all sincere enjoyment; and if he does not fall a victim of despair, survives only to gain a precarious existence at the gaming table, to deceive the unwary, and to elude the researches of persecuting creditors. Even if he is enabled, by the death of parents or rich relations, to pay the debts which his youthful folly has contracted; yet has he suffered long and much, and lost the beginning of life, the season of rational delight and solid improvement, in distress and fears; in fabricating excuses and pretences, and in flying from the eager pursuits of duns and bailiffs.

But this folly, however pregnant with misery, is entitled to pity, and may, in some degree, admit of those usual palliations, youthful ardor, and want of experience. Thoulands, and tens of thousands, have ruined their fortunes and their happiness by hastily running into debt before they knew the value of money, or the consequences of their embarrassment. We pity their misfortune, but in the first part of their progress, we do not usually accuse them of dishonesty.

But the habit of incurring debt, though in the earlier periods of life it may originate in thoughtlessness, commonly leads to a crime, most atrocious in itself, and injurious to society. He who prayed against poverty, lest he should be poor and steal, understood human nature. Difficulties and distresses have a natural tendency to lessen the restraints of conscience. The fortress of honour, when stormed by that sort of poverty which is

occasioned by profligacy, and not defended with sound principles (such as men of the world do not often possess) has for the most part yielded at discretion. He then who began with incurring debt merely because he was strongly stimulated by passion or fancy, and was not able to pay for their gratification, proceeds, when the habit is confirmed, and the first scruples dismissed, to contract debt wherever unsuspecting confidence will afford him an opportunity.

If he possesses titles, distinction, or any kind of eminence, he will not find it difficult to gain credit. Young tradesmen, desirous of making connections, are ready to run any risque; and hope that, if it is long before they receive their money, they shall not be without the great man's patronage or recommendation. But here also they are often deceived; for the great man considers all his creditors as his enemies, and never thinks of them but to contrive methods to avoid and deceive them. If he happens to receive any money, he takes care to expend it among strangers, who have no other demand upon him but for the commodity which he pays for at the time of purchase. The world is wide; and when one set of credulous tradesmen are wearied with expectation and disappointment, the great man migrates to another part of the town or country, and condescends to honour some ambitious, but unfortunate mortal with the honour of dealing with him. Thus the great man goes on during the greater part of his life, and when the creditors are importunate, and the horrors of a goal impend, he collects his property, and withdraws from the kingdom, or, living in disguise, enjoys his luxuries, and laughs at his deluded tradesmen. Indeed, as

most ill qualities go together, his pride is so great, that he scarcely vouchsafes to bestow upon them a moment's consideration.

But while the builder, the draper, the taylor, the butcher, the baker, and the chandler, remain unpaid, the jockey and the horse-dealer, the mistress and the gamester, receive ready money with ostentatious profusion. Sharpers, and prostitutes, with all the qualities of thievery, riot in those riches which ought to be paid to honest men, who, with their families, are reduced to a state of starving, by feeding, clothing, and accommodating some hardened profligate, and extravagant debauchee. Who but must feel indignation when he sees a man in high life, as it is called, eating a joint of meat of some poor tradesman, whose children are at the same moment begging of their parent a morsel of bread? Who sees, without lifting up his hands, my Lord or Sir John, sitting joyous at the head of a plentiful table, supplied, *gratis*, with every article, by the father of those children?

Indeed, the pride and vanity of some persons, who value themselves on their birth, or their fashionable mode of life, induce them to look upon themselves as a superior order of beings, and to presume that they have a right to be still supported by their tradesmen in profusion and elegance, even after they are reduced in their circumstances either by misfortune or misconduct. If an honest man makes his demand, he is impertinent; his insolence is not to be borne; he is dismissed; but not till he evidently shews that he will no longer supply the commodities in which he deals. On his dismissal, some exception is taken

to his account; a dispute ensues, and that dispute furnishes the fine gentleman or fine lady with a pretence for not paying the bill. In the mean time card parties, visitings, and all fashionable pleasures proceed as usual—for who would be so vulgar as to attend to the impertinence of the scum of the earth, or suffer one fashionable pleasure to be set aside by the clamorous importunity of a mean mechanic; though his meanness arises from his having spent his substance in supplying the person who despises him, with the instruments of luxury, or the necessities of life.

The profligacy, the vanity, the unceasing pursuit of pleasure, and the passion for external appearance, which characterize the present age, are necessarily productive of expence; expences occasion distress; and distress, where principles are deficient, dishonesty. No wonder then, that in no age have sharpers, swindlers, and insolvent contractors of debt, so much abounded. There is hardly any mode of public life, especially in the metropolis, in which you can be engaged, without having your property exposed to the depredation of villains, who have made cheating a profession, and reduced the art of robbery to a system.

Many of the persons who live on the substance of others, by borrowing, purchasing, or employing, without intending, and without being able to pay, make a splendid figure, and pass for gentlemen and men of honour. But however they may felicitate themselves on their success, and in the gratification of their pride and vanity, I shall not hesitate to pronounce them more criminal and detestable than highwaymen and housebreak-

ers, because, to the crime of actual theft, they add a most ungenerous breach of confidence.

### A Concise History of MAN.

Continued from page 164.

THE convenient proximity of the eyes to the brain, is the last instance we shall mention of the wonderful security given to them: had the optic nerve been at a greater distance from this seat of reason, anatomists inform us, that they would have been liable to many injuries from which they are now exempt.

Having considered the situation and structure of the eyes so far as respects their security and defence, let us now take a view of their constituent parts as composed for general use.

All the members of the eye are perfectly pellucid and void of colour, for two wise purposes—clearness, and distinction of objects. Had the tunics and humours of the eye been coloured, many of the rays proceeding from the visible object would have been stopped and suffocated before they could reach the bottom of the eye, where the organ of vision is situated: for it is an unerring rule, that in proportion as the body possesses colour, so hath it the same degree of opacity. The distinctness of vision would likewise be destroyed, if the humours of the eye were tinged with any colour, for they would reflect that colour upon the object: thus we observe, through a coloured glass, objects appear dim and obscure, which proves the first proposition, and tinged with the colour of the glass, which demonstrates the second. The chief parts of the

eye are convex, especially the crystalline humour, which is of a lenticular figure, convex on both sides; that the refractions thereby made, may serve as a direction of many rays issuing from one point in an object. Were the outward surface of the *tunica cornea* plain, and the crystalline humour removed, it would produce as much difference in the cleanness and distinction of vision, as is observable between a picture received on white paper in a dark room through an open hole, and the same object presented through a hole furnished with a well polished lenticular crystal; and this experiment aptly explains the nature of vision; the hole answering to the pupil of the eye, the lenticular glass to the crystalline humour, the dark room to the cavity containing the vitreous humour, and the white paper to the *tunica retina*.

The muscular power of the nervous coat, or *iris* of the eye, is another operation of nature, whose effects are singularly useful. By this muscular power it can dilate or contract the round hole, commonly called the pupil or sight of the eye. It is contracted, to exclude superfluous light, and to preserve the eye from being impaired by lucid glaring objects, and it is dilated, to take in objects placed in a faint light or remote. Thus when candles are first brought into a room, after we have sat some time in the dusk of the evening, the strong glare of light violently affects the eyes, till the superfluous light is excluded by the contraction of the pupils. These candles being afterwards removed to the most distant part of the room from us, the pupils dilate by degrees, and we firmly regard the light without any painful sensation.

But in addition to this muscular power, the nervous coat, and also the inside of the choroides are blackened like the walls of a tennis court, that the too great force of the rays may be suppressed, and not reflected backwards to confound the sight; for, were they to be reflected to and fro, there could be no distinct vision. We must not omit the curious insertion of the optic nerve into the ball of the eye: it is not situated directly behind the eye; but on one side, and the reason is; that if the optic axis were to fall upon the centre of the ball; as it would do, if the nerve were placed directly behind it, this great inconvenience would follow, that the middle point of every object would be invisible, or a dark spot would seem to cover it.

The last remarkable circumstance we shall take notice of concerning vision, is, that though there is a decussation of the rays in the pupil of the eye, and so the image of the object in the retina is inverted, yet the object itself does not appear inverted, but in its right posture: the reason is, that the visual rays coming in straight lines, by those points of the retina which they touch, affect the sense according to their direction. And that the optic nerves are made not only to inform the mind of external objects which press upon them, but also of the situation of such objects, is evident, for if the eyes are distorted, the object will appear double. So, if we cross the fore and middle finger; and place a round body between them, when put in motion, it will appear to be two bodies.

We shall conclude this history of the eye with a passage from the celebrated Dutch anatomist, Antonius Nuck concerning the

aqueous humour which sustains the uvea tunica. This professor, in an anatomical lecture at Leyden, publicly demonstrated that the aqueous fluid copiously flowing out of the eye of a dog, which had been wounded for the purpose, in six hours time the ball of the eye recovered from its flacid state and was replete with the aqueous humour, without any medicinal application; and it is the same with the human eye, nature having made provision speedily to repair the loss of this fluid, from any wound in the outermost coat of the eye, by the help of certain lymphatic ducts inserted into the ball of the eye, and proceeding from glandules formed to separate this water from the blood for that purpose.

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*On Hospitality, and the Civilities of Common Life.*

IN the days of Horace, our countrymen were reputed to be savage in their behaviour to strangers. Though in the present age the charge would be unjust, yet it must be owned, that there is a reserve in the manner of an unadulterated Englishman, which seems to confirm the opinion, that he inherits a portion of that unsocial spirit which disgraced his ancestors. But whatever may be his natural propensity, it is certain that, in the liberal intercourse and comprehensive education which prevail in the present times, there is scarcely any country in the world where a more cordial hospitality is displayed, than in some parts of England.

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The days of E'izabeth have been extolled as the days of genuine hospitality. The doors were thrown open, and at the sound of the dinner bell, all the neighbouring country crowded to the smoking table. These were happy times, indeed, says the railer against modern refinement. Yet it has been justly doubted, whether this indiscriminate hospitality was laudable. There was something generous and magnificent in the idea, and it gave the nobles of the land the influence of kings over their neighbourhood. Yet if its motive and its moral effects are considered, it will appear to be justly exploded. It proceeded from the love of power, and from ostentation, and it produced gluttony, drunkenness, and all their consequent vices.

Considered in a charitable light, as affording food to the hungry, it will be found a less useful mode than the modern institutions for the accomplishment of that purpose. It did not select its objects: it considered not the degrees of indigence or of desert. The consequence was, that it increased indigence, and lessened desert; for experience has proved, that unnecessary alms, however amiable the motive of them, do a real injury where they mean a benefit. They promote idleness, by teaching poverty to rely on other aid than the efforts of an honest industry.

The great number of houses now established for the reception of travellers in every part of the kingdom, and the expeditious modes of travelling, which render delay unnecessary, have contributed to restrain that general hospitality which opened the door to all who came. Such hospitality is no longer wanted; but there never was a time when judicious civility

of all kinds, was more liberally shewn to strangers than the present. And whatever the old Romans or the modern Gauls may assert of British ferocity of manners, no Italian or Frenchman of character ever came to our separated shore, *soto divisis orbe Britannos*, without having felt delight at his hearty reception, and regret on his departure.

It seems probable that hospitality keeps pace with civilization. As the minds of a people are enlarged by improvements in knowledge, and communication with their neighbours, the selfish and morose affections gradually lose ground. In several parts of Europe, where social improvements have not yet reached, the traveller is either considered as a lawful prey, or totally disregarded. On the other hand, we find the natives of the Society Isles, separated as they are from all the rest of the world, and by no means far removed from the savage state, remarkably hospitable. Though fear might in some degree cause their civility to Europeans, yet it was not the sole motive of it; for we find their good offices, after all apprehensions were removed, evidently proceeding from the tenderest and most generous affection. On the first appearance of the English on their coasts, they naturally considered them as enemies, and boldly opposed their invasion. Many of them exhibited acts of heroism, in defence of their country, scarcely exceeded in the annals of antiquity. But no sooner was the branch of peace held out, than they received their wonderful visitors with open arms; with a humanity that reflects disgrace on the maritime villages of Europe, where a shipwrecked fellow-creature and fellow-countryman has been destroyed for the

sake of plundering his vessel. In other islands discovered by our circumnavigators, we find, that no kindness could mitigate the ferocity of the rude child of nature. The hospitality of barbarians, like all virtues that proceed not from principle, but from humour and accidental causes, is of little value. A clearer light than the light of nature is necessary to give a steady operation to the feelings of humanity.

The idea which Christianity has suggested of the relation in which all men stand to each other, is wonderfully adapted to promote universal hospitality. When we consider all men as brothers, we shall naturally receive the stranger within our gates with cordial kindness, as a relation whom we have never yet seen before, and to whom we wish to display some signal of our love. It is indeed true, that many who are justly esteemed worthy persons, do not reduce this generous idea to practice; and the reason seems to be, that they suffer the attachments of domestic life, and the connections of consanguinity, to engross the whole of their affections. Add to this, that the actual exercise of beneficence requires something which is less in our power than benevolence.

However just the complaints of the misery of life, yet great occasions for the display of beneficence and liberality do not often occur. But there is an hourly necessity for the little kind offices of mutual civility. At the same time that they give pleasure to others, they add to our own happiness and improvement. Habitual acts of kindness have a powerful effect in softening the heart. An intercourse with polished and humane company, tends to improve the disposition, because it requires a con-

formity of manners. And it is certain, that a sense of decorum, and of a proper external behaviour, will restrain those whose natural temper would otherwise break out in an acrimonious and petulant conversation. Even the affectation of philanthropy will in time contribute to realise it. The pleasure resulting from an act of kindness, naturally excites a wish to repeat it; and indeed the general esteem which the character of benevolence procures, is sufficient to induce those to wish for it, who act only from the mean motives of self-interest.

As we are placed in a world where natural evil abounds, we ought to render it supportable to each other, as far as human endeavours can avail. All that can add a sweet ingredient to the bitter cup must be infused. Amid the multitude of thorns, every flower that will grow must be cultivated with care. But neither pomp nor power are of themselves able to alleviate the load of life. The heart requires to be soothed by sympathy. A thousand little attentions from all around us are necessary to render our days agreeable. The appearance of neglect in any of those with whom we are connected, chills our bosom with chagrin, or kindles the fire of resentment. Nothing therefore seems so likely to ensure happiness, as our mutual endeavours to promote it. Our single endeavours, originating and terminating in ourselves, are usually unsuccessful. Providence has taken care to secure that intercourse which is necessary to the existence of society, by rendering it the greatest sweetener of human life.

By reciprocal attentions we are enabled to become beneficent without expence. A smile, an affable address, a look of approbation,

are often capable of giving greater pleasure than pecuniary benefits can bestow. The mere participation of the studies and amusements of others, at the same time that it gratifies ourselves, is often an act of real humanity; because others would not enjoy them without companions. A friendly visit in a solitary hour, is often a greater act of kindness than a valuable present.

It is really matter of surprise, that those who are distinguished by rank and opulence, should ever be unpopular in their neighbourhood. They must know the value of popularity, and surely nothing is more easily obtained by a superior. Their notice confers honour; and the aspiring heart of man is always delighted with distinction. A gracious look from them diffuses happiness on the lower ranks. But it usually happens, that an overgrown rich man is not the favourite of a neighbouring country; and it is unfortunate, that pride or inadvertence often prevent men from acting the godlike part of making others happy, even when they might do it without inconvenience to themselves.

#### HISTORY OF

#### LORD WARTON.

*Continued from page 150.*

LOVE now detained me at Amsterdam much longer than I at first intended staying in that city; I soon gained courage, and paid frequent visits to my charmer; but as my designs were not what would strictly bear the scrutinizing eye of a parent, I always took care to pay my devoirs at the

hour when I knew her father to be absent; and indeed, generally whilst the good man was snoring his pipe quietly in the inn, I used to slip out of the back door to his house, and never found any other difficulty to gain his daughter's apartment except from the neatness of the house-maid, who always took care to stop me to pull off my shoes. In my first *tete a tete* with the beautiful Hollander, I received from her all the encouragement a lover could expect, and from which I had a right to form the most flattering hopes: she heard me with smiles of approbation, and after a few meetings, when I offered to kiss her hand on retiring, she offered me her cheek; till at last, we were on such familiar terms, that she made no other resistance to my innocent endearments than a modest silence; I therefore grew bold, and concluded nothing I could wish for would be denied me, and resolved at my next visit to make further attempts on a virtue, which I supposed so ready to yield; the beautiful girl perceived my design, and disengaging herself from my arms, "Are you," said she, "ignorant, that the innocent favours I have hitherto permitted you, are those which the custom of this country authorize a woman to grant to the man she approves; but be assured nothing more is allowed to the most favoured lover before marriage; these are all that will be granted by me until my father's approbation gives a sanction to my fondness; and of his partiality towards you, there is no reason to doubt." — This speech which conveyed pretty clearly an hint as well as a reproof, was scarce attended to by me, as it appeared much too absurd to suppose that one so ready to grant so much, should in truth

be very averse to grant more: these denials therefore appeared no more than form; in consequence of this idea I ventured to proceed to such liberties that the fair one became very seriously offended; her eyes lost all that sweet softness I had so much admired, and sparkled with rage and indignation. She repulsed me with the most unaffected disdain; and calling loudly for help, the servants came in crowds to her assistance. "Take that wretch," said she, "and turn him into the street, it is no more than his deserts, who would encroach on the favours he has received, and seduce the daughter of a man who has entertained him with the utmost hospitality." The stupid rascals obeyed her without the least repugnance, and as I was unarmed, had the insolence to strike me as they pushed me out of door, and I returned to my inn enraged at the treatment I had met with, and cursing very sincerely the want of politeness and ill-breeding of the Dutch women, who are, I believe, the only women on earth, who appear less virtuous than they really are.

Amsterdam could not be very agreeable to me, after receiving so signal an affront, and I chose rather to leave it, than run the risk of the unpolite rebukes of his High Mightiness; and should have quitted Holland directly, had I not heard that the Hague was a very agreeable residence for strangers, and in every respect worthy of my attention. I therefore determined to go back and make some stay at that rendezvous of the States-General, ministers, and foreign Ambassadors to the United Provinces. The air of the Hague seemed to purify me from the grosser particles of the smoke I had contracted in Amster-

dam; and I no longer met so continually those little round, oily, fat people, with faces of stupid serenity. The number of foreigners that resort to the Hague, gave in some degree to have polished the rust of the Dutch, and harmonized them in such a manner, that I might perhaps have returned from thence with a tolerable good opinion of them, had it not been for a very disagreeable adventure which befel me. Ever anxious to gain an early knowledge of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the principal towns, I went on the very first evening of my arrival, to the play at the French Theatre, and was astonished to find a troop of comedians, whose language is scarce understood, should draw together a much greater number of people than the actors of their own country: from this preference of the French players, I drew this inference, that the Dutch however stern by nature, yet have their whims and caprices; and that there are not any people so absolutely unpolished as not to be in some degree governed by fashion. When I returned to my inn, I ordered supper in my chamber, and was asked by my landlord, if I did not prefer supping in company: I readily consented, and he then introduced me into a large hall, where was a table with above thirty covers. I found myself not a little embarrassed on being introduced to such a number of strangers. I placed myself by the side of a young Dutchman who had sat near me at the play, and we soon entered on the talents of the men, and intrigues of the women at the theatre. The ladies, I understood were mostly maintained in a very expensive stile by the rich merchants; thus I found the Seven United Provinces taking

large steps towards attaining the agreeable failings of politer nations. This kind of chat enabled me to bear with patience the amazing length of time we sat at table; at last the company rose, having finished a pipe or two apiece, and as my new acquaintance and I retired to our chambers which were contiguous to each other, my companion observed, that I seemed melancholy; but that if I wished for amusement, and travelled for information, he would the next day introduce me to a place, where I should see assembled most of the principal persons of the Hague, and likewise would find it to be one of the places most worthy observation of any in the Republic. I accepted this offer with pleasure, and looked forward with impatience to the hour when the young Dutchman was to fulfil his promise.

I rose early the next morning and dressed myself with the utmost expedition, and made as much noise in my apartment as possible, in order to give my next door neighbour an hint that I was awake; but vain were all my indications that I was stirring, he did not rise till past ten: surprised to see me ready so early, he laughed at my impetuosity, and informed me that the hour of meeting was not till evening. I was disappointed at this intelligence; my curiosity was much awakened and my impatience very great. Till the appointed time at last arrived, and I set out with him, fully convinced that I was to be introduced to some persons of fashion, to whose assembly all persons of any consequence resorted: nor had I any reason to change my opinion on our entrance into a large hall, ornamented with pictures and glasses, and lighted by a great number of wax candles in

glass lustres; here an infinite number of persons (not indeed very well dressed) were sitting round several small tables, smoking and drinking of tea: my friend informed me, we ought to do as others did; we therefore sat down, and a table was brought to us with a bottle of foreign wine, biscuits and four glasses; I waited in silent attention what was to follow; but we had hardly filled a glass before there came in two young girls, handsome and elegantly dressed, who sat down by us without the least ceremony; I supposed them daughters to the noblemen at whose house we were, and overwhelmed them with civilities; these ladies drank very cheerfully the bumpers with which I had the attention to supply them, and they frequently smiled on each other at the air of respect and distance with which I treated them; in a short time, one of the two who had least attracted my notice, took the Dutchman by the hand and led him out of the room, and I was left with her whom I certainly should have preferred to her companion, had I presumed I was at liberty to make choice of either. I remained silent for some time after they were gone, which being a mystery the fair could not I suppose, comprehend, she rose, saying, "Since they have thought proper to leave us, let us retire to another apartment and we will endeavour to amuse ourselves without them." I was rather surprised at this proposal to a stranger; but as I had found the beauty at Amsterdam had peculiar notions of the toleration of innocent freedoms, I knew not but they might likewise extend as far as the Hague, and that my person and manner having made an impression in my favour, she was giving way to the impulse of an unsuspecting

heart, therefore rose and followed her with transport, congratulating myself on my good fortune which had so early repaired the loss of the mistress I had left behind me.

*To be continued.*

*An Essay on the Power of Habit.*

*Quod sit ex consuetudine in Naturam veritatur.*

IT is an old and very generally received opinion, that the passions have a much more despotic and unlimited influence over mankind, than any other motives or principles of action whatever. Notwithstanding the confident belief this supposition has met with, I am, however, inclined to think, that the doctrine is not strictly founded in truth. I am therefore disposed to maintain that *habit* possesses the most extensive power over men, and a much greater than any of the passions. It is indisputable that the irregularity of the human passions, have, by the force of religion and philosophy, and some other collateral means, been in a great measure conquered, and made submissive to reason:—but there are few instances of habits early acquired, and long continued in, that have been totally laid aside. I readily allow that the passions are the most active principles which are implanted in our nature; but absolutely withhold my assent to their supremacy. I am aware that some will object to this, that it is very dissonant to the common sentiments of mankind, that the passions which often break out with such sudden and unrestrained impetuosity, should more frequently be brought under

the government of reason, than habits, which always advance progressively, and allow more time for correction; and will also tell me that singularity of opinion cannot be admitted as an evidence for truth. But such objections are easily removed; they originate entirely from that implicit faith which is seldom denied to popular opinions, and treating every attempt as presumptuous, which has a tendency to controvert them. The prohibition of the passions is a point which every man is agreed, as their being permitted to arise to too great a height, so frequently terminates not only in troublesome but fatal events, and that generally rapidly:—but the influence of habit requiring some length of time to arrive at its greatest pitch, is for that reason disregarded. The outset of passion may be compared to the visible attack of some violent disease where every person is convinced of the absolute necessity of vigilant attention, and an immediate remedy:—but the approaches of habit being always slow, and very often imperceptible, resemble the gradual advances of some lingering distemper, where the constitution of the patient is materially injured before he is sensible of the existence of the disease. But that I may be more clearly understood, I shall give such a definition of habit as I conceive to be a just one: I then define habit to be those effects which the frequent repetition of the same acts produces upon the mind or body. Custom and habit are frequently with great impropriety used indiscriminately for one another, but they are not synonymous words. An eminent modern writer distinguishes them with great accuracy. “Custom,” says he, “respects the action; habit the actor.” By custom we

mean the frequent repetition of the same act; by habit the effect which that act produces upon the mind or body. By the custom of walking often in the streets, one acquires a habit of idleness. This distinction is very obvious: Custom and habit may therefore with strict propriety be placed in the relation of cause and effect. The disagreeable circumstances of many habits must be apparent to every one. It is a well known truth that many things impressed upon the mind in its infantine state, the time at which it is most peculiarly susceptible of impressions, and obstinately tenacious of every idea which it then imbibes; I say many things it receives at that period by frequent inculcation, are so deeply rooted, that the strongest efforts of the most enlightened and vigorous reason are ever after found insufficient to eradicate it.

Were it necessary to descend to particulars, I could produce many instances in support of what I here assert; but think such examples would here be impertinent, and superfluous to many people. I hope I have now sufficiently proved that reason in many cases is of no avail in conquering habits. What I have here said, applies only to prepossessions of the mind. I might here mention particular personal habits; but forbear doing it for the reason I have given above. Habits may be distinguished into insensible and imitative; by the former I mean those habits which we acquire without the consent of our wills; by the latter, those we obtain intentionally by copying others. Insensible habits are chiefly those which belong to the body; but the imitative relate both to the minds and bodies.

Our insensible habits merit a more sedulous attention than any other; because upon the supposi-

tion that our own dispositions are good, it is the insensible habits only to which we are obnoxious. If the reverse is the case, we are still liable to be infected with the one, and will certainly court the acquaintance of the other. Confirmed habits, as I have before said, when early acquired, and long continued, are seldom, if ever abolished. To mention but a few of them which are daily within every body's observation, the habits of the common swearers, drunkards, mulierosi, idle persons, liars, thieves, &c. together with many others of inferior note, are I am afraid, rarely left off by their respective practitioners. Some of these, indeed, though when at first entered upon, generally attended with a degree of remorse; degenerate at length into involuntary and insensible crimes. The contagion of habit is infectious to a degree almost incredible. It is very well known that squinting is more frequently acquired by being much in company with those persons who do so, than in any other manner. Deficiencies in speech, as stammering, &c. are obtained by the like cause. I might instance in hysterical diseases; and a variety of other cases; which physicians tell us are at first acquired by a sympathetic affection, and continued afterwards by the mere force of habit. Many persons who have for a number of years been engaged in business, have upon relinquishing it found themselves so much unbinged, as obliged them to return to their usual employments.

The well known anecdote of Samuel Parr, remarkable as an uncommon instance of longevity, affords us another strong argument of the wonderful power of habits. That man when removed from his rural situation, accustomed ex-

ercise, and plain diet, to the luxurious, indolent mode of living so common at courts, died in a short space of time after so sudden a transition. It may, indeed, be said, that after having lived to a period so far exceeding that which may be termed even extreme old age; his death was an event which might be daily apprehended; perhaps it might. But when we consider the proximity of his death, to the change in the whole manner of his life, we have the greatest presumptive proof, to infer, that this same change was the principal cause of his death: So dangerous, sometimes, is a sudden transition from one cause to another.

The inferences I would draw from the preceding observations, are, that as bad habits are so easily acquired, and so difficultly thrown off, how much attention and circumspection ought we to employ in discovering and counteracting the first appearance of such habits? A very good method of amending our own bad habits is to observe those of others. If we are so happy as to have none, the best manner to guard against them is to keep our minds and bodies constantly engaged with such useful and elegant studies and exercises, as entirely to exclude every exceptionable thought and action.

When we have for a short time employed ourselves in this manner, what we at first did only mechanically, will at length become a second nature, according to that of the old adage, "*Consuetudo tempore facit secundam naturam*;" and we have the authority of no less a person than Solomon to enforce what we have said: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

PORSENUS.

VOL. III.

## ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

[History of Northumberland, Vol. II.]

MANY Ancient Customs prevail in this Country, the familiarity or outward insignificance of which, occasion them to pass without much attention: but as, they are the strongest traditional memorials of antiquity, I thought them worth collecting, and present them to the Reader, with some short Conjectures on their origin, and the historical facts to which they have relation.

Mr Bryant's words are, "We talk indeed, of ancient times, and times of Antiquity; but that time is most aged, which has endured longest, and these are the most ancient days, in which we are ourselves conversant. We enjoy now an age of accumulated experience, and we are to make use of the helps which have been transmitted, to dispel the mist which has preceded." Letters have afforded the accumulation; before their use, the dissolution of every state, was the dissipation of its science and wisdom: Arts and collective knowledge were destroyed with the empire in which they flourished, and only a few scattered fragments and distracted ruins remained to save them from total oblivion. By letters we possess the wisdom of all quarters of the earth; times which have preceded their use, left us chiefly traditional fragments, scattered abroad in national customs, and provincial names and phrases.

### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE celebration of New Year's Day, is preserved in this country as a rural festival. Gifts are made to children, servants, and depen-

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dants, called *New Year's Gifts*. Stillingfleet says, "That among the Saxons of the northern nations, the feast of the New Year was observed with more than ordinary jollity." Hospinian says, "It was an ancient custom among the Heathens, and afterwards practised among the Christians." Servants were exempt from their labour, and partook of the feast and rural sports with their masters; they were presented with tokens of approbation and favour. On certain festivals, the Romans gave pieces of money to travellers and strangers who were present at the sacrifice. On our day of festivity, mirth is excited by a rustic masquerading and playing tricks in disguise: the hide of the ox slain for the winter cheer, is often put on, and the person thus attired, attempts to shew the character of the devil, by every horrible device in his power. All the winter sports seem to express a strong opinion of the ancients, that Genii of very contrary natures prevailed on earth, that the one was constantly concomitant to light, as the other was to darkness; and this image of the devil, which is frequently permitted to expel the inhabitants, and take possession of the house, is typical of the power of the evil genius, in the season when the sun is longest absent from our hemisphere. This corresponds with the lamentation used by those who held the Elysian mysteries, and mourned for Adonis. It is very difficult to make any probable determination to what people we owe these customs. In the Roman Saturnalia and Sigillaria, this kind of frolicking was practised. Among the observations made by Mr Brand, on Bourne's Popular Antiquities, Chap. XIV. he remarks, that there was an ancient custom for young women to go a-

bout with a wassail bowl, that is "a bowl of spiced ale," on New Year's Eve, with some sort of verses that were sung by them in going from door to door.

## TWELFTH DAY.

The twelfth day after the day of our Saviour's birth is attended with great festivity. There are diversions used in the southern parts of England, which have not reached this northern county. The mirth of the day here consists of feasting, and a social intercourse between neighbouring families. Mr Brand makes a happy quotation from Collier's *Eccles. Hist.* vol. I. p. 163, in his observations on Bourne's Chap. XVII. "In the days of King Ælfrid a law was made with relation to the holydays, by virtue of which the twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour were made festivals." So much as these feasts have been decried, I cannot see them in the despicable light many modern authors have been pleased to place them. They were the occasion of gathering neighbours together, in good humour with each other, and the means of keeping them on terms of intimacy; friendship and benevolence were thereby increased, and good offices multiplied; public matters at such times were discussed and amicably determined; and those happy effects resulted which tended not only to the advantage of the individual, but to the good of society at large. This age is refined into insipidity; few of the old hospitable days return; sociability is sickened unto unmeaning ceremony. In ancient times the bard was brought to the festive hall, to rehearse the excellencies of our ancestors, to fire the breast with emulation, to inspire noble and bounteous sentiments, and lift us, through example, in-

to an adoption of the character of those heroes and men of honour from whom we were descended; then it was the genial spirit was roused, and benevolence prevailed. The name of friendship is retained in our language, and the real character is somewhere still found to exist; but it is chiefly in middle life; the great and opulent in general have little experience of it; each apparently separates himself from community, and is involved in his own circle. The distinguishing characteristics, which in former days purchased a man fortune and fame, are become intrinsic trifles, with which he may amuse himself, but purchase little patronage; the vice is contaminating, it is creeping into the vitals of lower life, and where the insipidity will end is beyond modern magic to divine. What would be the consequence, should adverse ages ever bring on exigencies of state? The old popular influence of the great no longer existing! the distances between ranks of men still extending their separation! The celebrated fable points out the politics which would prevail with the lowest classes of men, "If we are only to be regarded for servility, it is indifferent to us to whom we are servants." There is nothing keeps this part of the state within rule, but the fear of still worsening the condition.

#### BLACK MAILE PAYMENT.

This customary collection of money, corn, and cattle, was taken away in consequence of the accession of King James I. There was a law indeed made in the 43d year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to restrain the Black Maile Payment, and correct the enormities from whence it arose; but

whilst the contentions between the nations continued it had little effect. This was a levy made within this county by the chieftains on the borders, for protection against the depredations made by the robbers and spoil-takers, afterwards called Moss Troopers. The receivers were in league with the banditti.

#### HEAD PENCE PAYMENT.

This was an exaction made by the Sheriff of Northumberland, amounting to 40l. or more, twice in seven years. It was received for an exemption from attendance at the Sheriff's court; and thereupon the Lords of Manors held their leet, where the suitors for their greater convenience, were permitted to attend and make what in the law books is called their Suit Royal. This exaction was totally suppressed by the Statute made in the 23d year of King Hen. VI. c. 7.

I have noticed these two obsolete customs, because not only their names, but also some memorials of them remain on the borders, and in the mountainous parts of the country.

#### CANDLEMAS DAY.

It is little noted in this county, but by name. Several religious rites were made peculiar to it in the Romish church. In the quotation of St. Gregory's Letter, in the notes to p. 27 in the second volume of the work, a reason is given for not abolishing the Pagan ceremonies, in countries where conversion was taking place; but it was commanded to adapt them to Christian ceremonies; and this seems to carry with it a strong reason for the similarity there was in many of the ceremonies of the Christian church in the first ages.

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and the Pagan rites. Mr Brand, in his observations on Bourne's XIX chap. from Bacon's Reliques of Rome, fo. 164, makes a quotation which informs us, that the Romans, in the service of their God Mars, and his mother Februa, made processions in the city of Rome with lighted torches; the remains of which custom still existing with the vulgar in the time of Pope Sergius: he commanded that it should be converted into an holy office of the Christian church, and that the congregation on the same day made their approach to the high altar with lighted tapers in honour of the Holy Virgin. Those who sigh for the sanctity of the church in such reviews of her ceremonies, must consider this was done to conciliate the minds of those long used in such spectacles and solemn shews; and that an austerity which should at once have abolished such acts, to which almost every mind was prejudiced, would have greatly retarded, if not totally prevented the progress of conversion.

*To be continued.*

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*Meditations on the Spring.*

- “If there be an attribute divine,  
 “With greater lustre than the rest can  
 shine,  
 “’Tis goodness, which we ev’ry mo-  
 ment see,  
 “The best below’d object of the Deity.”  
 Pomfret.

**I**N the vernal season, I have often contemplated, with rational pleasure and the warmest gratitude, the progress and beauty of the vegetable tribe; particularly their elegant blossoms, the sweet harbingers of delicious fruits. In blossoms (as in the animal world) there is a regular gradation, from the

lowest degree, to the highest perfection. For example, currants, grapes, &c. are preceded by blossoms which do not administer any sensitive delight; the mental prospect of plenty is the only joy afforded. But in other fruits, the blossoms open with an elegant variety of colours, till the orchard glitters with the richest tints, and charms the sight with the most lively pomp, and the consummation of vernal glory.

From this economy we may evidently perceive, that providence designed to diffuse delight, and raise pleasing ideas, in the minds of intelligent creatures. For if this charming exercise of the heart had not been benignly intended, that beautiful and picturesque part of the vegetable creation might have been conducted in the same manner as the fig-tree in Europe, which has not the least appearance of blossoms; though there was a species of the fig-tree in Asia, which blossomed, as appears by the prophet Habakkuk, chap. iii. 17. in our last version.

Some exoticks have not only the power of pleasing the eye, by the richest dyes and most vivid colours, but also of affecting the olfactory nerves with the most grateful sensation. And when we reflect on the great and amazing variety of blossoms which we have seen, (and read an account of in books of natural history) it will surely raise in our minds the most permanent pleasures, and ineffable delights, as can only be expressed by praise and adoration.

If the survey of one part of the creation, in this imperfect state, affords the human mind such exquisite pleasures, it should prove an animating and powerful motive, to engage our aspiring, with the utmost ardour, to become inhabitants of the celestial regions; where such

glories are prepared for their entertainment, that an inspired apostle could not convey any idea thereof, in the language of mortals. But the constant practice of the Christian virtues, and social duties, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer, will be the happy means of our being spectators of such transporting, such ravishing beauties, as eye hath not seen; and of enjoying, and for ever possessing, such ecstatic delights, as human beings, in this temporal and transitory state, are unable, utterly unable, to conceive.

## LOVE AND INNOCENCE:

OR THE

### HISTORY of an AMIABLE FEMALE.

**I**N a pleasant retirement in —shire, lived Aristus and his Elmira; a pair who had experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, and after having been long tossed upon the troubled sea of life, and buffeted by the waves of affliction, at last had arrived at the harbour of peace.

Aristus was the only son of a gentleman, who possessed a plentiful fortune, but who was of a disposition to spend it freely; for which reason it was his earnest desire that the hope of his family should have a peculiar regard to riches, whenever he was inclined to enter into the marriage state; and this was a precept he took care always to inculcate in the mind of the youth,—who, however, was inclined to reckon this prepossession in favour of money, among those weaknesses of his parent, which he should not do well to copy. He knew well that the same person who recommended such an

attention to riches, had himself been profuse enough of them. Indeed, from this very circumstance he was led to argue, that if he adopted a proper economy, he should not need to make wealth the only object of his regard in his choice of a partner for life, on whom his happiness or misery was to depend. And reasoning thus, he fixed upon the fair Elmira, a young lady of great beauty and virtue, but whose fortune was very inconsiderable; the imprudence of which choice was by no means so great as some afterwards concluded it to be, since, when Aristus made it, notwithstanding his father's profusion, he doubted not but he had still the power of giving him more than a competency, and as his mother did not disapprove of Elmira, he doubted not but by her means soon to bring him to the will of bestowing it.

But when the match was made known to the old gentleman, he not only expressed a mere disapprobation, but seemed to be like one frantic about it; and doubtless had the marriage act then been in force, would have taken every method in his power to dissolve the marriage; but as this was not to be done, he shewed his resentment by the warmest expressions of anger, and a refusal to pardon the parties, or even to admit them into his presence.

It was in vain that the mother of Aristus tried every means to pacify her enraged husband; he continued inflexible, till in his last illness he was prevailed upon to see his children, and to seal their pardon; then it was that he acknowledged to his son, that his fortunes were ruined, and that in effect he had nothing to leave him, and could not even provide what might be deemed a proper subsistence for his mother; and this very circum-

stance, he observed, was what had chiefly occasioned his vexation at an union that had hitherto proved unexceptionable. He concluded with embracing Aristus and Elmira, and in his turn asked pardon of his son for that imprudence which had reduced him to such a situation. Soon after this reconciliation the old gentleman expired, and his consort did not long survive him.

The unhappy pair now found themselves more embarrassed than ever, as they had raised money from several quarters during the life and supposed flourishing state of Aristus's father, who almost every one supposed would not prove inexorable; but, after his death, all things being discovered, those who had hazarded any thing began to grow uneasy; and Aristus had certainly been thrown into prison, had not Elmira's father greatly distressed himself to deliver his son-in-law from the present urgency of these demands. In the mean time, Elmira proved with child, in the fifth year of her marriage, and brought Aristus a daughter, whom they named Celemene, whose fortune in life is the subject of this little history.

Celemene seemed to be born for misfortunes; her mother, whom vexation had certainly much injured in point of constitution, was near losing her life by bringing her into the world, and continued so weak, for a long time after her lying-in, that she could not suckle her.—The infant was therefore put out to nurse, and the woman who had the charge of her was so careless of her precious deposit, that she had well nigh suffered her to perish in the small-pox, before she acquainted her parents with her having taken it. However, Celemene got safely over it;

her features were not injured by it; and being soon after removed from the place which was likely to prove so fatal to her, she grew, and flourished in health and beauty.

Elmira's father died a bankrupt. —Aristus's circumstances growing worse, he was advised to accept of a small place in one of the West-India islands, whither he removed with his little family; nor did he arrive at the place of his destination, till he had very near experienced the horrors of a shipwreck.

In the West-Indies, he made a shift to live tolerably well, till the person who procured Aristus the place dying, and another party prevailing, he was recalled. Now again he found himself friendless, till, beyond his expectation, Lord D—, a man of great interest at court, cast a favourable eye upon him. This peer promised to procure him a profitable place, and actually forced several sums upon him; but after a few months acquaintance, Aristus, finding that he had base designs upon his wife, broke with his Lordship, and upbraided him for his meanness. The consequence was, that this great wicked man, who had notes of his lying by him, endorsed them to people who arrested him for the sums specified in them. The unhappy husband was dragged from his weeping wife and child, and hurried to a prison, where he was in close confinement; when by the death of a relation of Elmira's, a moderate fortune was left him, with which, as soon as he had procured his enlargement, and settled all his affairs, he withdrew, with his wife and Celemene, then about three years old, to the country seat in —shire, which we have already mentioned.

It was a small neat house, situate in a romantic vale, in the midst of

a beautiful country decorated with woods, lawns, streams, and distant rising hills, such as furnished one of the most splendid landscapes that ever pencil drew, or painter imagined. Behind the rural mansion were gardens laid out in a taste at once elegant and simple, in which Nature appeared dressed to advantage, while Art played only the part of her handmaid; and in the favouring seasons of the year, every thing was calculated to inspire "vernal delight and joy," while even in winter the scene was still agreeable.

Here, and in the surrounding lawns and groves, Celemene spent many of the happy hours of childhood, and here often "woo'd" Contemplation in her secret "haunts," while she listened to the melody of birds, or sat attentive to the sweet murmurs of the purling stream.

This beautiful female, who was trained up in innocence and simplicity, had now attained her seventeenth year, when one evening, as she was wandering in the windings of the vale, she was espied by a comely youth, whom chance had led that way, and who directed his course immediately towards her. At the first sight of him, she thought to have fled, but as he advanced, she perceived something so gentle in his manner, that when he adjured her to stay, her feet seemed to have forgot their office, while she insensibly suffered him to approach her.

By one of those strange sympathies of Nature, (if so we may call them) which are often found to attach people to each other at first sight, and which are much easier proved to exist than accounted for, these amiable young persons felt such a secret regard for each other, that the youth could not restrain himself from professing,

nor the maid from feeling, the force of a resistless passion; but Celemene, who scarcely knew the meaning of the emotions which she felt, beginning to recollect that she had now, for the first time, held a close conference alone, and with a stranger, hastened to break it off; while the youth on his part pressed her in the warmest manner to suffer him to accompany her home, to which she at length consented, and the sun being already set, he conducted her to her father's garden-gate, and then took his leave, after having engaged her by much entreaty to meet him two days afterwards, at the same hour, and in the same place where he had first seen her.

Celemene, however, had scarcely parted from him, before she began to repent of such a promise made to a stranger, without her parents knowledge, yet could not prevail upon herself to communicate the adventure to them. Innocent as she was, it was the first time her breast had laboured with a secret which she durst not disclose to any one, and this consideration was sufficient to rob her of her tranquillity.

She met her lover, however, at the time and place appointed, but it was with a resolution of breaking off their correspondence. This she gave him to understand, at the same time that her innocence was such that she could not conceal the prejudice she had conceived in his favour.—He was almost distracted at her determination; but as he had gone so far as to mention love and marriage, was obliged to abide by her injunction, which was never to press that matter, nor to meet her again, unless he could find it convenient to ask her of her father.

Having at last consented to this, they separated; Celemene departing, however with a heavy heart. And

now days and weeks rolled on, and yet she heard nothing of her lover. This circumstance robbed her by degrees of her cheerfulness and her health, while Aristus and Elmira saw her strength and beauty declining, without being able to guess at the cause, as they had not the least suspicion that any thing hung upon her spirits. She had now indeed quite laid aside all thoughts of ever hearing more from the youth who was the cause of all her pain; when walking one afternoon in the garden, she directed her steps to a bower which was her resort, and was seated in the most secluded part of it. It was beautifully covered with a verdant arch, and its sides were adorned with flowers which breathed all the fragrance of the blooming spring. Here the lovely fair-one threw herself beneath the rural covering, in order to indulge her reflections; when suddenly her lover appeared in deep mourning before her, and with a joy corrected by fear visible in his countenance, instantly threw himself at her feet, and thus addressed her:

"Forgive, O most beautiful of your sex, this my late seeming neglect, which must only be attributed to the severe injunction that you laid upon me when last I was blest with your presence.—Ever since that time have I been revolving how I might with propriety demand you of your parents, which, circumstanced as I was, I knew not how to think of; for, alas! my Celemene, I was left an orphan by my parents, and was supported only by the tender care of a distant relation of my mother's, who has since met with such misfortunes in the world, as rendered him totally unable to do me any farther service. Bred to no particular profession, and equally devoid of money or interest,

wherewith to procure any post, either civil or military, I found myself in the situation of one totally abandoned to misfortune, and had now no other resource but that of trying what interest a former friend in London could make for me. I knew indeed, that the Lord D—— was related to me, but I knew also that he had refused the least assistance, when applied to during my infant state; but there was one thing which I was ignorant of, and that was the relationship in which I stood to his Lordship; this circumstance I only became acquainted with by his death, which was the consequence of a violent fever, of which he expired about a fortnight since, having lost his only son and heir a very little time before.

"This event (continued the young gentleman) has put me in possession of his title and estate, both of which I am willing to lay at Celemene's feet; and will now fly upon the wings of love to demand her of her father in marriage."

This was all astonishment to Celemene; without knowing what to think of so strange a turn of fortune, she suffered her lover to conduct her into the house, where having explained himself to Aristus, that worthy gentleman could not but observe the intricate ways of Providence, that had thus caused Lord D——'s slighted relation to become his heir, and by his means now promised to make a full amends to a highly injured family.

The offer of the young Lord D——'s (as he was now become) was accepted with every mark of esteem and gratitude, and a thousand acknowledgments were made him by Aristus and Elmira, for raising their daughter's fortune, at the same time that he gave

every token of making her a good and tender husband.

In effect they were soon after united; and having spent some time with Celemeine's father and mother, who could not be prevailed with on any consideration to quit the place of their retirement, the young couple went to a seat of the D—— family; in the West of England where they spent the chief part of their time, but seldom resorting to the metropolis, the pleasures of which neither of them had any very great relish for.

In fine, Lord D—— made one of the best and fondest of husbands, and found in his Celemene the most amiable comfort that ever man was blessed with. Their marriage bed was blessed with two children, a boy and a girl, who were the lively images of their father and mother, as they were the beauteous offspring of love and innocence.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF

#### CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

**J**AMES COOK was born at Marton, in Cleveland, a village about four miles from Great Ayton, in the county of York, and was christened there, as appears from the Parish Register, Nov. 3, 1728. His father, whose name was likewise James, was a day-labourer to Mr Mewburn, a very respectable farmer, and lived in a small cottage, the walls chiefly of mud, as was generally the case at that time in the northern parts of the kingdom. In the year 1730, when our Navigator was about two years old, his father removed with his family to Great Ayton, and was employed as a hind by the late Thomas Scottowe, Esq; having

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ing the charge of a considerable farm in that neighbourhood known by the name of Ayrholm.

As the father continued long in that trust, Captain Cook was employed in assisting him in various kinds of husbandry suited to his years, until the age of 13. At that period he was put under the care of Mr Pullen, a schoolmaster who taught at Ayton, where he learned arithmetic, book-keeping, &c. and is said to have shewn a very early genius for figures. About January, 1745, at the age of 17, his father bound him apprentice to William Saunderson for four years, to learn the grocery and haberdashery business, at Snaith, a populous fishing town about ten miles from Whitby; but after a year and a half's servitude, having contracted a very strong propensity to the sea (owing probably to the maritime situation of the place, and the great number of ships almost constantly passing and repassing within sight, between London, Shields, and Sunderland) Mr Saunderson was willing to indulge him in following the bent of his inclination, and gave up his indentures. While he continued at Snaith, by Mr Saunderson's account, he discovered much solidity of judgment, and was remarkably quick in accounts. In July, 1746, he was bound apprentice to Mr J. Walker of Whitby, for the term of three years, which time he served to his master's full satisfaction. He first sailed on board the ship *Freelove*, burthen about 450 tons, chiefly employed in the coal trade from Newcastle to London. In May, 1748, Mr Walker ordered him home to assist in rigging and fitting for sea a fine new ship, named *The Three Brothers*, about 600 tons burden. This was designed as a favour to him, as it would greatly contribute

F f

to his knowledge in his business. In this vessel he sailed from Whitby in the latter end of June. After two coal voyages, the ship was taken into the service of Government, and sent as a transport to Middleburgh, to carry some troops from thence to Dublin. When these were landed, another corps was taken on board, and brought over to Liverpool. From thence the ship proceeded to Deptford where she was paid off in April 1749. The remaining part of the season the vessel was employed in the Norway trade.

In the spring, 1750, Mr Cook shipped himself as a seaman, on board the *Maria*, belonging to Mr John Wilkinfon of Whitby, under the command of Captain Gaskin. In her he continued all the year in the Baltic trade. Mr Walker is of opinion he left this ship in the winter, and sailed the following summer, viz. 1751, in a vessel belonging to Stockton; but neither the ship's name, nor that of the owner, is now remembered by Mr Walker. Early in February, 1752, Mr Walker sent for him, and made him mate of one of his vessels, called *The Friendship*, of about 400 tons burthen. In this station he continued till May or June, 1753, in the coal trade. At that period Mr Walker made him an offer to go commander of that ship; but he declined it; soon after left her at London, and entered on board his Majesty's ship *Eagle*, a frigate of 28 or 30 guns, "having a mind," as he expressed himself to his master, to "try his fortune that way." Not long after, he applied to Mr Walker for a letter of recommendation to the captain of the frigate, which was readily granted. On the receipt of this he got some small preferment, which he gratefully acknowledged, and ever remem-

bered. Some time after, the *Eagle* sailed with another frigate on a cruise, in which they were very successful. After this Mr Walker heard no more of Mr Cook, until August, 1758, when he received from him a letter dated Pembroke, before *Louisburgh*, July 30, 1758, in which he gave a distinct account of our success in that expedition but does not say what station he then filled.

He received a commission as Lieutenant on the first day of April, 1760;—and soon after gave a specimen of those abilities which recommended him to the commands which he executed so highly to his credit, that his name will go down to posterity as one of the most skilful navigators which this country hath produced.

In the year 1765, he was with Sir William Burnaby on the Jamaica station; and that officer having occasion to send dispatches to the Governor of Yucatan, relative to the Logwood-cutters in the Bay of Honduras, Lieutenant Cook was selected for that employment; and he performed it in a manner which entitled him to the approbation of the Admiral. A relation of this Voyage and Journey was published in the year 1769, under the title of "*Remarks on a Passage from the River Balise in the Bay of Honduras to Merida, the Capital of the Province of Yucatan in the Spanish West-Indies, by Lieutenant Cook,*" in an 8vo. pamphlet.

To a perfect knowledge of all the duties belonging to a sea life, Mr Cook had added a great skill in Astronomy. In the year 1767, the Royal Society resolved, that it would be proper to send persons into some part of the South Seas, to observe the Transit of the Planet Venus over the Sun's disk; and by a memorial delivered

to his Majesty they recommended the islands of Marquesas de Mendoza, or those of Rotterdam or Amsterdam, as the properest place then known for making such observation. To this memorial a favourable answer was returned, and The Endeavour, a ship built for the coal-trade was put in commission, and the command of her given to Lieutenant Cook. But before the vessel was ready to sail, Captain Wallis returned from his voyage, and pointed out Otaheite as a place more proper for the purpose of the Expedition, than either of those mentioned by the Royal Society. This alteration was approved of, and our Navigator was appointed by that learned body, with Mr Charles Green, to observe the transit.

On this occasion Lieutenant Cook was promoted to be Captain, and his commission bore date the 25th of May, 1768. He immediately hoisted the pendant, and took command of the ship, in which he sailed down the river on the 30th of July. In this voyage he was accompanied by Joseph Banks, Esq; since Sir Joseph and Dr Solander. On the 13th of October he arrived at Rio de Janeiro, and on the 13th of April, 1769, came to Otaheite, where the Transit of Venus was observed in different parts of the island. He staid there until the 13th of July, after which he went in search of several Islands, which he discovered. He then proceeded to New Zealand, and on the 10th of October, 1770, arrived at Batavia, with a vessel almost worn out, and the crew much fatigued, and very sickly. The repairs of the ship obliged him to continue at this unhealthy place until the 27th of December, in which time he lost many of his seamen and passengers, and more in the passage to the Cape of Good

Hope, which place he reached on the 15th of March, 1771. On the 14th of April he left the Cape, and the 1st of May anchored at St. Helena, and from whence he sailed on the 4th, and came to anchor in the Downs on the 12th of June, after having been absent almost three years, and in that time had experienced every danger to which a voyage of such length is incident, and in which he had made discoveries equal to those of all the Navigators of this country, from the time of Columbus to the present. The narrative of this expedition was written by Dr Hawkeſworth, which as the facts contained in it have not been denied, nor the excellence of the composition disputed, has certainly been treated with a degree of severity, which, when every thing is considered, must excite the astonishment of every reader of taste and sensibility.

Soon after Captain Cook's return to England, it was resolved to equip two ships to complete the discovery of the Southern Hemisphere. It had long been a prevailing idea, that the unexplored part contained another continent, and a gentleman whose enterprising spirit has not met with the encouragement he deserved, had been very firmly persuaded of its existence. To ascertain the fact was the principal object of this Expedition; and that nothing might be omitted that could tend to facilitate the enterprise, two ships were provided, furnished with every necessary which could promote the success of the undertaking. The first of these ships was called *The Resolution*, under the command of Captain Cook; the other *The Adventure*, commanded by Captain Furneaux. Both of them sailed from Deptford on the 9th of April, 1772, and arrived at

the Cape of Good Hope on the 30th of October. They departed from thence on the 22d of November, and from that time until the 17th of January, 1773, continued endeavouring to discover the continent, when they were obliged to relinquish the design, observing the whole sea covered with ice from the direction of south east, round by the south to west. They then proceeded into the South Seas, and made many other discoveries, and returned to the Cape of Good Hope on the 21st of March, 1774, and from thence to England on the 14th of July; having, during three years and eighteen days (in which time the voyage was performed) lost but one man, by sickness, in Captain Cook's ship; although he had navigated throughout all the climates from 52° north, to 71° south, with a company of an hundred and eighteen men.

The relation of this voyage was given to the Public by Captain Cook himself, and by Mr George Forster, son of Dr Forster, who had been appointed by Government to accompany him for the purpose of making such observations on such natural productions as might be found in the course of the navigation. That published by Captain Cook has generally been ascribed to a gentleman of great eminence in the literary world; but if the testimony of one who was on board the ship, and who made an extract from the Journal in its rude uncorrected state, may be relied on, there seems no reason to ascribe the merit of the work to any other person than he whose name it goes under.

The want of success which attended Captain Cook's attempt to discover a southern continent, did not discourage another plan being

resolved on, which had been recommended some time before. This was no other than the finding out a north-west passage, which the fancy of some chimerical projectors had conceived to be a practicable scheme. The dangers which our Navigator had twice braved and escaped from, would have exempted him from being solicited a third time to venture his person in unknown countries, amongst desert islands, inhospitable climates, and in the midst of savages, but, on his opinion being asked concerning the person who would be the most proper to execute this design, he once more relinquished the quiet and comforts of domestic life, to engage in scenes of turbulence and confusion, of difficulty and danger. His intrepid spirit and inquisitive mind induced him again to offer his services; and they were accepted without hesitation. The manner in which he had deported himself on former occasions, left no room to suppose a fitter man could be selected. He prepared for his departure with the utmost alacrity, and actually sailed in the month of July, 1776.

A few months after his departure from England, notwithstanding he was then absent, the Royal Society voted him Sir Godfrey Copley's Gold Medal, as a reward for the account which he had transmitted to that body, of the method taken to preserve the health of the crew of his ship; and Sir John Pringle, in an oration pronounced on the 30th of November, observed "how meritorious that person must appear, who had not only made the most extensive, but the most instructive voyages; who had not only discovered, but surveyed vast tracts of new coasts; who had dispelled the illusion of a *terra australis incog-*

nita; and fixed the bounds of the habitable earth, as well as those of the navigable ocean in the southern hemisphere; but that, however ample a field for praise these circumstances would afford, it was a nobler motive that prompted the Society to notice Captain Cook in the honourable manner which had occasioned his then address." After descending on the means used on the voyage to preserve the lives of the sailors, he concluded his discourse in these terms: "Allow me then, Gentlemen, to deliver this Medal, with his unperishing name engraven upon it, into the hands of one who will be happy to receive that trust, and to hear that this respectable body never more cordially, nor more meritoriously, bestowed that faithful symbol of their esteem and affection. For if Rome decreed the *Civic Crown* to him who saved the life of a single citizen, what wreaths are due to that man, who, having himself saved many, perpetuates in your Transactions the means by which Britain may now, on the most distant voyages, save numbers of her intrepid sons, her Mariners; who, braving every danger, have so liberally contributed to the same, to the opulence, and to the Maritime empire of their country?"

It will give pain to every sensible mind to reflect, that this honourable testimony to the merit of our gallant Commander never came to his knowledge. While his friends were waiting with the most earnest solicitude for tidings concerning him, and the whole nation expressed an anxious impatience to be informed of his success, advice was received from Captain Clerke, in a letter dated at Kamtschatka, the 8th day of June, 1779; advising that Captain

Cook was killed on the 14th of February, 1779.

Captain Cook was a married man, and left several children behind him. On each of these his Majesty has settled a pension of 25l. per annum, and 200l. per annum on his Widow. It is remarkable, if true as reported, that Captain Cook was god-father to his wife; and at the very time she was christened declared that he had determined on the union which afterwards took place between them.

## LOVE REWARDED:

### A SPANISH TALE.

THE plains in which Lima, the capital of Peru, is built, are the most beautiful in the world; they are of a vast extent, reaching from the foot of the Andes, or Cordelier-mountains, to the sea; and are covered with groves of orange trees and citrons, watered by many streams; one of the principal among which, washing the walls of Lima, falls into the ocean at Callao, which latter place is the scene of the following story.

To this city, Don Juan de Mendoza, yet an infant, had come over with his father from Old Spain. The father having borne many high offices in Peru, died much esteemed and honoured, rather than rich. The young gentleman had in early youth, conceived a very violent passion for Donna Cornelia de Perez, daughter to a wealthy merchant who dwelt in the city of Callao, at that time the best port in the western world.

For tho' the young lady, who was reputed the most accomplished person in the Indies, returned his affection, he met with an insu-

perable difficulty in the avarice and inflexibility of the father; who preferring wealth to every other consideration, absolutely refused his consent. And at length, the unfortunate lover saw himself under the necessity of returning to his native country, the most miserable of all beings, torn away for ever from all that he held dear.

He went on board in the port of Callao, the ship ready to sail for Spain; the wind fair; the crew all employed; the passengers rejoicing in the expectation of seeing once more the place of their nativity. Amidst the shouts and acclamations, with which the whole bay resounded, Mendoza sat upon deck, overwhelmed with sorrow, beholding those walls in which he had left the only person, who could have made him happy. A thousand tender, a thousand melancholy thoughts possessed his mind.

In the mean time, the serenity of the sky is disturbed; sudden flashes of lightning dart across, which increasing, fill the whole air with flame. A noise is heard from the bowels of the earth, at first low and rumbling, but growing louder, and soon exceeding the roaring of the most violent thunder. This was instantly followed by a trembling of the earth; the first shocks were of short continuance, but in a few moments they became quicker, and of longer duration. The sea seemed to be thrown up into the sky, the arch of heaven to bend downwards. The Cordeliers, the highest mountains of the earth, shook to their foundation, and bursting open with a sound, that appeared to portend a total dissolution of nature, deluged the subject plains with fire, and threw rocks of immense magnitude into the air. The houses, arsenal, and churches of Callao tot-

tered from side to side, and at length tumbled upon the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

Those who had not perished in this manner, you might see of every age and sex, rushing into the streets, and public roads. But even there was no safety; the whole earth was in motion; nor was the ocean less disturbed. The ships in the harbour were, some of them torn from their anchors, some of them swallowed up by the waves, some dashed on the rocks, many thrown several miles up into the land. The whole city of Callao, late so flourishing, filled with half the wealth of the Indies, disappeared, being partly ingulphed, partly carried away in explosion, by minerals bursting from the entrails of the earth. Vast quantities of spoils of furniture, and precious goods, were afterwards taken up floating some leagues off at sea.

In the midst of this astonishing confusion, Mendoza was, perhaps, the only person unconcerned for himself. He beheld the whole tremendous scene from the deck of his ship, which was one of the few that rode out the tempest, frightened only for the destruction falling on his beloved Cornelia. And he mourned her fate as unavoidable, little rejoicing at his own safety, since life was now become a burden.

But, after the space of an hour, this terrible hurricane ended; earth regained its stability, the sky its calmness. He then beheld close by the stern of his ship, floating upon an olive-tree, to a bough of which she clung, one in the dress of a female. He was touched with compassion, and hastened to her relief: he finds her yet breathing; and, raising her up, how unspeakable was his astonishment, when he beheld in his arms his beloved, his

lamented Cornelia! The manner of whose miraculous escape is thus recorded.

In this wreck of nature, in which the elements of earth and water changed their places, fishes were borne up into the midland, and trees, houses, and men, into the deep; it happened that the fair Cornelia, was hurried into the sea, together with the tree, to which in the beginning of the commotion she had clung, and was thrown up by the side of that very ship, which contained her faithful Mendoza. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind, the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tenderness—Words cannot express them.

Oh, thrice happy Mendoza, how wonderfully was thy love rewarded! Lo, the wind is fair! Haste, bear with thee to thy native Spain, thy inestimable prize! Return no less justly triumphant, than did formerly the illustrious Cortez, loaded with the spoils of Montezuma, the treasures of a newly discovered world.

*N. B.* The above story, however marvellous, is grounded on fact. A parallel event happened at Port-Royal in Jamaica: the person saved in the same miraculous manner, lived afterwards many years in England. *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 209.

## THE STROKE OF DEATH.

### A FRAGMENT.

**I** AM now worth a plum, said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, part of an estate he had just purchased.

I am now worth a plumb, which I have earned by a strict attention

to business; I will purchase a seat in the Commons for my son, and procure a peer to marry my daughter.

I am now worth a plumb, and am but sixty-five years of age, hale and robust in my constitution; and so I'll eat, and I'll drink, and live merrily all the days of my life.

I am now worth a plumb, said old Gregory, as he attained the summit of a hill, which commanded a full prospect of his estate; and here, said he, I'll build a mansion; and there I'll plant an orchard; and, on that spot, I'll have a pinery.

Yon' farm-houses shall come down, said old Gregory, they interrupt my view—

Then, what will become of the farmers, asked the steward, who attended him?

That's their business, answered old Gregory.

And that mill must not stand upon that stream, said old Gregory.

Then how will the villagers grind their corn, asked the steward? That's not my business, said old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—eat a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco, and fell into a profound slumber, from which he never more awoke. The farmers reside on their lands—the mill stands on the stream—and the villagers all rejoice in his death.

## A QUESTION.

**S**OLD a certain number of yards, for a certain number of shillings, the price of one yard was equal to the number of yards; the yards multiplied by the shillings were 2197;—what was the number of yards, and the price per yard?

## P O E T R Y.

## MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A

## D I R G E.

[From Burn's Poems, page 224.]

WHEN chill November's furlx blast  
 Made fields and forests bare,  
 One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth  
 Along the banks of Ayr.  
 I spy'd a man, whose aged step  
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;  
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,  
 And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou,  
 Began the rev'rend Sage;  
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
 Or youthful Pleasure's rage?  
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,  
 Too soon thou hast begun  
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn  
 The miseries of Man.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,  
 Out-spreading far and wide,  
 Where hundreds labour to support  
 A haughty lordling's pride;  
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun  
 Twice forty times return;  
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,  
 That Man was made to mourn.

O Man! while in thy early years,  
 How prodigal of time!  
 Mispending all thy precious hours,  
 Thy glorious, youthful prime!  
 Alternate Follies take the sway;  
 Licentious Passions burn;  
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,  
 That Man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful Prime;  
 Or Manhood's active might;  
 Man then is useful to his kind,  
 Supported is his right:  
 But see him on the edge of life,  
 With Cares and Sorrows worn,  
 Then Age and Want, Oh! ill match'd  
 pair!  
 Show Man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of Fate,  
 In Pleasure's lap carest;  
 Yet, think not all the Rich and Great  
 Are likewise truly blest.  
 But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,  
 All wretched and forlorn,  
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,  
 That Man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills  
 Inwoven with our frame!  
 More pointed still we make ourselves,  
 Regret, Remorse, and Shame!  
 And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,  
 The smiles of love adorn,  
 Man's inhumanity to Man  
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight;  
 So abject, mean, and vile,  
 Who begs a brother of the earth  
 To give him leave to toil;  
 And see his lordly fellow-worm  
 The poor petition spurn,  
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife  
 And helpless offspring mourn;

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,  
 By Nature's law design'd,  
 Why was an independent wish  
 E'er planted in my mind?  
 If not, why am I subject to  
 His cruelty, or scorn?  
 Or why has Man the will and pow'r  
 To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my Son;  
 Disturb thy youthful breast:  
 This partial view of human kind  
 Is surely not the last!  
 The poor, oppressed, honest man  
 Had never, sure, been born,  
 Had there not been some recompense  
 To comfort those that mourn!

O death! the poor man's dearest friend;  
 The kindest and the best!  
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
 Are laid with thee at rest!  
 The Great, the Wealthy, fear thy blow,  
 From pomp and pleasure torn;  
 But, Oh! a blest relief to those  
 That weary-laden mourn.

**A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT  
OF DEATH.**

[From Burn's Poems, page 232.]

○ Thou unknown; Almighty Cause  
Of all my hope and fear!  
In whose dread Presence, 'ere an hour,  
Perhaps I must appear.

If I have wander'd in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun;  
As Something, loudly, in my breast,  
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed  
me  
With Passions wild and strong;  
And list'ning to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,  
Or frailty slept aside,  
Do Thou, All Good! for such Thou art,  
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,  
No other Plea I have,  
But, Thou art good; and Goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive.

**TO THE EDITOR.**

ERATO, patroness of am'rous lays,  
To sing my passion; and my Tom-  
my's praise  
Descend; and to the Editor I'll write;  
He will approve, when you, kind Muse,  
indite.

While prudish nymphs, whose breasts  
would seem of Steel.  
Deny their passion, and their flame con-  
ceal;  
I mine acknowledge, for a handsome  
youth,  
Who's fam'd 'for real courage, sense,  
and truth!  
But first for me, his flame he did discover,  
And in due form, commenc'd my loyal  
lover.  
But, O ye prudes! the girlish thought  
forgive,  
If I suppose the woman does not live,  
That can in heart, despise such manly  
charms,  
Or from him turn, when he extends his  
arms.

VOL. III.

His face so lively; and his shape so fine,  
His soft address, and gallant air com-  
bine  
To pierce my volatile, and youthful  
heart;  
With those soft pains which form Cu-  
pid's dart;  
With sweet disorder, such as lovers feel,  
But which, in words, they never can  
reveal.  
How mixt the state of lovers here be-  
low!  
We taste of joys, and on these joys forego.  
Hymen prepar'd to lead the nuptial  
dance,  
But Tommy's order'd to a port in  
France;  
Six months on business there he must  
remain,  
Ere he return to bless his anxious Jane.  
Fate; cruel Fate! has snatch'd him from  
my sight,  
But busy fancy views him in it's light;  
The lov'd idea fills each waking scene,  
And still is present in each nightly dream.  
Heav'n keep my Tommy on the rolling  
seas,  
And smoothly waft him with a gentle  
breeze!  
Shield him from ills while he abroad  
remains—  
Those worst of ills, the wiles of Gallic  
dames!  
Now hated Sandy will his suit renew,  
O may he take this hint, and shun my  
view!  
Roll on, ye days, and make a quick re-  
move!  
Restore my Tommy to his Jenny's love!

JANE.

**LINES ON THOMSON.**

Tu decus omne tuis; postquam te fata  
tulerunt  
Ipsa Agros Pales, atque ipse reliquit  
Apollo!  
Virg.

○ Caledonians! O ye lofty sons  
Of Heaven-aspiring genius! O ye  
men  
Who tread the hill of science! O ye  
friends  
Of sacred virtue! Ye who shun the dirt  
Of courts and palaces; and ye who walk  
In humble life, or woo the dewy breeze!  
Draw near! view well this marble.—  
Know ye not

G g

The features! Hath not oft his tuneful tongue  
 Inspir'd your swelling breasts, as all elate  
 You mark'd his notes of harmony, and hung  
 Enraptur'd o'er the reed. Has he not oft  
 In your cold frames awak'd the latent flame,  
 And rous'd decay'd devotion. Has he not  
 Thro' all her wild variety express'd  
 The mental tumult; while his tragic tales  
 Extracted moish'ned anguish! need I name  
 Immortal THOMSON! Do not these slight traits  
 Confess the bard! say, do not these rec-  
 cal  
 His pleasing image? O around his bust  
 Drop the due tribute! and if favouring heaven,  
 Has blest thee with a parents honour'd name,  
 Go call thy offspring; set before their eyes  
 His fair example. Say his generous mind  
 Fraught with each virtue which adorns the man  
 Endear'd him unto all: His aiding hand  
 Supported the afflicted, and his breast  
 Benevolently anxious to relieve,  
 Swell'd at the tale of sadness. Much he wrote,  
 And well he counsell'd; but himself appear'd  
 The pattern which he drew from; for 'tis strange  
 He practis'd every precept which he taught!  
 Ye bards on Tweed, who sing the rural lay,  
 Blush not to hear a rural poet prais'd!  
 Beaumont Banks, }  
 May 1787. } P.—

## ALNWICK'S CONDOLENCE.

[Continued from page 172]

UNdaunted then, each virtue may we trace,  
 That long has dignified Northumbria's race!  
 Those virtues, which, fresh blooming to the fight,  
 Command our tears, our wonder, our delight!

Those virtues, which, to all our griefs, declare  
 The patron lost—for merit claim'd his care—  
 Distress a friend, beneficent and kind,  
 From the all-feeling impulse of his mind;  
 His bounty doubled, anxious to replace  
 The loss, the wretched suffer'd in her grace!—  
 —There bleeds my wound afresh!—  
 which you partake,  
 Dissolv'd in pity, for your Alnwick's sake!

## THERON.

Mark, Fidor! how the venerable seer  
 Recalls the anguish of a former year,  
 And shares with gratitude, the pious }  
 tear!

## FIDOR.

And yet, methinks, joy brightens in his eye,  
 He looks, he points, enraptur'd, to the sky!  
 See, with extatic burst, his heart dilate,  
 As he unfolds heav'n's registry of fate!

## ALNWICK.

O tide of bliss! it flows upon my soul!  
 Enjoy it, Friends! May it each pang controul!

Methinks, bright saints! even now the stars above,  
 Crown'd with the fullness of your Maker's love.

In all the radiance of that blissful state,  
 Assign'd for those alone supremely great!  
 Methinks, I hear you both with voice serene,

And all the sweetness of your living mien—

Exclaim, with holy fervor, joy sincere;  
 "Where is thy sting, O Death! Thy horrors where?"

"Where Grave! the lordly victory you boast,

"So sudden vanquish'd by the heavenly host!

"Thy vain alarms, thy idle terrors o'er,

"Subdu'd to heav'n by virtue's sacred pow'r."

## FIDOR.

Now, Theron! while these raptur'd visions charm,  
 Be't ours to guard him from a new alarm!

Fixing his sense to those on earth decreed,  
 Heav'n's substitutes for the immortal dead—

"The pleasing task be mine.—

[They advance to Alnwick.

FIDOR.

Hail, Alnwick, hail;

How do your faith and gratitude prevail,

To dear Northumbria's race.

ALNWICK.

Fidor, my friend;

My Theron too; your zeal let me commend;

Indulgent ever to your Alnwick's grief,

Your tenderness would minister relief;

As erst, nigh ten years back, with anxious care,

You sooth'd the rigour of my keen despair;

So here—but Oh—

FIDOR.

Cease, much-lov'd Genius, cease;

With sorrow to disturb celestial peace:

Vain is that grief, where remedy is vain,

Death knows not to give up his prey again;

And heav'n enamour'd of two souls so fair,

Yields not its treasure back at mortal's prayer.

[To be continued.]

# LINES LEFT IN A BOOK-CASE,

Which the Author was going to leave,  
Addressed to a Lady who succeeded  
him in the Room.

Madam.

IF pity warms your heart, attend

A youthful bardling's prayer;

And bid, O bid unhallow'd hands

This sacred case forbear.—

O, let no barb'rous cook-maid e'er

Profane the hallow'd shelf—

Which bore a treasure, valu'd far

Beyond the miser's pelf:

The labours of the mighty dead,

Here liv'd illustrious throng—

Here stood the fair enlighten'd page

Of Science and of Song.—

Here Nature's bard, great Shakespear  
stood;

Here Milton's sacred page,

Young's Thoughts sublime, Pope's flowing strains,

Renown'd in ev'ry age.—

Here Thompson, sweet descriptive bard,  
Whose numbers soothe the soul;

Whose name shall live, rever'd, admir'd,  
While Nature's seasons roll.

Here Swift's serene satyric lay;

Sterne's philanthropic page;

Laborious Johnson; pious Blair,

Whose pen reforms the age.—

But should these boards a greasy load

Of viands e'er sustain,

Each injur'd Author's ghost will rise,

And cry "Avant, profane."—

May mice, and fell carniv'rous rats,

In swarms devouring pour;

May brittle plates, and dishes frail,

In ruin strew the floor.

## A REBUS.

THE spouse of fair Pomona of the  
grove;

A cow, (by poets feign'd) the love of  
Jove:

What much employs the greedy Miser's  
thoughts:

What measures music's soft and charming  
notes:

The noble system of created things:

The fields where sweet ambrosia ever  
springs.

Initials take, and soon by them you'll  
guess

What mortals, male and female, should  
possess.

NOSBOROHT.

A Solution to this simple Rebus is desired in Verse.

## AN EPITAPH.

A Soul prepar'd needs no delays,

The summons come, the saint obeys,  
Swift was her flight, and short the road,

She clos'd her eyes, and saw her God.

The flesh rests here, till Jesus come,

And claims the treasure from the tomb.

G g 2

## STATE OF POLITICS.

THE circumstance which, next to government, has the most powerful effect on the condition of any society or state, is literature, comprehending philosophy, the polite arts, and religion. The advancement of science is the exaltation of human nature, and the enlargement of the empire of reason; which, in its progress, corrects and softens the empire of force, by inclining the minds of subjects to pay a voluntary obedience to just laws, and enabling and disposing legislators to impose no other laws, than such as are consistent with the happiness and dignity of man. The progress and the vicissitudes of the philosophical spirit, therefore, is not only an object of curious speculation, but really interesting in a more important view. Men conversant in philosophy, are accustomed to reflection; and they who are wont to think much, learn to think justly. Philosophy raises the human mind above the common objects of strife and contention; it enables men to bring war to a speedy conclusion, by reducing its operations more and more to mechanical exactness, and thereby subjecting them to calculation; it weighs the objects for which war is undertaken, and compares the advantages of peace and commerce with the difficulties and the dangers of conquest; it checks the illusions of the untutored imagination, which invests the haughty oppressor with the noble mien of the undaunted patriot; reprobates the boldest and most successful exploits of tyranny, and approves and admires the fainting efforts of unfortunate

virtue; but it bestows the very highest praise on that prince or statesman, who sacrifices the vulgar fame of a conquering hero to the enlarged views of a liberal politician, and the duty of a humane and benevolent citizen.

As the spirit of philosophy thus influences taste in moral criticism, so it also influences taste in what is called *humane* or *polite* literature; history, poetry, historical painting, novels, romances, and, in general, all works of imagination. These indeed derive their principal charm from something *moral*; from the representations they contain of human nature, placed in various interesting situations, which humanize the mind, by contemplating man under various forms; wear away those antipathies and prejudices which set men at variance with one another; and, by the exercise of sympathy, produces habits of forbearance and indulgence towards all mankind.

The progress of science has influenced even the spirit of religion, which has become mild and temperate, and begins to recover the divine simplicity and benevolence which breathe throughout the writings of the evangelists and apostles.

On the whole, there is an action and re-action, a mutual sympathy and connection, between liberty and literature; and the advancement of these has happily given birth to that reason and moderation, to that spirit of inquiry, of calculation, of industry, and of humanity, which auspiciously marks *The Present Times*.

When the House of Commons shall give their final decision with

regard to the merits or demerits of Mr Hastings, we will enter at greater length on a question which involves the dignity of Great Britain; her reputation on the continent, and her interest in Asia. The late charges against Mr Hastings, are the separate sections of greater ones; and the articles of impeachment deduced from them are such, that no jury in England, except it had been chosen from St Stephen's chapel, would have found adequate to merit censure, much less crimination. The article with regard to contracts, in particular, must strike every person, who has not entirely renounced the principles of his reason, and the dictates of his experience. Is there any person so ignorant of the principles of political society, or who has considered the contracts given in the late German war, in the American war; or who reflects on the manner in which lottery-tickets are disposed of under the present administration; who can construe into a crime, the conduct of the late governor-general of Bengal, in disposing of laborious and lucrative offices in such manner, as would at once benefit the India Company, and attach individuals to its service? The conduct of all administrations, in all nations and ages of the world, would be a satire on the supposition.

In the discussion of general questions, that involve a variety of separate particulars and circumstances not fully elucidated, there are some principles of common sense and ordinary penetration that come home to the mind of every impartial man. When Mr Hastings was appointed governor of India, he was invested with a discretionary power to promote the interests of the India Company and of the British empire; he discharged the trust, and preserved the

empire committed to him, in the same way, and with greater splendour and success, than any of his predecessors in office; his departure from India was marked with the lamentations of the natives, and the tears of his countrymen; on his return to England, he received the thanks and congratulations of his employers. These facts are so strong and striking, that no false reasoning or rhetoric will ever obliterate their impression.

It was a favourite idea of Bishop Butler, that nations, like individuals, are subject to fits of insanity. Of this, with regard to England, the rise, the progress, and the termination of the American war, was a strong demonstration. Will that tempest never spend itself, that fury never assuage? It will give consolation, however, and even triumph, to the celebrated personage who now attracts the attention of Europe, to think that his merit is recognised in every corner of the globe—except in the English House of Commons.

This is the first year, since the year 1794, that has been exempted from taxes, and a loan to government. A deficiency has been found in the customs, which may be easily accounted for. During the dependence of the Commercial Treaty with France, it was not to be expected, that the merchants would continue to import, at the old duties, commodities which were soon to be reduced in their price, and stock their warehouses to their obvious disadvantage. This observation particularly applies to the valuable imports of wine and spirits. Altho' the finances of the country appear to be in a more flourishing state, than in any year since the peace, every means should be taken to render the taxes efficient and productive. Formerly, defi-

ciencies in one tax, were compensated by imposing another, and the people saw no end to their burdens. The present ministry have adopted a wiser plan, by inquiring into the causes that occasion deficiencies, and endeavouring to remove them. Smuggling, and an improper mode of collecting the taxes, seem to be the great obstacles to the increase of the national revenue. The former has been greatly checked, though it cannot be altogether suppressed; the latter (the business of collecting taxes) ought to center in as few hands as possible.

But although the nation has no cause to despair from the aspect of their affairs, the ministry have little reason to triumph. When we consider that our annual expenditure amounts to upwards of sixteen millions, and that the annual revenue comes short of it by at least half a million, public economy, in all the branches of government, and a patriotic and unremitting attention to explore all the sources of industry in the kingdom, are indispensably neces-

sary in a minister of Great Britain. In this view, the Commercial Treaty opens the prospect of manifold advantages to both kingdoms. From the speech of M. de Callone, to the Assembly of the Notables, the French finances appear to have been as much embarrassed as our own. The dismissal and disgrace of their late ministry, by whom the Commercial Treaty was framed, threatens nothing hostile to that transaction. A change of ministers, in France, does not imply a change of measures, as generally happens in England.

The Shop-Tax, so vexatious, odious, and unproductive, has been again complained of, and again confirmed. Obstinacy is not the worst quality that a minister can possess; but it ought never to be exerted, but in a good cause. Mr Pitt pledged himself to repeal this tax, when it should be proved that it was partial or oppressive. This has been done to the conviction of all men; but our young minister affects to be unconvinced.

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

### *Extraordinary News from Holland.*

ON the 9th inst. at two o'clock, advice was received at Utrecht, that Messrs de Perponcher, and d'Athlone, two magistrates of Amersfort, were advancing with a body of troops to take possession of the posts of Jutphaas and du Vaart. On the receipt of this intelligence, the armed burghesses of the town were immediately assembled on the grand place of Neude, when a resolution was immediately formed to oppose the progress of the Provincial

troops; and to that end, a body of two hundred men and thirty Chasseurs were raised, who with proper arms, and in good order, marched against them.

The Provincial Troops immediately run away to a small wood, in the environs of Jutphaas, on the approach of the Patriots from Utrecht. An advanced guard, through fear of surprise, was sent forward by the Patriots, who followed regularly behind. The guard soon finding themselves near the enemy, who had laid con-

coaled on their bellies, fled in haste to their commandant to give notice of their situation; when the Provincial Troops, in the instant, fired a general discharge, by which Mr de Vifcher, the adjutant, and Mr R. C. Van Goens, commandant of the artillery was killed. A brisk fire on both sides immediately commenced, which was kept up for the space of twenty minutes, when the field was abandoned by the Provincial Troops. M. D'Averbault, the leader of the troops of Utrecht, gave orders to the artillery to charge their pieces with bullets, and to fire on the rear of the fugitives, who, from their loss, were not enabled to face about, but fled dispersed through the country.

At half past eleven, Mr D'Averbault, finding no resistance, marched back to Jutphaas; and at five o'clock in the morning, detached a division of thirty men to reconnoitre the field of battle, and to secure the spoils.

At three o'clock, on the 20th inst. Mr Van Goens, who was sent on a commission from Vaart to Utrecht, appeared in the town with two soldiers of the enemy

in his carriage, whom he had made prisoners by the way, and shewed them to the people triumphantly, as if having gained a decided victory over the Orange party, and had yoked them to his car.

The enemy had 120 men more than the Patriots.—The number of the killed and wounded is yet not authentically ascertained; but it is reported, that there were,

Of the Provincial Troops,

Killed 100

Wounded 27

And on the Patriotic Side,

Killed 7

Wounded 30

The baggage, &c. taken from the enemy, were,

A military chest, containing 40,000 florins.

30 Chests belonging to the officers.

260 Mufquets.

4 Spontons.

12 Drums.

1 Horse, belonging to the Major.

109 Hats.

12 Grenadier Caps.

With a quantity of Swords, Centurions, &c. &c.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Extract of a letter from Wellington,  
Somersetshire, May 24*

"A very tremendous dispensation of Providence visited us this day, such as was scarce ever before experienced in the memory of the oldest person living. Between eleven and twelve o'clock there was a most violent storm of rain, attended with what some think a tornado, others a shock of an earthquake. It was, however, dreadful beyond description, I was

standing at Mr Horsey's shop door, when there was such a dreadful sound as I cannot express; it seemed like the explosion of a cannon, and at the same time there fell a large shower of tiles, bricks and glass, far beyond my power to describe; houses unroofed, chimneys falling, &c. and the whole town in an uproar.

"The storm took its direction south east, thatch was carried more than a mile; our garden

wall stript, many lives miraculously preserved, among the rest Mr Horfey's; a vast number of trees blown up by the roots. The standings in the market for the bakers turned topsy-turvy, carts, waggons, and chaises, carried up into the air, and turned upside down, one in particular at Mr Butler's door, the White Hart Inn, was carried beyond Mr Holmes's, about forty or fifty yards distance, with the wheels upwards. I am myself so exceedingly indisposed from the fright I cannot add more at present."

May 5. At Rossgull, county of Donegall, in Ireland, a girl of the name of Fanny M'Bride, after a night's dancing, fell into a kind of trance or lethargy, in which she continued for ten days; on the eleventh, she awakened as it were from a long sleep, yawned two or three times, rubbed her hands, and then expired.

Letters from Stockholm of the 8th of last month, say, that the English are making very large purchases in iron there, though they could supply themselves with Russia iron much cheaper; for which a very good reason is given; and that is, that experience proves, that the Russia iron is not fit to be used in ship building, nor in public edifices, because the rust destroys it in a very short time.

The time seems rapidly approaching, when the Dutch will be justly rewarded for their ingratitude to this country; for, instead of exerting their wonted industry in the laudable pursuits of commerce, for which they have been hitherto so highly celebrated, those selfish and phlegmatic Belgians are now busily employed in cutting each other's throats. A spirit of party rancour has diffused

itself through every corner of that unhappy country; and it is more than probable *The High and Mighty Lords* will sink once more into *The Poor and Distressed States of Holland!*—O rare French politics!!!!

A knowledge of the English language is now considered as one of the essentials of a polite and learned education.

29. At Whitfunbank Fair, catt'e and sheep sold high; great numbers were sold before they got to the hill.

#### BIRTHS.

May 25. Mrs Forster, Postmaster of a Son.

The Rev. Mrs Clarkson, of a Son.

#### DEATHS.

May 15. Mrs Patterson, wife of Mr Patterson, Shipmaster.

16. Mrs Jane Humphrey's, aged 75 years.

W. Pratt, Esq. at Warenton, aged 92.

Mrs Constable.

21. At Alnwick, Mrs Young-husband, relict of Samuel Young-husband, Esq; of Tougallhall, in the parish of Bambro'.

22. Charles Short, aged 24.

Daniel Cook, Porter.

26. Mr Martin Southern, aged 82.

25. At his seat at Biddlestone, of a fit of the gout, — Selby, Esq; he was possessed of large property in the West Indies.

27. Thomas Fizzackerly, aged 36.

At Tweedmouth, Mr James Ramsay, aged 82.

Mr Park, Schoolmaster, aged 76.

# T H E

**M O N T H L Y**

BEING A VIEW OF THE  
HISTORY, POLITICS, AND LITERATURE  
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# THE BERWICK MUSEUM:

OR,  
*MONTHLY LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.*

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F O R J U N E, 1787.

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## THE HISTORY OF HOLY ISLAND.

**T**HIS island is in circumference about eight miles, in which was a noble monastery, famous for its prelates, (among whom was St. Cuthbert) whose bodies were there deposited, and whose memory would live for ever. It hath the name of Lindisfarn, from a small rivulet called Lindis, which from the opposite continent empties itself into the sea. Bede calls it a Semi Island, being as he justly observes, twice an island, and twice continent in one day; for at the flowing of the tide it is encompassed by water, and at the ebb there is an almost dry passage, both for horses and carriages to and from the main land; from which, if measured in a straight line, it is distant about two miles eastward; but on account of some quick sands, passengers are obliged to make so many detours, that the length of the way is nearly doubled, the water over these flats at spring tides, is only seven feet.

This island was by the Britons called *Inis Medicante*; also *Lindis-*

*farn*, from the small rivulet of *Lindis*, which here runs into the sea, and the Celtic word *Fabren* or *recess*; also on account of its being the habitation of some of the first monks in this country, it afterwards obtained its present name of *Holy Island*. It measures from east to west about two miles and a quarter, and its breadth from north to south is scarcely a mile and a half. At the north west part, there runs out a spit of land of about a mile in length. The Monastery is situated at the southernmost extremity; and a small distance north of it, stands a little town, inhabited chiefly by fishermen. This island, though really part of Northumberland, belongs to Durham, and all civil disputes must be determined by the justices of that county.

There is one small farm of cultivated land upon the island, with some few acres of good pasture ground, capable of improvement, and the rest, by violence of tempests, is covered with sand. The

H h 2

island chiefly consists of one continued plain, inclining to the south west. The land on which the village stands, rises swiftly from the shore; at the southern point is a rock of a conical figure, and almost perpendicular, near sixty feet in height, having on its lofty crown a small fortress or castle, which makes at once a grotesque and formidable appearance. There are no trees upon the island.

The village consists of a few scattered houses, two of which are good inns, the rest chiefly inhabited by fishermen. The shore is excellent for bathing, and the situation at once healthy and romantic; it is surprising it should be so little resorted to. The north and east coasts of the island are formed of perpendicular rocks, the other sides sink by gradual declinations towards the sands. The rock on which the castle stands, is accessible only by a winding pass cut on its southern side: the narrow limits of its crown will not admit of many works, the whole strength consisting of a single battery on the south east point, mounted with seven or eight guns, which commands the approach to the island from the sea; but would be of little consequence against a ship of any considerable force. The rest of the summit is taken up with a house for the governor and guard, the walls of which stand on the very brink of the precipice. This fortress, before the use of gunpowder, from its situation, appears to have been impregnable, the superstructures being above the reach of any engine, and the rocks too high to be scaled. The antiquity of this castle is not known, but I should presume it is coeval with the abbey, and was used as a place of resort in times of peril, and a strong hold for the religious, whenever they were disturbed in

their holy retreat. The present fortifications appear to be the work of the last century. In the military establishment, made by Queen Elizabeth for Berwick, in 1556, the castle was noted, and a patent for life was granted to Sir William Read, as keeper of the fortresses of Holy Island and Farn, with a yearly payment of 362l. 7s. 6d. per annum.

The ingenious Mr Grose gives the following anecdotes relative to this castle: "Cambden mentions it, so that it is evidently as old as his time. Probably it has been the scene of very few remarkable events: history being nearly silent with respect to them, as concerning its origin. The first time it occurs, is in the history of the civil war in the time of Charles I. when it appears to have been seized for the parliament; and according to Rushworth, in an order of the House of Commons, May 7. 1646, for sending forces thither, this reason is assigned, it being of such consequence to the northern parts of the kingdom. Probably this consequence arose, more for the convenience of its harbour, than the strength of the castle.

"In the year 1647, one Captain Batton, was governor of the island, for the parliament; to whom Sir Marmaduke Langdale, after the taking of Berwick, wrote the following letter, but without success. The letter, together with the Captain's refusal, were transmitted to the House of Commons, for which they voted their thanks to Captain Batton, and that he should be continued Governor of the place. "Sir, you have the good opinion of the counties, to be a sober discreet man amongst them, which emboldeneth me, a stranger to you, to propose (that which every man in his duty to God and the King ought to

perform) the veil of these horrid deligns plotted by some, that men may run and read the misery and thralldom they intend upon the whole nation. It is believed by many that know you, that you are sensible of the imprisonment of of his Majesty, and the violation of all our laws. If you please to consider the ends being changed, perhaps for which you first engaged, and comply with the King's interest, by keeping the fort now in possession for the King's use; I will engage myself to see all the arrears due to yourself and the soldiers duly paid, and to procure his Majesty's favour for the future; and that I only may receive some satisfaction from you, that this motion is as really accepted, as intended by your humble servant,  
**MARMADUKE LANGDALE."**

*Berwick, April 30 1647.*

"Holy Island does not appear ever to have fallen into the hands of the Royalists; for it continued in the possession of the Parliamentarians, anno 1648; when it was (as may be seen in Rushworth) relieved with necessities by Col. Fenwick's horse and some dragoons. From that time, nothing memorable seems to have been transacted here, till the rebellion in the year 1715, when the seizure of this castle was planned and performed by two men only. In which exploit, such policy and courage were exerted, as would have done them much honour, had they been employed in a better cause. The following particulars of the story, were communicated by a gentleman, whose father was an eye witness to the facts, and well knew both the parties.

"One Lancelot Errington, a man of an ancient and respectable family in Northumberland, and of a bold and enterprising spirit, en-

tered into a conspiracy for seizing this castle for the Pretender; in which it is said, he was promised assistance, not only by Mr Forster, the rebel General then in arms, but also by the masters of several French privateers. At this time, the garrison consisted of a serjeant, a corporal, and ten or twelve men only. In order to put this scheme in execution, being well known in that country, he went to the castle, and after some discourse with the serjeant, invited him and the rest of the men, who were not immediately on duty, to partake of a treat on board of the ship of which he was master, then lying in the harbour; this being unsuspectingly accepted of, he so well plied his guests with brandy, that they were soon incapable of any opposition. These men being thus secured, he made some pretences for going on shore; and with Mark Errington his nephew, returning again to the castle, they knocked down the centinel, surprized and turned out an old gunner, the corporal, and two other soldiers, being the remainder of the garrison, and shutting the gates, hoisted the colours, as a signal of their success, anxiously expecting the promised succours. No reinforcement coming, but on the contrary a party of the King's troops arriving from Berwick, they were obliged to retreat over the walls of the castle, among the rocks, hoping to conceal themselves under the sea weeds till it was dark, and then by swimming to the main land, to make their escape: but the tide rising, they were obliged to swim, when the soldiers firing at Lancelot, as he was climbing up a rock, wounded him in the thigh. Thus disabled, he and his nephew were taken and conveyed to Berwick goal, where they continued till his wound was cured. During this

time he had digged a burrow quite under the foundation of the prison, depositing the earth taken out, in an old oven. Through this burrow, he and his nephew, with divers other prisoners, escaped; but most of the latter were soon after taken. The two Erringtons, however, had the good fortune to make their way to the Tweedside, where they found the custom-house boat; they rowed themselves over, and afterwards turned it adrift. From thence they pursued their journey to Bambrough Castle, near which they were concealed nine days in a peastack; a relation who resided in the castle supplying them with provision. At length, travelling in the night by secret paths, they reached Gateshead House, near Newcastle, where they were secreted till they procured a passage from Sunderland to France. A reward of 500*l.* was now offered to any one who would apprehend them; notwithstanding which, Lancelot was so daring, as soon after to come into England, and even to visit some of his friends in Newgate. After the suppression of the rebellion, when every thing was quiet, he and his nephew took the benefit of the general pardon, and returned to Newcastle, where he died about the year 1746, as it is said, of grief at the victory of Culloden."

The remains of the old abbey in the next place, require attention; such parts of this cathedral are standing, as give a perfect idea of its original form and appearance. The monastery is in ragged ruins, and not worthy to be delineated,

the walls having been robbed for building in the village, and the erection of the 'present parochial church.

It is said by some authors, that the monastery was built by St Cuthbert, of a plain model, without ornament, and inclosed with a high wall, in order that outward objects might not withdraw the attention of the society from their divine contemplations.

In Mr West's *Antiquities of Furness Abbey*, we have this short account of the rise and origin of Monastic Orders. "Soon after the Christian religion had made some considerable progress in the east, the policy of the Roman empire exposed the professors of it to many and great inconveniencies, and a succession of bloody persecutions: the two last, under Decius and Dioclesian more especially, obliged many to betake themselves to mountains, deserts, and solitary places, to secure themselves from the unrelenting fury of those bloody tyrants: there they found a safe retreat, with time and liberty to give themselves up to the exercises of piety and divine contemplation, in a course of most rigorous mortifications, and preternatural austerities. This kind of life, which necessity gave rise to, was afterwards, in the time of the Christian Emperors, embraced through choice: and Pacomius, about the middle of the 4th century, committed to writing, rules for regular societies, and founded some monasteries in the environs of Thebes in Egypt.

*To be continued.*

*To the Editor of the Berwick  
Museum.*

SIR,

**A**MONG all the studies that engage the mind of man, the best adapted to his nature is that of the works of Omnipotence. This is a field sufficiently large for the most fertile genius to expand its faculties, and after a serious contemplation, to learn its own weakness, and adore that Almighty Being, who spoke the whole into existence, and still supports it by the breath of his mouth.

The other evening, when the last beams of departing day had tinged the fleecy clouds with glowing purple, I left the scenes of mirth and jollity, to enjoy the coolness of the air, and meditate on the wonders of Creation. The moon adorned the chambers of the east, and threw a silver mantle over the verdant carpet of nature. Not the least noise disturbed the solemnity of the scene; the feathered songsters of the groves were retired to rest, and the herds and flocks were sleeping on the grassy surface of the meadows. In this silent and retired situation I directed my eyes towards the azure arch of heaven; viewed with a pleasing surprise, the grand theatre of the universe, and wandered in idea through the boundless fields of ether. I remarked some of the planetary globes which form our solar system, now shining with distinguished lustre, and reflected on the amazing accuracy with which they perform their respective motions round the sun. Lost in contemplating the unbounded scene, and unable to comprehend the wonders of creation, I stood for some time silent, and as it were buried in thought; but soon recovered from this pleasing reverie, again reflected,

and again found it impossible to solve the many difficulties which at once presented themselves to my mind.

What power, said I to myself, hath formed yon brilliant globes which decorate the grand theatre of heaven, and move with such regularity in universal space? Have they any bases on which they rest? Are they supported by adamantine pillars? No; they are balanced on their own centers, and pensile in the fields of ether! What! pensile in the fields of ether! The mind recoils at the thought! Is a fluid of such amazing tenuity sufficient to support globes of such astonishing magnitude! globes which, if astronomers are to be believed, and they have sufficient reasons for what they assert, are many of them prodigiously larger than this earth we inhabit! Surely bodies like these must have some basis, some foundation on which they rest. No! they are self-balanced in the ethereal fluid, and continued in their orbits by the laws of attraction and projection; laws which support them more firmly than the rocky basis of the mountains. But what is this grand, this amazing principle of attraction? Alas! human reason is lost in attempting to explain it. A thousand experiments convince us of its existence; but in what it consists surpasses the limits of human reason to determine. It is the cement of universal nature; it causes the vapours to ascend into the aerial reservoirs, and again precipitate in balmy drops of rain; it forms the bars and doors with which the Almighty shut up the foaming ocean, and curbed the rage of its impetuous waves: to it the mountains owe their unshaken firmness, and the nerves of animals their strength. The rivers

circulate by its power, and the stagnant lakes derive from it their glassy surface. It causes the sap to rise in vegetables, and decorates the earth with drops of dew.

Tell me, ye that pretend the world owed its origin to chance, who imposed this astonishing, this beautiful law, on the various globes which move with such harmonious regularity in unbounded space? Surely some being wiser than yourselves must be its author; as you are unable, in a thousand instances, to explain its effects, and even tell us in what it consists. Remember it was not yesterday that it first exerted its force: it had its origin with nature, and was imposed on the globes of the universe when they first emerged from their chaotic state: nor has time been able to impair its effects; it still subsists in its full force, and will subsist to the latest ages. Blush therefore at your folly, ye thoughtless mortals, ye beings of a day! Acknowledge your ignorance, and candidly own what a little reflection must teach you, that a Being infinitely wise, and infinitely powerful, presides over the universe; that it was he who called these beautiful globes into existence, and impressed on them this extensive, this astonishing law. Come, leave your groveling thoughts, and soar with me to the planetary regions, meditate on the wonders of creation, and adore your Maker and your God. Reflect for a moment, that it is to him you are indebted for your existence, and all the comforts you enjoy; from him the streams of happiness flow, and his indulgent care guards you from every evil. It is he that causeth the sun to rise, and teacheth the day-spring to know its place; that calls the thunder from the bursting cloud, and directs

the lightning's rapid shaft; that guides the furious blast of the tempest, and shakes the solid foundations of the earth.

Retire into yourselves, ye giddy mortals, reflect on your own weakness, your ignorance, your folly, and you will soon be convinced how unable ye are to oppose the hand that formed the universe, and contend with that wisdom which planted the laws of nature. Remember your actions are all exposed to his view; nor are the most secret thoughts of your hearts concealed from his all-searching eye. The pitchy mantle of the night cannot hide any thing from him; nor is the enormous mass of waters that cover the rocky bottom of the ocean, a veil sufficient to exclude his sight. Tremble; therefore, ye scoffers at Providence, ye sons of rapine, of riot, of violence; and of wrong; he remarks every unjust action, and will surely punish it. Vengeance, terrible as the dusty whirlwinds of the Arabian deserts, and sudden as the lightnings flash will overtake you, and pour upon your heads the wrath of an offended Creator. But remember it is not yet too late to prevent the stroke. It is indeed, impossible to contend with, but not to deprecate his fury. Mercy, that darling attribute of the Deity, will sooth his indignation, and disarm his justice.

Leave therefore for a moment the scenes of injustice, of riot and debauchery, and retire with me to the sequestered fields; contemplate the astonishing scenes of the universe, and you will soon learn to adore their great, their almighty Author, and be convinced that happiness is only to be found in the paths of virtue.

B. C.

*For the Berwick Museum.*

THE following scale of the average duration of animal life, will be the more acceptable, we presume, as the animals we have considered are more familiarly known; and the more to be depended upon, as we have collected our information from Linnæus, Buffon, and the more celebrated writers on Natural History.—It appears that

	years.
A Hare will live	10
A Cat	10
A Goat	8
An Ass	30
A Sheep	10
A Ram	15
A Dog from 14 to 20 and sometimes more.	
A Bull	15
An Ox, (a curious fact)	20
Swine	25
A Horse from 20 to	30
A Pigeon	8
A Turtle-Dove	25
A Peacock	25
A Partridge	100
An Eagle	100

Of the Goose, the following may be depended upon as a fact.—There is a family now living in Fife, who are able to ascertain, that a Goose had been kept in the family 70 years—they knew it must be still older, but they fix this particular period, as being able to prove it incontestably.

PATRIOTIC CONUNDRUMS.

WHY are Opposition like a set of botching taylor's?—because they take wrong measures.

Why are they like an eclipse?—because they are planet struck.

Why are they like a piece of

meat in the ashes?—because they are chop fallen.

Why are they like a morsel almost swallowed?—because they are down in the mouth.

Why are they like a group of washerwomen?—because they are all in the suds.

Why are they like bad architects?—because they are vile designers.

Why are they like marked cards?—because they are a false pack.

*On the propriety of adorning Life, and serving Society, by laudable Exertion.*

IN an age of opulence and luxury, when the native powers of the mind are weakened by vice, and habits of indolence are superinduced by universal indulgence, the moralist can seldom expect to see examples of that unwearied perseverance, of that generous exertion, which has sometimes appeared in the world, and has been called heroic virtue. Indeed, it must be allowed, that in the early periods of society there is greater occasion as well as greater scope, for this exalted species of public spirit, than when all its real wants are supplied, and all its securities established.

Under these disadvantages there is, indeed, little opportunity for that uncommon heroism, which leads an individual to desert his sphere, and to act in contradiction to the maxims of personal interest and safety, with a view to reform the manners, or to promote the honour and advantage of the community. Patriotism, as it was understood and practised by a Brutus, a Curtius, a Scævola; or

a Socrates, appears in modern times so eccentric a virtue, and so abhorrent from the dictates of common sense, that he who should imitate it would draw upon himself the ridicule of mankind, and would incur the danger of being stigmatized as a madman. Moral and political knight-errantry would now appear in scarcely a less ludicrous light than the extravagancies of chivalry.

But to do good in an effectual and extensive manner within the limits of professional influence, and by performing the business of a station, whatever it may be, not only with regular fidelity, but with warm and active diligence, is in the power, as it is the duty, of every individual who possesses the use of his faculties. It is surely an unsatisfactory idea, to live and die without ever pursuing any other purpose than the low one of personal gratification. A thousand pleasures and advantages we have received from the disinterested efforts of those who have gone before us, and it is incumbent on every generation to do something not only for the benefit of contemporaries, but of those who are to follow.

To be born, as Horace says, merely to consume the fruits of the earth; to live, as Juvenal observes of some of his countrymen, with no other purpose than to gratify the palate, though they may in reality be the sole ends of many, are yet too inglorious and disgraceful to be avowed by the basest and meanest of mankind.

There is, however, little doubt, but that many, whose lives have glided away in a useful tenor, would have been glad of opportunities, if they could have discovered them, for laudable exertion. It is certainly true, that to qualify for political, military, literary, and

patriotic efforts, peculiar preparations, accomplishments, occasions, and fortuitous contingencies are necessary. Civil wisdom without civil employment, valour without an enemy, learning without opportunities for its display, and love of our country without power, must terminate in abortive wishes, in designs unsupported by execution. They who form great schemes, and perform great exploits, must of necessity be few. But the exertions which benevolence points out, are extended to a great compass, are infinitely varied in kind and degree, and consequently adapted, in some mode or other, to the ability of every individual.

To the distinguished honour of our times and of our country, it must be asserted, that there is no species of distress which is not relieved; no laudable institution which is not encouraged with an emulative ardour of liberality. No sooner is a proper object of beneficence presented to the public view, than subscriptions are raised by all ranks, who crowd with impatience to the contribution. Not only the infirmities of age and sickness are soothed by the best concerted establishments, and the loss sustained by the calamities of a conflagration repaired, but our enemies, when reduced to a state of captivity, are furnished with every comfort which their condition can admit, and all the malignity of party-hatred melts into kindness under the operation of charity. From the accumulated efforts of a community of philanthropists, such as our nation may be called, a sum of good is produced, far greater than those recorded of the heroes of antiquity, from Bacchus down to Cæsar.

It has been said, that the ages of extraordinary bounty are passed. No colleges are founded in the

present times, it is true ; yet not because there is no public spirit remaining, but because there is already a sufficient number raised by the pious hands of our forefathers, to answer all the purposes of academical improvement. When a want is supplied, it is not parsimony, but prudence, which withholds additional munificence. The infirmaries diffused over every part of the kingdom, are most honourable testimonies of that virtue which is to cover a multitude of sins. And there is one instance of beneficence uncommon both in its degree and circumstances, which, though done without a view to human praise, must not lose even the subordinate reward of human virtue. He who lately devoted, during his life, a noble fortune to the relief of the blind, will be placed higher in the esteem of posterity, than the numerous train of posthumous benefactors, who gave what they could no longer retain, and sometimes from motives represented by the censorious as little laudable. While angels record the name of Hetherington in the book of life, let men inscribe it in the rolls of fame.

The motive of praise, though by no means the best, is a generous and a powerful motive of commendable conduct. He would do an injury to mankind who should stifle the love of fame. It has burnt with strong and steady heat in the bosoms of the most ingenious. It has inspired enthusiasm in the cause of all that is good and great. Where patience must have failed, and perseverance been wearied, it has urged through troubles deemed intolerable, and stimulated through difficulties dreaded as unsurmountable. Pain, penury, danger, and death, have been incurred with alacrity in the service of mankind, with the expectation of

no other recompence than an honourable distinction. And let not the frigidty of philosophical rigour damp this noble ardour, which raises delightful sensations in the heart that harbours it, and gives rise to all that is sublime in life, and in the arts. When we are so far refined and subdued as to act merely from the slow suggestions of the reasoning faculty, we shall indeed seldom be involved in error ; but we shall as seldom achieve any glorious enterprise, or snatch a virtue beyond the reach of prudence.

The spirit of adventure in literary undertakings, as well as in politics, commerce, and war, must not be discouraged. If it produces that which is worth little notice, neglect is easy. There is a great probability, however, that it will often exhibit something conducive to pleasure and improvement. But when every new attempt is checked by severity, or neglected without examination, learning stagnates, and the mind is depressed, till its productions so far degenerate as to justify disregard. Taste and literature are never long stationary. When they cease to advance, they become retrograde.

Every liberal attempt to give a liberal entertainment is entitled to a kind excuse, though its execution should not have a claim to praise. For the sake of encouraging subsequent endeavours, lenity should be displayed where there is no appearance of incorrigible stupidity, of assuming ignorance, and of empty self-conceit. Severity chills the opening powers, as the frost nips the bud that would else have been a blossom. It is blameable moroseness to censure those who sincerely mean to please, and fail only from causes not in their own disposal.

The praise, however, of well-meaning has usually been allowed with a facility of concession, which leads to suspect that it was thought of little value. It has also been received with apparent mortification. This surely is the result of a perverted judgment; for intention is in the power of every man, though no man can command ability.

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*The Instructions of a Mexican Father to his Son.*

**M**Y son, who art come into light from the womb of thy mother like the chicken from the egg, and like it art preparing to fly through the world, we know not how long heaven will grant to us the enjoyment of that precious gem which we possess in thee; but, however short the period, endeavour to live exactly, praying God continually to assist thee. He created thee, thou art his property. He is thy father, and loves thee still more than I do; repose in him thy thoughts, and day and night direct thy sighs to him. Reverence and salute thy elders, and hold no one in contempt. To the poor and distressed be not dumb, but rather use words of comfort. Honour all persons, particularly thy parents, to whom thou owest obedience, respect, and service. Guard against imitating the example of those wicked sons, who like brutes that are deprived of reason, neither reverence their parents, listen to their instruction, nor submit to their correction; because, whoever follow their steps will have an unhappy end, will die in a desperate or sudden manner, or will be killed and devoured by wild beasts.

Mock not, my son, the aged, or the imperfect. Scorn not him

whom you see fall into some folly or transgression, nor make him reproaches: but restrain thyself, and beware lest thou fall into the same error which offends thee in another. Go not where thou art not called, nor interfere in that which does not concern thee. Endeavour to manifest thy good breeding in all thy words and actions. In conversation do not lay thy hands upon another, nor speak too much, nor interrupt or disturb another's discourse. If thou hearest any one talking foolishly, and it is not thy business to correct him, keep silence; but if it does concern thee, consider first what thou art to say, and do not speak arrogantly, that thy correction may be well received.

When any one discourses with thee hear him attentively, and hold thyself in an easy attitude; neither playing with thy feet, nor putting thy mantle to thy mouth, nor spitting too often, nor looking about you here and there, nor rising up frequently if thou art sitting, for such actions are indications of levity and low-breeding.

When thou art at table do not eat voraciously, nor shew thy displeasure if any thing displeases thee. If any one comes unexpectedly to dinner with thee, share with him what thou hast; and when any one is entertained by thee do not fix thy looks upon him.

In walking, look where thou goest, that thou may not push against any one. If thou seekest another coming thy way, go a little aside to give him room to pass. Never step before thy elders, unless it be necessary, or that they order thee to do so. When thou sittest at table with them, do not eat or drink before them, but attend to them in a be-

coming manner, that thou mayest merit their favour.

When they give thee any thing accept it with tokens of gratitude ; if the present is great do not become vain or fond of it. If the gift is small do not despise it, nor be provoked, nor occasion displeasure to them who favour thee. If thou becomest rich, do not grow insolent, nor scorn the poor ; for those very gods who deny riches to others in order to give them to thee, offended by thy pride, will take them from thee again to give to others. Support thyself by thy own labours ; for then thy food will be sweeter. I, my son, have supported thee hitherto with my sweat, and have omitted no duty of a father ; I have provided thee with every thing necessary, without taking it from others. Do thou so likewise.

Never tell a falsehood ; because a lie is a heinous sin. When it is necessary to communicate to another what has been imparted to thee, tell the simple truth without any addition. Speak ill of nobody. Do not take notice of the failings which thou observest in others, if thou art not called upon to correct them. Be not a news-carrier, nor a sower of discord. When thou bearest an embassy, and he to whom it is borne is enraged, and speaks contemptuously of those who sent thee, do not report such an answer, but endeavour to soften him, and dissemble as much as possible that which thou heardest, that thou may not raise discord and spread calumny of which thou mayest afterwards repent.

Stay no longer than is necessary in the market-place ; for in such places there is the greatest danger of contracting vices.

When thou art offered an employment, imagine that the proposal is made to try thee ; then

accept it not hastily, although thou knowest thyself more fit than others to exercise it ; but excuse thyself until thou art obliged to accept it : thus thou wilt be more esteemed.

Be not dissolute ; because thou wilt thereby incense the gods, and they will cover thee with infamy. Restrain thyself, my son, as thou art yet young, and wait until the girl, whom the gods destine for thy wife, arrive at a suitable age ; leave that to their care, as they know how to order every thing properly. When the time for thy marriage is come, dare not to make it without the consent of thy parents, otherwise it will have an unhappy issue.

Steal not, nor give thyself up to gaming ; otherwise thou wilt be a disgrace to thy parents, whom thou oughtest rather to honour for the education they have given thee. If thou wilt be virtuous, let thy ample put the wicked to shame. No more, my son ; enough has been said in discharge of the duties of a father. With these counsels I wish to fortify thy mind. Refuse them not, nor act in contradiction to them ; for on them thy life and all thy happiness depend.

Such were the instructions which the Mexicans frequently inculcated to their sons. Husbandmen and merchants gave their particular professions.

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#### HISTORY OF

#### LORD WARTON.

*Continued from page 219.*

THIS charmer conducted me through several winding passages to a small dark chamber, enlightened only by a lamp, and the

furniture it contained was a miserable ragged couch, three old chairs and a broken table; this dreadful appearance of poverty surprised me exceedingly; yet I reconciled it to myself by the supposition that her intentions were more in my favour than I had at first suspected, and that she had brought me into the apartment of one of the inferior servants to prevent discovery: as soon as we entered, she led me towards the antiquated couch, and when we both sat down on the side of it, I expected it to sink beneath our weight; she then turned towards me and attempted to speak, but sighed deeply; tears fell from her eyes (at least I suppose so, as she covered her face with her handkerchief) and sobbed aloud, which astonished me so much, that I had scarce power to ask her what was the matter. "Must I then," said she, "no longer listen to the voice of virtue? What! alas! will it not cost me to forget my principles? but were it not for the misfortunes I now labour under, I never would condescend to yield to this indignity from any man." This discourse, and so plain an invitation that she meant the kindest compliance, increased my tenderness, and I imputed to modesty, the distress which occasioned her tears; I therefore endeavoured to calm her sorrow, and kissed her hands a thousand times like a blockhead, vowing everlasting love.

My caresses dried up her tears, and she began once more to smile upon me. "You have conquered," said she, "I consent to comply with your desires; but give me then immediately a few florins to relieve my present distress, and enable me to support a wretched existence." The astonishment I was under at this request (which

at once opened my eyes in regard to the quality and profession of my condescending beauty) made me hesitate, and even deprived me of the power of putting my hand in my pocket for my purse; she imputed my delay to a very different cause, and even construed it into a refusal of her request; she rose therefore with the look of a fury, and in a violent passion, she clapped her hands loudly together several times. "Come to my assistance," cried she, "he refuses to pay me?" At these words, the whole partition on one side of the room fell down with an horrible noise; and two sailor-looking fellows, with fierce looks and long knives in their hands, came from behind it and advanced towards me. "Rash stranger," said one of them, are you ignorant, that if you are caught in Holland, endeavouring to seduce our females, it will cost you your life: it is true, we suffer them to sell their favours to our own countrymen; but when we find strangers endeavouring to pervert them, we kill them without mercy; recommend yourself therefore to God, for nothing if you are, as I suppose, a Frenchman, can save your life." I protested with the most solemn asseverations that I was born in England. "So much the better for you," returned he, "on that consideration we will spare your life, provided you give up your purse, if it is well filled." I did not give them the trouble of repeating their offer twice, but prepared to obey with the utmost docility, but turned pale as ashes, when on putting my hand into my pocket, I could neither find my watch, or gold snuff-box of great value, nor even the demanded purse, that was to have been my ransom.

I always carried by way of precaution a pair of pocket pistols, and being now furious on finding what a loss I had sustained, I drew them out, and presenting them to the rascals, I threatened instantly to blow their brains out if they did not restore what they had taken; I then heard another very loud noise, the floor shook violently under my feet, and a trap door opened, and the two sailors instantly disappeared; I then turned towards the perfidious wretch who had enticed me to this chamber, not doubting but it was her who had robbed me, but she was likewise decamped, and in the place where stood the wretched couch, I now beheld a large corner cupboard. Terrified beyond measure at these prodigies, I hastened to leave a place where I expected every moment they would return and murder me; but in endeavouring to explore my way through the passages by which I came from the hall, I heard some persons laugh in an adjacent room, and as it was very natural to conclude, that I, after what had befallen me, was the subject of their mirth; I was so enraged, that regardless of the consequence, I gave the door a violent kick, it flew directly open, and I discovered my Dutch friend sitting with the two sailors dividing my spoils—mad at this discovery, of more vile treachery than I could even have suspected human nature to be guilty of, I precipitately fired both my pistols, two of the villains fell, bathed in blood, whilst the third seized the watch, purse, and snuff-box; and running full against a large picture which hung at the upper end of the room, it turned on a pivot, and let him through in an instant: I boldly followed, and found myself in a long dark alley, but still discerned the robber running be-

fore me; sometimes I was near attaining him, but he having a much better knowledge of the way, the obscurity assisted him to elude my pursuit: I followed, however, till I heard a door clap to behind me, and found myself alone in an unfrequented street, inhabited only by some of the lowest artizans; I asked some of them whose was the house I had left, and they told me it was called a *Musico*, being a kind of coffee-house, where were to be had all kinds of refreshments and the company of very beautiful women besides, but of the dangerous kind who enticed young men thither, and the house was full of traps and machines, which facilitated their escape from justice, after the robberies and sometimes murders which they had committed.

I left Holland immediately, fully satisfied with this specimen of the customs and morals of people at the Hague, and with the utmost indignation and abhorrence of a country, whose magnificence consists only in the decoration of their houses, their dress in the most absurd meanness, and the commerce of the women, either the mere whipt syllabub of sentiment, or the gross libertinism of an infamous *Musico*. I took post directly for Germany, and resolved not to stop in any but those capital towns where an elector resided, and proposed to make all possible speed to Vienna: I designed not to enter Bruxelles, as I had learnt the comedians there were detestable, I therefore left it on my right, and as Cologn could not contain any thing worthy notice, as the elector was not there, went on without stopping, perfectly at my ease, being very comfortably aided in my chaise, drawn by four able post horses, and I ran an hundred leagues in this manner with the

rapidity of lightning, and slept best part of the way ; thus when I arrived at Treves, I scarce conceived I could have got as far, yet the roads were so good, and the inconveniencies so few, that I made not any scruple to enter on my tablets, that Germany is a most delightful country. You may, perhaps, be surprised, that I have not yet mentioned any persons either in Holland or Germany to whom I had letters of recommendation ; many were offered me, indeed, before I left England, but they are a kind of tie upon a man to behave with civility and propriety, for which reason the devil of any letters did I desire to trouble myself with, but letters of change ; or any introduction, except to the different bankers who were to supply me with cash ; for as to my society, I wished to leave it entirely to chance ; and as to amusements, a man with money in his pocket can always procure them.

I continued my way through the ancient city of Treves, which abounds, (I have been informed) with monuments of antiquity, well worth the observation of the curious, but I really did not stop to see any of them ; for as I was so soon to be at Rome, where there were little else to be seen, and as I am naturally very much of a disposition to be easily gratified in such particulars, I drove post along the streets, yet could not help reflecting, as I passed, that the inhabitants must be either most exemplary saints, or very great sinners, as I never saw so many churches in a town in my life. My postillions stopped, and almost insisted upon it that I should examine the cathedral, but I was not easily persuaded to give myself so much trouble, and was contented with surveying the mere outside of this gothic edifice, which is

constructed of stones of so extraordinary a size, that all the good christians in that part of the world believe that it could not have been built by any other than the devil himself, which must, doubtless, have been at that remarkable period of his life when he was desirous to turn monk.

Though I greatly admired the faith of the inhabitants of Treves, yet I had not the least wish to remain in a city where the devil was the principal architect, but continued my way to the gates of Mayence, where I was so fortunate as to arrive just at the time the comedy was going to begin ; it was a piece, (the original of which was French) translated into German, and here I was absolutely enchanted with the actress who played the principal character ; her voice was clear and harmonious, with more variety of notes than a nightingale, and which penetrated my very soul. Heavens ! how beautiful did she appear ! I sat with my eyes fixed upon her, and viewed every gesture and motion with exquisite delight ; I was placed at the back part of the theatre, so beheld my goddess in perspective. After the performance was over, I went behind the scenes to pay my homage to this beauty, and found her surrounded by a croud of admirers, who were paying her the most flattering compliments on her person and talents ; it was with difficulty I could get near enough to express my approbation, and make a speech I had studied for the purpose of introducing myself to her acquaintance ; but how was I surprised on my nearer survey, to find her so totally different from what I had conceived her to be ! Instead of the bewitching graces of youth, I beheld a little thin woman, absolutely ugly, and at least thirty

years of age, though ten minutes before I would have betted a hundred guineas that she was not more than eighteen; I could even discern that her seeming fine proportion of shape was the effect of a most disgusting, leanness; her forehead was not higher than the breadth of my three fingers, and her hair would have met her eyebrows had she not taken great care to pull it up by the roots, which left a blackness an inch broad all the way round her face; her eyes were as far in her head as those of a French barbet; nature had not bestowed on her more than half a nose in length; to make amends for which, she had a mouth four times as wide as it ought to have been, ornamented with lips that would have been of a tolerable thickness for a blackamoor; however, though my illusion was dissipated, yet she was (I understood) quite the fashion, and I was exactly in the humour to do some foolish thing to be talked of, therefore, finding she was the ton, I determined, though I was cured of my passion, to pursue my design: I paid my devoirs to her, and finding she understood some words of English, I addressed some gallantries to her in that language, which made her smile and had even the assurance to follow her into her dressing room, and assist at her toilette. We were no sooner alone than I took out my purse, in which were fifty louis, and laying it on the table told her, "My landlord at my inn had given me a chamber I did not like, and if she would suffer me to share her's for that night only, the purse and its contents were at her service." She pocketed my money, and her scruples, (if she had any) and with an air of childish gaiety took hold of my arm, and permitted me to

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conduct her home; and not one of the numerous train that before surrounded her thought it worth while to dispute my pretensions.

*To be continued.*

## SUMMER REFLECTIONS.

From brightening fields of ether fair  
disclosed,  
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer  
comes;  
In pride of youth, and felt through  
Nature's depth:  
He comes attended by the sultry hours,  
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;  
While, from his ardent look, the turn-  
ing Spring  
Averts her blushing face; and earth and  
skies  
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

THOMSON.

IN the month of May the Spring  
glowed with all the mixtures of  
colorific radiance; but, before the  
expiration of June, that season  
will commence, when opening  
beauty, and increasing variety,  
will be succeeded by the more  
uniform scenes of maturity and  
perfection.

The Summer season, which  
commences on the twenty-first of  
the present month, is so distin-  
guished by an uniformity of cha-  
racter, that, as I have observed  
before, the great Poet of the Sea-  
sons has comprised the whole of  
his description within the limits of  
a single day. To give importance,  
moreover, to a season, in other  
respects so unproductive of subject,  
his muse has spread her flight to  
the torrid zone, and enriched her  
landscapes with foreign beauties  
and exotic wonders.

Nature, in our temperate re-  
gions, appears now to have nearly  
finished his annual work. Some-

K k

thing of her variety she begins to lose in this season. Nothing, indeed, can be more beautiful than the verdure of the orchards and woods, but the shades of hue which they exhibit are no longer so agreeable. The meadows begin to whiten, and the flowers that adorn them are mowed down. The corn gradually assumes a yellow hue, and the colours that decorate the rural scene are no longer so numerous. How lately did the glowing beauty and variety of these, with the notes, as various, of a multitude of birds, display at once all the charms of novelty, and inspire inexpressible delight!

It is in the novelty of objects, indeed, in their appearing at least to be new and uncommon, that the more exquisite enjoyment of them consists. Novelty excites a pleasure in the imagination, because it strikes the soul with an agreeable surprise, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not possessed before. It contributes, therefore, to vary human life; it tends to divert and refresh the mind, and to take off that satiety of which we are apt to complain in the entertainments to which we are constantly accustomed; it is that which gives its charm to variety, where the mind is every instant called off to something new, and the attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste itself on any particular object. Novelty, moreover, improves whatever is beautiful and pleasing, and makes it afford to the mind a double entertainment.

Hence we may deduce the reason why the groves, and fields, and meadows, which, at any season of the year are delightful to the view, are never more so than in the opening of the Spring, when they are all new and fresh,

with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too familiar to the eye. But in the Summer, in proportion as we advance toward Autumn, these pleasing effects insensibly decrease; the song of the nightingale is no longer heard; and that favourite enjoyment of the country, a walk through fields of verdure, becomes inconvenient and unpleasing, on account of the great heat which sometimes prevails.

Yet Summer has still inexpressible charms, and exhibits proofs every day of the unbounded goodness of the Great Creator. It is that season of felicity in which he dispenses his blessings more abundantly to every living creature. Nature, after having re-animated and enlivened us by all the pleasures of the Spring, is incessantly employed during the Summer, to provide those enjoyments which are most agreeable to the senses, to facilitate the means of subsistence, and to excite in our breasts the correspondent sentiments of gratitude and love.

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*A Curious Description of the Warm Baths in Egypt; the Manner and Benefits of Bathing; and of the Custom of the Women, of Bathing once or twice in the Week.*

THE hot-baths, known from the most remote antiquity, and celebrated by Homer, the painter of the manners of the age he lived in, have preserved their pleasure and salubrity in Egypt. The necessity of cleanliness, in a climate where one perspires so copiously, has rendered them indispensable; the comfort they produce, preserves the use of them; and Mahomet, who knew their

utility, has reduced it to a precept. Travellers in general have described them superficially. My habit of frequenting them, having afforded me leisure to examine them with attention, I shall enter into all the particulars necessary to give a thorough knowledge of them.

The first apartment, in going to the bath, is a large hall, which rises in the form of a rotunda. It is open at the top, to give a free circulation to the air. A spacious estrade, or raised floor, covered with a carpet, and divided into compartments, goes around it, on which one lays ones clothes. In the middle of the building a jet-d'eau spouts up from a basin, and agreeably entertains the eye.

When you are undressed you tie a napkin round your loins, take a pair of sandals, and enter into a narrow passage, where you begin to be sensible of the heat. The door shuts to, and, at twenty paces off, you open a second, and go along a passage, which forms a right angle with the former. Here the heat increases. They who are afraid of suddenly exposing themselves to a greater degree of it, stop in a marble hall, in the way to the bath, properly so called. The bath is a spacious and vaulted apartment, paved and lined with marble, around which there are four closets. The vapour incessantly rising from a fountain and cistern of hot water, mixes itself with burning perfumes. These perfumes are never burnt, except the persons who are in the bath desire it. They mix with the steam of the water, and produce a most agreeable effect.

The bathers are not imprisoned here, as in France, in a sort of a tub, where one is never at one's ease. Extended on a cloth spread out, the head supported by a small

cushion, they stretch themselves freely in every posture, whilst they are wrapped up in a cloud of odoriferous vapours, which penetrate into all their pores.

After reposing there some time, until there is a gentle moisture over the body, a servant comes, presses you gently, turns you over, and when the limbs are become supple and flexible, he makes all the joints crack without any difficulty. He massages, and seems to knead the flesh, without making you feel any pain.—To *massa*, in Arabic, signifies to touch in a delicate manner.

This operation finished, he puts on a stuff glove, and rubs you a long time. During this operation, he detaches from the body of the patient, which is running with sweat, a sort of scales, and removes even the imperceptible dirt that stops the pores. The skin becomes soft and smooth like satin. He then conducts you into a closet, pours the lather of perfumed soap upon your head and withdraws. The ancients did more honour to their guests, and treated them in a more voluptuous manner. Whilst Telemachus was at the court of Nestor, "the beautiful Polycastra, the handsomest of the daughters of the king of Pylos, led the son of Ulysses to the bath; washed him with her own hands, and, after anointing his body with precious oils, covered him with rich habits, and a splendid cloak." (*Odyssey*, book III.)

Pisistratus and Telemachus were not worse treated in the palace of Menelaus. "When they had admired its beauties, they were conducted to basins of marble, where a bath was prepared. Beautiful female slaves washed them, and after anointing them with oil, covered them with rich tunicks, and superb pelices." (*Odyssey*, book IV.)

Kk 2

The closet to which one is conducted is furnished with a cistern and two cocks, one for cold and the other for hot water. There you wash yourself. Soon after the servant returns with a depilatory pomatum, which in an instant makes the hair fall off the places it is applied to. Both men and women make general use of it in Egypt. It is composed of a mineral called *rusma*, which is of a deep brown. The Egyptians burn it lightly, knead it with water, mixing it with half the quantity of slaked lime. This greyish paste, applied to the hair, makes it fall off in two or three minutes, without giving the slightest pain.

After being well washed and purified, you are wrapped up in hot linen, and follow the guide through the windings that lead to the outer apartment. This insensible transition from heat to cold prevents one from suffering any inconvenience from it. On arriving at the estrade, you find a bed prepared for you, and scarcely are you laid down, before a child comes to press every part of your body with his delicate fingers in order to dry you thoroughly. You change linen a second time, and the child gently grates the callosity of your feet with a pumice stone. He then brings you a pipe and Moka coffee.

Coming out of a stove, where one was surrounded by a hot and moist fog, where the sweat gushed from every limb, and transported into a spacious apartment, open to the external air, the breast dilates, and one breathes with voluptuousness. Perfectly massed, and, as it were regenerated, one experiences an universal comfort. The blood circulates with freedom; and one feels as if disengaged from an enormous weight, together with a suppleness and light-

ness to which one has been hitherto a stranger. A lively sentiment of existence diffuses itself to the very extremities of the body. Whilst it is lost in delicate sensations, the soul, sympathising with the delight, enjoys the most agreeable ideas. The imagination, wandering over the universe, which it embellishes, sees on every side the most enchanting pictures, every where the image of happiness. If life be nothing but the succession of our ideas, the rapidity with which they then recur to the memory, the vigour with which the mind runs over the extended chain of them would induce a belief that in the two hours of that delicious calm that succeeds the bath, one has lived a number of years. One of these baths, with all the preparations, cost me half a crown. The common people do not take so much trouble about them: they only go to sweat in the stove, wash themselves, and give a penny or two-pence at coming out.

Such are the baths, the use of which were so strongly recommended by the ancients, and which are still the delight of the Egyptians. It is by means of them that they prevent or dispel rheumatisms, catarrhs, and such cutaneous disorders as are produced by want of perspiration. Hence likewise they find a radical cure for that evil which attacks the sources of generation, the remedy for which is so dangerous in Europe. By the same resource they get rid of that uncomfortable feeling, so common to all nations, who do not pay so much attention to the cleanliness of their bodies. Mr Tournefort, who had used steam baths at Constantinople, where there is less refinement in them than at Cairo, is of opinion that they injure the breast. This is an error which

further experience would have corrected. There are no people who make more frequent use of them than the Egyptians; and there is no country where there are fewer asthmatic people. The asthma is scarcely known there.

The women are passionately fond of these baths. They frequent them at least once a week, and take with them slaves properly qualified for the purpose. More sensual than men, after undergoing the usual preparations, they wash their bodies, and above all their heads, with rose-water. It is there that they blacken the edge of their eye lids, and lengthen their eye-brows with cohel, which is a preparation of tin burnt with gall-nuts, which the Turkish women make use of to blacken and lengthen their eyebrows. It is there they stain the finger and toe nails with benne, which gives them a golden colour. This benne, which is a very common shrub in Egypt, has some resemblance to privet; the leaf being cut small, and applied to the skin, gives it a golden colour.—The linen and clothing they make use of are passed through the sweet steam of the wood of aloes. When the work of the toilet is at an end, they remain in the outer apartment, and pass the day in entertainments. Females entertain them with voluptuous songs and dances, or tell them love tales.

The day of using the bath is a festival for the Egyptian women. They deck themselves out magnificently, and under the long veil and cloak that-conceal them from the public eye, they wear the richest stuffs. As they undress before each other, their coquetry extends even to their drawers. In summer they are made of embroidered muslin; in winter of stuffs

of silk and gold brocade. They are not acquainted with the use of ruffles and laces, but their shifts, made of silk and cotton, are as light and transparent as gauze. Their flowing robes are bound with rich girdles of the wool of Cachemire, which is the most beautiful in the world. It surpasses even silk in fineness. The girdles that are made of it cost about 25*l.* sterling. They are usually embroidered at the ends, and although they are an ell wide and three long, one can pass them through a ring for the finger. Two crescents of fine pearls sparkle on the black hair that covers their temples. The Indian handkerchiefs with which they crown their heads, are decorated with diamonds. Such are the Georgian and Circassian women, whom the Turks purchase to make wives of them. Nothing can equal their cleanliness, and as they walk, they are surrounded by a cloud of odours. If their luxury be not publicly displayed, it greatly surpasses that of the European women, in the interior of the houses.

The Turks, governed by an excessive jealousy, pretend, that in a hot country, where Nature is so powerfully felt, where the women are hurried on to pleasure by an irresistible impulse, the communication would be dangerous between the two sexes; they abuse their power, therefore, by keeping them in slavery; but by this means they only add to the violence of their desires, and they seize accordingly the first opportunity to revenge themselves. The Turks are ignorant, no doubt, that if women left to their liberty are attainable, in a state of slavery they will make the first advances to the men.

*To the Editor of the Berwick  
Muscum.*

SIR,

IF the subjoined little history appears sufficiently interesting to obtain a place in your agreeable miscellany, I should be glad of its insertion. I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MARY ELIZA.

*The History of Miss Sidney.*

IT is generally acknowledged, that an obedience to our parents commands is a duty which it is incumbent on every child to observe: the tenor of these sheets are to inculcate that duty.

I was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, who was united to a lady equally beloved for her good-nature and accomplishments. A son and two daughters, of which I was the eldest, composed our family. My dear mama ever strove to impress in us those elegant attainments, which so peculiarly shone in her. She did not live to see the success of her endeavours; for when I was on the verge of fourteen, she fell ill of a violent fever, which proved the cause of her death.

Though my extreme youth made it impossible for me to be sufficiently sensible of my loss, yet I well remember it was a most distressing scene to me. My papa was almost frantic; but time abated the excess of his grief, and he provided a governess to superintend our education. Mrs Ellis (her name) was about forty, one who could act the hypocrite with uncommon skill, as I afterwards found. But her kind behaviour at that time greatly prepossessed us in her favour.

I shall purposely omit those incidents which occurred to me till

I attained my eighteenth year, and my sister her seventeenth. Then my papa took us on a visit to my mama's sister, of whose amiable disposition I had heard a most pleasing account. We very soon found it to be uncommonly excellent; we continued two months with her, and during that time my aunt had made our situation so agreeable to us, that on our papa's mentioning a return home, we found ourselves equally as desirous of staying, as she was averse to our departure. Accordingly it was agreed, as my dear mama was no more, and my papa professed he had not the slightest intentions to re-enter the married state, that we should continue with her as long as it should be agreeable to ourselves. My papa returned home; and Mrs Ellis, who came with us to my aunts, accompanied my papa to superintend the family affairs.

My sister and myself soon after formed an acquaintance with the daughter of a gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood. He had a son likewise. Our visits were very frequent to each other, as Mr and Mrs Pembroke, the father and mother of the young lady, maintained a strict intimacy with my aunt. In a few months I thought Mr William Pembroke behaved with particular attention to me. I must confess his assiduities gave me pleasure. I never mentioned this to my sister. Indeed Fanny was thoughtless to a very great degree. She would have imagined I communicated it to her as a secret; that would have rendered it impossible for her to retain it a single hour from Miss Pembroke. I was conscious of her foible, so never gave her the least hint.

Mr Pembroke's extraordinary politeness, elegant person, and in-

sinuating address, pleaded very powerfully with me in his favour. We had paid them a visit one afternoon. During our stay, Miss Pembroke and Fanny left the room. I sat conversing with Mr and Mrs Pembroke some time; but finding they did not return, I went into the garden, where I thought they were. I met Mr William Pembroke, and inquired for his sister. He replied, they had just left the garden, but promised to return immediately: a conversation ensued, in which he took the opportunity to explain himself to me in the tenderest and most respectful manner; and from that time he paid his addresses to me, but in so private a manner, that no person believed I gave him encouragement. Our happiness was augmented by the arrival of my brother, who having returned from his travels, obtained my papa's permission to join us.

We soon after were greatly alarmed on my aunt's account, for her health seemed greatly on the decline. Her illness increased so much, that I plainly saw her dissolution was approaching. Guess what sensations this must create in my mind, as she had, during our residence, behaved with the utmost affection. She perceived my anxiety, and said every encouraging thing to enable me to support her loss. But in spite of every attention paid to her health, her disorder increased to a violence that soon put a period to her existence. It is impossible to describe the excess of my grief. For many months I felt a blank in my heart which corroded every pleasure. She had divided her fortune equally between my sister and me; it amounted but to three thousand each, as the chief of her income arose from a considerable annuity. When Fanny was about fifteen, a relation died, and left her two thousand

pounds, which made some difference in our fortunes.

As soon as my aunt's affairs were settled, my papa, who had come down during her illness, prepared for a return home. He had observed our partiality for Mr and Miss Pembroke, and obtained permission for them to accompany us.

We were, on our arrival, received by Mrs Ellis with the freedom of mistress of the house a freedom I by no means approved: indeed I felt myself uncommonly disgusted at it. Fanny observed it likewise, but with an unconcern that was her characteristic. You will find I never had more reason to be alarmed than at that time: she gave directions in every thing. We were frequently obliged to acquiesce in things contrary to our inclinations, merely because it was not agreeable to her. Her ascendancy over my papa became so intolerable to me, that I formed the resolution of expostulating with him upon it. I accordingly was one morning just going to send a servant to know whether it would be agreeable for me to wait on him, when I received a message from him, desiring to see me in his study. I went; he began the conversation by saying he had some thoughts of entering the married state again, if he could meet with a lady agreeable to his wishes, and I gave my assent. I replied, "Sir, have you well considered the disagreeable consequences it must be productive of to your children, supposing the lady proves contrary to your expectations? If you reflect seriously on this, I am persuaded you will never run the risque." "My reason," said my papa, "is this; by having a mistress to take care of my house, it would be the means of improving my affairs." "As to your affairs, Sir," continued I, "I think my sister and myself would

be capable of managing them, were we permitted. Indeed I take it very hard that you will suffer Mrs Ellis to behave with such unbecoming authority, while we are treated merely as visitors." "No more, Harriot," said my papa, rather angrily. "You are indebted to her for her tenderness to you when in an infant's state. I am very sorry to find you have no more gratitude. For the future, I shall not do my children the honour to ask their advice." I saw his temper would not admit of reply, so retired greatly grieved at his unkind speech.

Still I kept all in my own bosom; for I would by no means expose my father to Miss Pembroke, and Fanny's levity of disposition would have prevented her from regarding it in a serious light. I had my disturbance increased by Mrs Ellis's behaviour, which was, if possible, more arrogant and presuming than before. So I concluded, that my papa had informed her of our conversation.

As my papa was extremely respected by the families around, we received several invitations from them. We accepted of one from Sir John and Lady Corbet, which was about five miles from our house. We had not been there above a week when I received an anonymous note, the contents of which gave me excessive grief, as it informed me my papa was absolutely determined to be united to Mrs Ellis the next morning. The day being far advanced, rendered it impossible for me to return that evening; but I resolved to set out as early as possible the next morning. So sending for Miss Pembroke and Fanny into my dressing-room, I acquainted them with the contents of the note. Miss Pembroke was amazed, and my sister appeared completely vexed; but

they approved of my resolution. So we informed Lady Corbet, that the note came from my papa, who desired to see us the next morning. We accordingly set out so early, that we reached home by nine o'clock.

Immediately on my arrival, I inquired of the footman where my papa was. I received for answer, that he was gone out in a post-chaise. "Where is Mrs Ellis?" rejoined I. "She is gone out too, madam." "With my papa?" "No; madam," said he: "Mr Sidney went out some time before Mrs Ellis, but I cannot inform you where either is." Notwithstanding these unsatisfactory answers, I plainly saw how it was. So I returned into the parlour, and informed them of what I heard from the servant. My brother being inexpressibly chagrined, he took his hat, and went out, followed by Mr Pembroke.

Soon after they were gone, our steward begged permission to see me, and from his conversation I learnt it was to him I was indebted for the intelligence I had received the day before. About ten o'clock Mrs Ellis came. No words can express the astonishment visible in her countenance when she saw us. Fanny asked her if she had seen my papa, while she was out. She made no reply, but appeared extremely confused, I rose, and shewing her the note, begged to know if there was any truth in its contents. "Who could possibly inform you?" said she, "but I hope, Miss, it will give you no uneasiness if it is so." "And has my papa married you?" replied I. "He has, Miss," returned she, with an air of contempt, "and I hope Mr Sidney knows the character of a father better than to suffer his daughters to behave with such insolence to any one."

Just at that moment my papa knocked at the gate, and Mrs Ellis went out to inform him, I suppose, of our arrival. "Well, Sir," said Fanny, as he entered the parlour, "I expected you would have confided in your children more than to have acted thus." "No more of that, Fanny," replied he, rather sharply, "my children have not merited my confidence. I expect you will not express the slightest token of disapprobation at what I have done; but on the contrary, acknowledge yourselves obliged to me for having brought into the family a lady who will be a second mother to you." This was too much, so my sister and I left the room with tears in our eyes.

But do not imagine Mrs Ellis's want of fortune occasioned my regret. No, it was her want of every amiable quality, that gave me so much uneasiness; and I foresaw, her capricious and insolent disposition would be the source of innumerable troubles to our family.

My papa immediately acknowledged his marriage, and she was visited by every one as Mrs Sidney; an honour which was peculiarly pleasing to her, as it gave her an authority in the family that she exerted hourly. Had my aunt been living, we should have quitted as soon as possible a home that was rendered every way disagreeable to us. My brother, whose temper was noble, and above restraint, being designed for the army, obtained a commission in a regiment stationed in Ireland, and left us. Yet my papa did not regret his loss, so infatuated was he with Mrs Sidney. A mean economy which saved his pocket, made her perfectly amiable in his eyes. My papa was naturally averse to expence, but such was my mama's attention to domestic concerns, that an universal elegance appeared

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in every thing without superfluity; and I regretted for his honour that he would permit such management.

Mr Pembroke still continued his addresses to me, but through my desire in a private manner; though I purposed giving him permission to implore my papa's consent. In a few months Miss Pembroke guessed he professed a tenderness for me, but I never would confess it to her, as I wished it might not be known till her brother actually declared himself to my papa.

Mrs Sidney informed me one morning a visitor was expected in a few days. I inquired who? She replied, "You will know time enough." Her answer made me rather uneasy; but she would add no more on the subject. At the time expected the visitor came, an entire stranger to me. The first interview frequently prepossesses one in a person's favour, and there are others whom the first glance impresses on the mind a dislike for them, a dislike which nothing can conquer. Mr Stanley, our visitor, was unfortunately of the latter cast, at least in my opinion. His countenance had a peculiarly rough and disagreeable appearance: this might be attributed to a frown which I at first thought was occasioned by his having met with something displeasing. But when he had continued with us a short time, I discovered it was natural to him.

We were one evening engaged to a neighbouring gentleman's: during the course of the day I was seized with a violent head-ach, which prevented me from accompanying Mr and Miss Pembroke, and Fanny, who at my request went. After they were gone, Mrs Sidney came up to my dressing-room: we entered into a conversation, and among other things she inquired my opinion of Mr Stanley. I replied, I thought him very

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disagreeable. "Indeed, Miss!" replied she, "I am very much surprised to hear you say so; for I believe there are very few gentlemen more agreeable than Mr Stanley is." As I was well acquainted with Mrs Sidney's temper, which was one impatient of contradiction, I chose not to dispute concerning so trivial a subject, though I perceived she wished me to add something more. This I should not have done, had she not obligated me to resume it by saying, "It is to be hoped, Harriot, your opinion will alter in favour of Mr Stanley, or I very much question whether it will be possible for you to live any thing tolerable together." I do not doubt," returned I, "but we shall while he continues here; indeed good manners would deter me from behaving unpolitely to him." "You mistake me," said Mrs Sidney, with a malicious smile, "I mean as Mr Stanley's intended wife, it is necessary you should have some esteem for him." "Mr Stanley's intended wife!" repeated I, in amazement, "you joke certainly, ma'am." "I never was more in earnest, I assure you; my dear," said she, "and I hope in a few months time to have the permission to congratulate you on it." She was then called out of the room, and left me to a variety of wretched reflections.

I had ever disliked Mr Stanley, what I had just heard tended to increase it. How insupportable an union with him must be to me, may be readily conceived, especially as I believed Mr Pembroke entertained a sincere affection for me; and I concluded my grief would be augmented by his distress. Yet I hoped, if my papa was acquainted with my disgust to Mr Stanley, he would not insist on my giving him my hand. In this I was greatly mistaken; for he one day sent for

me into his study, and absolutely commanded me to receive Mr Stanley as a future husband. I in vain strove to excite his tenderness, by assuring him I never could be happy with such a man. All his reply was, he saw nothing to the contrary, and that if I valued his tenderness, he desired I would make no objections.

I was very much grieved, yet I found myself under a necessity of receiving Mr Stanley's addresses, and took the first opportunity of informing Mr Pembroke, who appeared greatly agitated; declaring that since I was torn from him, he should return home as soon as possible. Really strange as it may appear, I wished for his departure, as I was constantly drawing comparisons between him and Mr Stanley, greatly to the latter's disadvantage. I mentioned my receiving Mr Stanley's addresses, but it was as a matter of form, without a spark of affection on my side. As for his heart, it was incapable of love; an excessive addiction to inebriety destroyed every sentiment of that elegant and delicate passion.

*To be continued.*

## CONSTANCY IN LOVE.

*A True Story.*

AT the Restoration there lived in London a merchant of great wealth; integrity, and capacity, whom we shall call Probus. He was very indulgent to Varus, a young gentleman under his direction, gave him a good education, and as he grew up, instructed him in every branch of traffic. Probus had an only daughter, on whom he doted, not without reason, for she seemed to deserve all that the kind-

ness of providence had designed for her. His wife died while *Æmilia* was in her cradle; *Varus* was about two years older, and from six years of age had been bred up with her. Their childish intimacy in time improved into love, which they cemented by all the forms that amorous hearts could invent. *Æmilia* had an aunt immensely rich, who designed her for an only son. She imparted her intentions to *Probus*, who determined by the future prospect of grandeur resolved to comply with them. He sent *Æmilia* to her aunt's country-seat, and as a guardian, commanded *Varus* to think of a voyage to the East-Indies. *Æmilia* who suffered from the odious solicitations of her aunt's son, a disagreeable booby, by letter represented her passion for *Varus* in such moving terms to her father, that he recalled her to town. *Varus*, who had been sent to an uncle of his vastly rich, in the East-Indies, endeared himself so much to the old gentleman, that on his death-bed, he bequeathed him all his wealth, amounting to 40,000*l.* which he turned into money, and sailed for London. During the interval, *Probus* had laid out a large part of his wealth in houses, which were soon after reduced to ashes, with all his merchandize, by the great fire in 1666. This reduced him to the necessity of keeping a public house for his bread. *Varus* arrived from the Indies, and strolling through the city, by chance put into a coffee-house, (then a new trade in London) and was served with a dish of coffee by a young woman, plain but neatly dressed, who appeared to be *Æmilia*. On sight of him, she fell into a swoon. *Varus* took her up; they gazed at each other; *Probus* wept, and all were silent. At last our traveller spoke thus: "*Æmilia* is still the same to me; she is fair, as charming, and,

while providence leaves it in my power, as great a fortune as ever. Do not (turning to *Probus*) afflict yourself, Sir: Am not I indebted to you for your care of my education, and even for all I have? Can you believe me ungrateful? No, Sir, I have many obligations that bind me to you. Permit me then to increase them, by becoming your son." *Probus* consented; and, strange as it is, when *Æmilia* arrived at threescore, she was as dear to *Varus* as at the hour she became his wife.

### ON DISCRETION.

**D**ISCRETION does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life. There are many more shining qualities in the mind of men, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence. Virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in error, and active to his own prejudice. Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other mens. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the so-

ciety. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him. Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life. As discretion is the most useful talent a man can be master of, so cunning is the accomplishment of little minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life. Cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding. Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mis-

taken for wit, and gravity for wisdom. The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man makes him look forward to futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what is at present. He knows that the happiness or misery which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant, as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supercedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality; his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

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*Account of a Serpent of an astonishing Magnitude, called Buio, common on the Countries bordering on the River Oronoque in South-America.*

THE Buio is a serpent of an enormous magnitude, though very frequently met with in the countries near the Oronoque. The Juraras Indians call it Aviofa, and

those of the province of Quito, Gacumama, the Mother of Water, because it is frequently found in that element. This monstrous serpent resembles the trunk of an old pine-tree, whose roots have for some time ceased to convey the usual nourishment. On its body grows a kind of moss, resembling that found on the bark of old trees, and is supposed to be produced from the dust and mud adhering to it, and alternately dried and moistened by the sun and water. It is generally about thirty feet long, and of a proportionable magnitude. Its motion is so remarkably slow, that I believe it could hardly move half a league in a whole day, leaving a track like that of a large mast, or trunk of a tree, dragged along the ground. The very sight of so enormous a monster strikes the spectator with horror; and his safety depends entirely on the slow motion of the serpent. Those, however, who are acquainted with the attractive and deleterious nature of its breath, place their security in flight; for as soon as it hears the least noise, it raises its head, turns itself towards the creature it would seize, and, opening its mouth, emits such a steam of poisonous breath, as stupefies the animal that happens to be within its reach, and obliges it to move involuntarily towards the serpent, till it is at last devoured.

This reptile has no teeth, so that it is a long time, even whole days in swallowing its prey; but its throat is so large, that it will swallow a small bullock, sucking out the blood and juices during the passage.

These Buio's are frequently seen extended in the sun, and decorated with a kind of mustaches, being the horns of a deer, which the creature has not been able to swallow. But the serpent, after it has sucked out all the blood and juices of its

prey, disgorges what remains of it, and goes again in search of food.

There is nothing in the foregoing account that ought to surprize us, except the enormous magnitude of the serpent; for with regard to the attractive nature of its breath, it is common to the scorzona, or venomous toad, which attracts lizards to itself in the same manner; for as soon as the creature approaches within a certain distance of the scorzona, it opens its mouth in the same manner as the Buio; and whatever efforts the poor creature may make, it is impossible for it to escape. There is, indeed, some difference between the attraction of these two creatures, occasioned probably by the great disproportion between their magnitudes; the lizard will struggle some time to save itself from the scorzona; but the creature which has the misfortune to come within the sphere of attraction of the Buio, is deprived of that liberty, and approaches involuntarily to the tremendous mouth of this insatiable serpent.

Several persons who have been exposed to this danger, and saved by the intervention of some object between them and the snake, have assured me, that after they were involved in this sphere of attraction, that their judgment continued the same. But I must leave the reader to paint in his own imagination the horror and distress of that unhappy mortal, who finds himself drawn by an irresistible impulse, into the frightful jaws of this carnivorous and greedy monster.

From what I have already observed, it appears, that the Buio is very different from the enormous serpent described by Sir Hans Sloane, in the Philosophical Transactions. For the Buio has no teeth, nor instrument of defence, and on that account is obliged to

swallow its prey without matification; whereas Sir Hans supposes, that the other first wounds his prey, and follows it with its eyes, natural instinct, having taught it that the animal will expire, as soon as the venom has exerted its force.

It will perhaps be asked, why the necessary orders are not given for destroying creatures so remarkably dangerous and pernicious? But it should be remembered that this is impossible, till the countries are better peopled, prodigious tracts of land, full of thick forests, lying waste and desert; and in these the Buio, alligators, lions, tygers, &c. propagate their species. In proportion as the country is settled, these creatures are destroyed, the inhabitants taking great pleasure in hunting and killing them.

I have been often told by a religious, that one day, as he was travelling from Caracas to the missions on the Oronoque, he was struck with the most terrible sight imaginable: a Buio of a monstrous size was devouring an alligator, and had already swallowed a third part of the animal, which was near eighteen feet long. The Buio had twisted its tail three times round the body of the alligator, in order to prevent his elcaping. The neighbouring inhabitants, on hearing what had happened, repaired to the place, armed with guns, lances, and arrows. They attacked the serpent, and wounded it in several places, so that the rivulet in which it lay was full of blood; and the Buio threw up with great violence the part of the alligator it had swallowed. The latter was dead, but the former was not easily dispatched. At last one of the Indians, persuaded that the serpent would defend itself as long as it continued in the rivulet, threw a noose round its neck, by which

means it was drawn out of the water, and easily killed. The Buio was dead, and his skin sent to the Caracas. It was beautifully decorated with white and grey spots, arranged in admirable symmetry, and after it was dried, measured seven ells and three quarters in length, and was of proportional breadth; though it was doubtless shrunk considerably by being dried in the sun.

These Buio's are very common in moist and marshy places, at some distance from the plantations: so that a year hardly passes but some of the hunters or fishermen fall a prey to its insatiable appetite. I have frequently met with them in my journeys, and often when I least expected them; particularly one of an enormous magnitude near the river Tame, when a young man who accompanied me gave it eighteen wounds with a spear, carefully avoiding the breath which issued from its pestiferous throat: and in the same manner great numbers of these terrible serpents are yearly destroyed.

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#### *On Goodness of HEART.*

**W**HOMSOEVER has made accurate observations on men and manners, will easily perceive, that the praise of goodness of heart is usually accompanied with an oblique insinuation of intellectual imbecility. I believe him to be a well-meaning man, says the malignant panegyrist, and if there is any fault in him, it will be found rather in his head than in his heart. Nothing could be better contrived by a crafty and envious world, to render this amiable quality contemptible, than to represent it as

the effect, or as the companion of folly.

It is, indeed, true, that innocence and integrity are usually accompanied with simplicity; not, however with that sort of simplicity which is sometimes synonymous with folly; but with an amiable openness of manners, which had rather lose its objects, than obtain them by deceit; which leads the tongue boldly to speak what the heart honestly conceives. If we weigh the satisfactions of an open and upright conduct, of a clear conscience, and of that liberty which we enjoy by thinking, speaking, and acting, without mean and servile restraints, it will, I believe, be found, that this simplicity is true wisdom, and that the cunning of the worldly wise is real and egregious imprudence.

Goodness of heart, whether it be a natural or acquired goodness, is, indeed, in every respect, the highest wisdom. It is the only quality which can rescue human nature from the disgrace and misery of its wretched weaknesses, and its powerful tendencies to evil. It raises the poor worm, that otherwise crawls on a dunghill, and stings and bites his companions, to an exalted place in the scale of being, and causes him to assimilate with the divine nature.

I shall exhibit to my youthful readers, whose hearts are yet susceptible of whatever bias they chuse to give them, two characters: in one of which appeared goodness of heart, and in the other, worldly wisdom or cunning, or the art of pleasing for the sake of profit. If any one should hesitate in chusing whether of the two shall be his model, he need not hesitate at beginning a reformation of himself, for he may depend upon it, that his own heart stands greatly in need of amendment.

Serpens (for such let us suppose to be his name) has persuaded himself that he sees farther into things than the rest of his species. He considers religion as priestcraft, morality as the invention of politicians, and taste and literature as the amusement of fools. His philosophy, and all his better pursuits and ideas, are circumscribed within limits extremely narrow. Pleasure and interest are his chief good, his only objects of serious pursuit; and in the attainment of these he is not scrupulously delicate. There is, indeed, no virtue or good quality, the appearance of which he does not assume; because, while mankind are weak enough to judge and esteem men according to moral and religious prejudices, a plausible appearance is essentially necessary to success in life. External decency is his highest aim. Sincerity or sound principles would but retard his purposes. Compassion he never felt, and is equally a stranger to love and friendship, though he is always professing them to persons of fortune and distinction, whom he idolizes with religious adoration; and this is the only sentiment which he feels bordering upon religion.

By a life spent in abject servility, in courting a capricious world, in deceiving the credulous, in contriving schemes of advantage or pleasure, and in hardening his conscience, he has at last, in his fiftieth year obtained some promotion, and accumulated a handsome sum of money. But he cannot enjoy it now he is possessed of it. The same greedy selfishness which taught him to debase his soul in pursuing interest and private gratification, still operates on his conduct, and renders him a complete miser. Though he has long enjoyed a competency, he never had

spirit enough to marry. He was afraid of the expence. He hates his relations, because he thinks they expect his fortune at his decease. He has made no real friends, though he has deceived thousands, by professing friendship for the easier accomplishment of his dirty designs. All the neighbours detest him; and he envies every one of them who appears to be happier than himself, which indeed they all do; for his heart is torn with malignity, with fears, anxieties, and covetousness. He bears, however, the character of a shrewd and sensible man, one who knows the world, and learned, at an early age, to make it his bubble. His advice is considered as an oracle in all pecuniary business, and no attorney would be half so much consulted, if he did not render himself almost inaccessible by the moroseness of his temper. As in his youth, he was all submission and gentleness, and perfectly skilled in the celebrated art of pleasing; so now, when the masque is no longer necessary, his natural disposition breaks out in all its horrid deformity. But the misery which he occasions to all around him, falls upon himself by the just retribution of Providence. The heart which has been the receptacle of every vice, and every meanness, is always the seat of uneasy sensation. The stupid insensibility with respect to the finer feelings, which usually characterises that sort of shrewd men, who are celebrated in the world as men who know things so well, may, indeed, guard them from pungent affliction; but it is itself a curse most devoutly to be deprecated.

Simplicius was the son of parents remarkable for the piety and regularity of their lives. He received a liberal education in its most comprehensive form, and

found every moral instruction which he derived from books, and from his preceptor, confirmed by example at home. All his delicate sensibilities were gradually nursed to a state of perfection by the innocence and temperance of his life; by the piety and virtue of his family, in which such respect was paid to him while a boy, that not a word that could convey a loose or improper idea was ever uttered in his presence. He married early, and obeyed the dictates of his heart, in selecting a most amiable woman of beauty, sense, and temper, but of little or no fortune. The shrewd and wise men of the world laughed and pitied Simplicius, however, had never any reason to repent. His children are his chief delight; but he loves his friends with sincere and unalterable affection; and there is no species of distress which he does not pity and relieve to the best of his power. The amiableness of his manners, and the regularity of his conduct, gave him the advantage of character, the want of which can seldom be supplied by any worldly policy. With this powerful recommendation he has made his way to eminence, and enjoys his success with the truest relish. It is, indeed, unembittered by any reflection of sinister modes of securing it. He always proceeded in the strait road of common sense and common honesty. He knew of no obloquities; for, indeed, he found the art of life very plain and easy, and by no means such as requires the precepts of a Machiavel. His heart and his understanding are both excellent; and co-operating with each other, have conducted him to happiness through the flowery paths of innocence. His heart has been a perpetual spring of agreeable sensations to himself, and to

th who were so fortunate as to be allied to him by kindred, by affinity, by acquaintance, or in the course of his negotiations. A good conscience will cause the evening of life to close in the sweetest serenity, as the day has been distinguished by unclouded sunshine.

Whatever the short-sighted votaries of avarice and ambition may assert, there is no doubt, but that real goodness of heart is the noblest ornament of human nature, and the least fallible source of permanent satisfaction. I have often therefore lamented, that in the course of what is called a liberal education, very little attention has been paid at our best schools to the culture of the heart. While good seeds have been sown in the understanding, the heart has been suffered to be over-run with weeds and briars. In truth, learning and abilities, without goodness of heart, constitute that kind of wisdom which is foolishness in the sight of reason and of God. Without goodness of heart, man, however accomplished, is so far from being but a little lower than the angels, that he is scarcely above the accursed spirits, and by no means equal to many of the brutes; who often exhibit most amiable instances of a good heart, in the virtues of gratitude, sincere affection, and fidelity.

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*The Instructions of a Mexican Mother to her Daughter.*

**M**Y daughter, born of my substance, brought forth with my pains, and nourished with my milk, I have endeavoured to bring thee up with the greatest possible care, and thy father has wrought and polished thee like an emerald, that thou mayst appear in the eyes

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of men a jewel of virtue. Strive always to be good; for otherwise, who will have thee for a wife? Thou wilt be rejected by every one: Life is a thorny laborious path, and it is necessary to exert all our powers to obtain the goods which the gods are willing to yield to us; we must not therefore be lazy or negligent, but diligent in every thing. Be orderly, and take pains to manage the economy of thy house. Give water to thy husband for his hands, and make bread for thy family. Wherever thou goest, go with modesty and composure, without hurrying thy steps, or laughing with those thou meetest, neither fixing thy looks upon them, nor casting thy eyes thoughtlessly, first on one side, and then to another, that thy reputation may not be sullied; but give a courteous answer to those who salute and put any question to thee.

Employ thyself diligently in spinning and weaving; in sewing and embroidering; for by these arts thou wilt gain esteem, and all the necessaries of food and cloathing. Do not give thyself too much to sleep, nor seek the shade, but go to the open air and there repose thyself; for effeminacy brings along with it idleness and other vices.

In whatever thou doest, encourage not evil thoughts; but attend solely to the service of the gods, and the giving comfort to thy parents. If thy father or thy mother calls thee, do not stay to be called twice; but go instantly to know their pleasure, that thou mayst not disoblige them by slowness. Return no insolent answers, nor shew any want of compliance; but if thou canst not do what they command, make a modest excuse. If another is called, and does not

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come quickly, come thou, hear what is ordered, and do it well. Never offer thyself to do that which thou canst not do. Deceive no person, for the gods see all thy actions. Live in peace with every body, and love every one sincerely and honestly, that thou mayst be beloved by them in return.

Be not greedy of the goods which thou hast. If thou seest any thing presented to another, give way to no mean suspicions; for the gods, to whom every good belongs, distribute every thing as they please. If thou wouldst avoid the displeasure of others, let none meet with it from thee.

Guard against improper familiarities with men; nor yield to the guilty wishes of thy heart; or thou wilt be the reproach of thy family, and wilt pollute thy mind as mud does water. Keep not company with dissolute, lying, or idle women; otherwise they will infallibly infect thee by their example. Attend upon thy family, and do not go on slight occasions out of thy house, nor be seen wandering through the streets, or in the market-place; for in such places thou wilt meet thy ruin. Remember that vice, like a poisonous herb, brings death to those who taste it; and when it once harbours in the mind, it is difficult to expel it. If in passing through the streets, thou meetest with a forward youth, who appears agreeable to thee, give him no correspondence, but dissemble and pass on. If he says any thing to thee, take no heed of him or his words; and if he follows thee, turn not thy face about to look at him, lest that might inflame his passion more. If thou behavest so, he will soon turn and let thee proceed in peace.

Enter not, without some urgent motive, into another's house,

that nothing may be either said or thought injurious to thy honour; but if thou enterest into the house of thy relations, salute them with respect, and do not remain idle, but immediately take up a spindle to spin or do any other thing that occurs.

When thou art married, respect thy husband, obey him, and diligently do what he commands thee. Avoid incurring his displeasure, nor shew thyself passionate or ill-natured; but receive him fondly to thy arms, even if he is poor, and lives at thy expence. If thy husband occasions thee any disgust, let him not know thy displeasure when he commands thee to do any thing; but dissemble it at that time, and afterwards tell him with gentleness what vexed thee, that he may be won by thy mildness, and offend thee no farther. Dishonour him not before others; for thou also wilt be dishonoured. If any one comes to visit thy husband, accept the visit kindly, and shew all the civility thou canst. If thy husband is foolish, be thou discreet. If he fails in the management of wealth, admonish him of his failings; but if he is totally incapable of taking care of his estate, take that charge upon thyself, attend carefully to his possessions, and never omit to pay the workmen punctually. Take care not to lose any thing through negligence.

Embrace, my daughter, the counsel which I give thee; I am already advanced in life, and have had sufficient dealings with the world. I am thy mother, I wish that thou mayst live well. Fix my precepts in thy heart and bowels, for then thou wilt live happy. If, by not listening to me, or by neglecting my instructions, any misfortunes befall thee, the fault will be thine, and the evil also. Enough, my child, may the gods prosper thee.

To the Editor of the Berwick  
Museum.

**I**T is a common and just observation, that example hath more influence upon mankind than precept; even the delineation of virtuous characters, is better calculated to warm the heart with the love of goodness, than mere precept and abstract reasoning.

I have long been an admirer of the Ladies, and would willingly contribute every thing in my power to excite in them, the love of what is *amiable* and *praiseworthy*. With this design, I have drawn the following *Character*; a character, not the object of fancy and imagination, but, from real life.

*Miranda : A Character.*

MIRANDA is a lady in the prime of youth and beauty, but conscious of the fading nature of mortal charms: She therefore adorns herself with those beauties, which are proof against the attacks of sickness and old age; conscious, that virtue imparts, both dignity and happiness; her chief ambition is, to excel in those qualities, which constitute the Christian character. Whilst Miranda avoids vanity and ostentation, she is never ashamed of her religion; she is possessed of a fund of native good sense; she carefully avoids the extremes of levity and gravity: The sedateness and thoughtfulness of her temper, are mingled with good humour and cheerfulness; she has a refined taste for what is beautiful in manners; and in writing, she has formed an early and familiar acquaintance, with the best authors, in prose and verse: These, she peruses for the improvement of her understanding,

and of her heart: in conversation, she is always modest and unassuming; when she speaks, good sense and delicacy are conspicuous in all that she says; she can discern and feel an affront, or an injury, but her pure and peaceful bosom is ever a stranger to the angry and malignant passions: A winning gentleness and softness reign in the whole of her deportment: Those, who converse with her, are so much delighted, with the meekness of her conduct, that their hearts are touched, with a laudable ambition to possess that sweetness of manner, which they admire.

Whilst Miranda is possessed of so many valuable and shining accomplishments, she is an entire stranger to self conceit; she can discern and esteem merit in others; and her benevolent heart rejoices, when she beholds them walking, in the paths, that lead to honour and happiness. — Such is the character of Miranda, and may this, my fair countrywomen, be the picture of each of you, is the sincere wish of

AMATOR.

## ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

*Continued from p. 224.*

### ST AGNES' FAST.

**I**T is not yet pointed out when or where this had its rise. It is a fast kept by women desirous of dreaming of their lovers, and thence to derive propitious indications touching wedlock. It is the remains of the old superstition of divination; but why fixed to the day of St Agnes, is not to be accounted for.

### VALENTINE DAY

Is an anniversary day of divination by lots. It is a common say-

M m 2

ing, that birds on this day choose their mates. It may have relation to some domestic birds, and also rooks and pigeons. The custom now is, that the names of young people are wrote on scrolls of paper, and each draws one, confident that marriages are made in heaven, and in full hope the lot of life will be pointed out. What particular attention the allotted swain in former days was obliged to pay the fair one, to whose hands his name had fallen, I have not discovered. Mr Brand, in his observations on Bourne's XXth chap. quotes a passage in Morefin to this purpose: "That at this festival, the men used to make the women presents, as upon another occasion, the women used to do to the men; but that in Scotland on this day, presents were reciprocal." Mr Pennant speaks of this custom in Scotland, by which young people try prognostications of their future fortunes in the nuptial state. The first inventor of this custom, must have been some benevolent female, who studied to encourage the intercourse of the sexes; for by such means intimacies might arise, productive of love and marriage engagements: or otherwise the first design of these lots was, that those who shared in the dances and diversions, might have their proper partners assigned, without hazarding the confusion and displeasure which must necessarily arise in the liberty of the choice.

There was a religious fest of Valentinians, but I find no ceremony used by them, or tenet they embraced, which could have any relation to these customs.

### SHROVE TIDE

Is particularly observed. Shrove is derived from *Shrive*, confession;

a preparation enjoined in the Romish church, previous to the duties of Lent. It was particularly prescribed, that all offences should be mutually forgiven, and reconciliation take place, before they entered upon the solemnities of Lent; and this was consequently a day of mutual intercourse and amity. In several ancient Roman Catholic families, the kitchen is opened, and every neighbour and passenger is permitted to enter and fry a pancake, for which the necessary provision is made ready. This seems to be derived from a custom in the refectory of religious houses, where the table was spread on this day for all pilgrims, travellers, and visitants. In Newcastle, Durham, and other places, the great bell of the church is tolled, the servants have holyday, and whoever partakes of the pancakes of the day must fry them; a circumstance which occasions high kitchen mirth. In keeping of the vigils of all solemn days, the ceremony began at noon. The ringing of the great bell at noon, was a signal to clear the larder of flesh meat, from which time its use was prohibited. In Mr Brand's Appendix to Bourne's Pop. Antiq. he says, "A kind of pancake feast preceding Lent, was used in the Greek church, from whence probably we have borrowed it." One of the chief diversions of the day is fighting of cocks. Morefin says this was derived from the Athenians, who exhibited cock fightings on one day in each year, an institution of Themistocley; and that those of the Romish church derived the custom on this day from thence. The inference is ridiculous. It was a general holyday, and this was one of the vulgar dissipations, no otherwise peculiar to the season, than that the animal was in good feather at this time of the

year, and in condition for the greatest exertion of its powers.

### ASH WEDNESDAY.

The name only remains, the peculiar customs are forgotten. Penitents expressed their humiliation by sackcloth and ashes. Fuller in his Church History, p. 222, mentions a custom "Of giving ashes on Ash Wednesday, to put in remembrance, every Christian man in the beginning of Lent and Penance, that he is but ashes and earth, and thereto shall return." In the Protestant church, the communion or service contains a public rehearsal of those curses which we find denounced in the scriptures, and which, with an impious arrogance, we interlard with an AMEN; (not with a petition for eversion) assuming a right of denunciation and judgment, when humiliation, contrition, and tears would better beset the congregation in the rehearsal of the very curses by which the most of them probably stand condemned.

### CARLING DAY.

The second Sunday preceding Easter is called Carling Sunday. The peculiar custom is the serving up parched peas to table. This seems to be derived from the severities of the Romish church in the early ages, at this period in Lent, in their abstinence and mortification using such food. This was called Passion Sunday; and Mr Brand quotes Marshall on the Saxon Gospels, Vol. I. p. 356, where it is said, Care or Carr Sunday was not unknown to the English in his time. Mr Brand adds, It was usual to give away beans in the dole at funerals, both with the Heathen, and the people of the Romish church. They are us-

ed as a kind of mourning dole on this day. Erasmus mentions an observation of Pliny's, concerning Pythagoras's Interdiction of the use of Beans, "That they contain the souls of the dead." Thence they were used in the Parentalia, Plutarch held, that pulse was of the highest efficacy for invoking the manes. The adoption by Christians can only be reconciled by the preceding arguments touching the Heathen rites. The modern Greeks carry in funeral processions parboiled wheat.

### PALM SUNDAY.

On this day is still retained the ancient usage of dressing windows with ever-greens, &c. in commemoration of our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem. It was the custom of the ancient Christian church to represent, by solemn shews, even the most tremendous occurrences in the history of our Saviour—a procession with palms was used. In this country the buds of the saugh, which is one of the earliest marks of vegetation the trees of the climate shew, are gathered and adopted for branches of palm. Mr Bourne says, the branch of palm was used in the country near Jerusalem, as an emblem of victory. Our adoption of the saugh buds may arise from their being the first bloom the woods wear after winter is subdued, and might be used also typically, from their bearing testimony of renovation, as a sacred emblem of victory over death.

### EASTER DAY

Is attended with several singular customs. The people rise before the sun, in hopes to see the great luminary ascend the horizon, denoting for joy. This has been as

innocent artifice to draw forth the vulgar to early devotion; and what could be more powerfully typical and figurative to ignorant minds, that conceive few images of the resurrection of our Lord, than that of a glorious and resplendant sun, rising from a gilded horizon, dispelling every gloom and shade, and dispensing light, beauty, and joy over the face of the earth. It was a season and a spectacle, under the immediate impressions of which, well adapted and pathetic exhortations would take a deep root. The Druids and Saxons both had made it a chief object of worship; and the time of sun rising the chief season for their religious rites and adorations; of these, strong prejudices would remain with the vulgar. Bourne says, the salutation of the eastern church on this day was, "The Lord is risen," and the usual answer was, "The Lord is risen indeed; and no doubt they were peculiar to the morning.

The children have dyed and gilded eggs given them, which are called *Paste Eggs*, a supposed corruption of *Pasche Eggs*. Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the deluge. The Jews adopted it to suit the circumstances of their history, as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt; and it was used in the Feast of the Passover, as part of the furniture of the table with the paschal lamb. The Christians have certainly used it on this day, as retaining the elements of future life, for an emblem of the resurrection. Mr Brand has many well chosen quotations on this subject, among which is a prayer extracted from the ritual of Pope Paul the Vth, made for the use of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

"Bless, O Lord, we beseech thee, this thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to thee, on account of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, who with thee, &c. &c."

He quotes from Dr Chandler's *Travels in Asia Minor*, a passage, in which it appears, those of the Greek church on this day, presented coloured eggs. In Russia, there is the like custom, which he shews in two quotations, one from the Abbe d' Auteroche, in his *Journey to Siberia*, and the other from Hakluyt's *Voyage*, 1589. But from all the quotations, no determination is drawn why the Painted Eggs were used on this day peculiarly, and especially being no part of the day's repast. The field of conjecture is open, and at large to every one. It seems as if the Egg was thus decorated for a religious trophy after the days of mortification and abstinence were over, and festivity had taken place; and as an emblem of the renovation of life, certified to us by the resurrection from the regions of death and the grave.

*To be continued.*

#### AN E C D O T E.

ALEXANDER the Great, seeing Diogenes, who was looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for? "I am searching," said Diogenes, "for the bones of your father, but can't distinguish them from those of his slaves."

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

SIR,

The following are correct Solutions to the second and third Questions, proposed in your Museum for April.

*First Question.*

Let  $a = 825$ , and  $x =$  the breadth of the garden ; then will  $x \times 8 =$  its length. Thence we have  $x^2 \times 8 x = a$  ; which solved, gives  $x = 25$  chains, the breadth ; and consequently the length  $= 33$ .

*Second Question.*

The areas of similar superficies being as the squares of their homologous sides, we have,  $61 : 15 :: 4900 : 1204 \frac{1}{4}$ , the area required.

The above were also Answered by T. H. and the first by Pupil.

*A New Question.*

The top diameter of my dear Grandmother's Washing-Tub being 10 yards, and its content, when full, 500 Wine Gallons, the old Gentlewoman desires to know where the said tub must be set so as to take in ten gallons more.

Clear up, great Sirs ! this seeming contradiction ;  
But free from quibble keep, and free from fiction.

J. B.

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

Barometrical and Thermometrical Observations made at Berwick, in April, 1787, by

OBSERVATEUR.

1787	Barom. at		Ther. at		1787	Barom. at		Ther. at	
Apr.	Noon	Night	No	Nt	Apr.	Noon	Night	No	Nt
1	30.2	30.25	44	40	16	30.2	30.4	61	45
2	30.2	30.	46	39	17	30.4	30.2	54	49
3	29.8	29.8	44	42	18	29.9	30.	64	49
4	29.88	29.95	54	44	19	30.18	30.32	56	41
5	29.98	29.98	49	44	20	30.5	30.5	46	39
6	29.98	30.05	51	43	21	30.3	30.25	54	45
7	30.2	30.25	51	41	22	29.95	29.95	56	53
8	30.3	30.38	52	41	23	30.	30.16	50	46
9	30.42	30.44	48	39	24	30.16	29.9	53	53
10	30.3	30.25	52	42	25	29.42	29.5	60	49
11	30.2	30.15	54	44	26	29.73	29.75	60	50
12	30.1	30.1	59	48	27	29.2	28.8	55	49
13	30.1	30.05	52	41	28	29.2	29.3	48	40
14	30.	30.05	48	43	29	29.08	29.	46	42
15	30.7	30.12	57	43	30	29.52	29.8	48	36

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

222,

The following is an Answer to the Question proposed on page 235, in the Museum for May, 1787.

Let the number of yards  $= x$ , then  $x^2$ , by the Question, is  $=$  the price of the cloth, and  $x^3 = 2197$ , which solved, gives  $x = 13$ , the number of yards, and also the price of one yard.

J. M.

Also Answered by T. H.

*Answer to the Enigmatical List of Ladies, page 170.*

Miss Ford, Miss Lilly, Miss Darling, Miss Johnston, and Miss Holyday, are in my opinion, the principal Ladies who danced at Mr Campbell's Public, April 10.

B. M.

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

MR EDITOR,

By inserting the following Queries in your Museum for this Month, you will oblige,

Your humble servant,

R. L.

Through what series and succession of Nations did the books of the Old and New Testaments descend to the present times; and particularly to Great Britain?

There is no clear and direct evidence that the Apocrypha is a Divine Revelation; otherwise it would have been received into the canon of Holy-Scripture. Nevertheless, the very title of that book implies a probability that it may be of Divine Authority: What are the principal circumstances and arguments that countenance this probability?

What are the principal and great evidences that stamp a Divine Authority on the Old and New Testaments? And what are the chief reasons that subject the Apocrypha to uncertainty?

Errata, page 169, March 1st, Noon, for 24.91 read 28.91, and March 5th, Night, for 39.38, read 29.33.

## P O E T R Y.

## VERSES OCCASIONED BY HEARING A PASS-BELL.

**H**ARK my gay friend ! that solemn toll  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
'Tis gone ! that's all, we know not  
where,

Nor how th' unbodied soul does fare,  
In that mysterious world, none knows  
But God alone to whom it goes,  
To whom departed souls return,  
To take their doom to smile or mourn  
O ! by what a glimmering light we view  
The unknown world we're hastening to.  
God has lock'd up the mystic page,  
And curtain'd darkness round the stage.  
We talk of heaven, we talk of hell,  
But what they mean, no tongue can tell:  
Heaven is the realm where angels arc,  
And hell—the chaos of despair,  
But what these awful words imply,  
None of us know before we die.

This hour perhaps our friend is well,  
Deathstruck the next, he cries, farewell,  
I die—and then for ought we see  
Ceases at once to breathe and be.  
Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous  
shore,

Ingulf'd in death, appears no more,  
Then undirected, to repair  
To distant worlds, we know not where ;  
Swift flies the soul, perhaps its gone  
A thousand leagues beyond the sun,  
Or twice ten thousand more, thrice told,  
Ere the forsaken clay is cold ;  
And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,  
Tho' dead may be so far remov'd,  
Only this veil of flesh between,  
Perhaps they watch us tho' unseen ;  
But yet no notices they give,  
Nor tell us where, nor how they live,  
Though conscious whilst with us below,  
How much themselves desir'd to know,  
As if bound up by solemn fate,  
To keep this secret of their state,  
'To tell their joys and pains to none,  
That man may live by faith alone.  
Well let my Sovereign, if he please,  
Lock up his marvellous decrees ;  
Why should I wish him to reveal,  
What he thinks proper to conceal ;  
It is enough that I believe  
Heaven's brighter than I can conceive,

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And he who makes it all his care  
To serve God here, shall see him there.  
But O ! what worlds shall I survey,  
The moment that I leave this clay,  
How sudden the surprize ! how new !  
Let it my God, be happy too !

EUGENIUS.

Berwick, June, 1787.

## A PASTORAL;

## Part IV.

Inscribed to the Ladies on the Banks of  
Beaumont.

Hic ades, O Galatea !  
Hic ver purpureum : Varios hic flumina  
Circum  
Fundit humus flores : Hic candida po-  
pulus antro  
Imminet, et lentæ textant umbracule  
vites ! Virg.

**Y**E shepherds ! whose lambkins do play  
Where sweet Beaumont glides smooth-  
ly along,  
O leave them a while for to stray,  
And attentive give ear to my song !  
My Jena's no longer unkind,—  
(For she listens at length to my pray'rs)  
All sorrows I'll give to the wind,  
And no longer complain of despair.

I told ye that Jena was fair,  
That her beauties enslav'd all the plain,  
Her lovers in haste left their care,  
Of her pow'r and her charms to com-  
plain.

"Beware of the nymph, oft they said,  
Nor permit her to enter your bow'r !"  
I sigh'd out—I die for the maid,  
And I feel all the force of her pow'r.

I left them and threw by my crook,  
And forsook all the flocks on the hill ;  
I tuned my lyre by each brook,  
And to name her instructed each rill.  
'To wildest of woods I withdrew,  
'To impart what I felt to each dove ;  
Impatient to Jena I flew,  
And I swore I would live but to love.

N u

My passion, she said, she approv'd,  
And with pleasure accepted my heart;  
Ye swains! could I hear her unmov'd  
When she vow'd ne'er again to depart!  
My garden, I said, it was gay,  
And my daffodils in fullest bloom;  
I begg'd of my Jena to stray  
Where the roses diffus'd their perfume.

Ye shepherds still lend me your ear!  
Go survey all the flow'rs in the grove,  
O gather the first of the year,  
A fair garland to form for my love!  
The primrose inhabits the shade,  
And the lily blooms clear in the vale;  
'The eglantines shine in the glade,  
Where the v'lets perfume the soft gale.

As the Crocus to every weed,  
'That neglected lies hid in the shade,  
So Jena—the queen of the mead  
Does appear, when compar'd to each  
maid!

Ye gods! what can equal my joy!  
'Tis young Jena now blesses her swain!  
Her praises my labours employ  
And I boast of my love through the plain.

O Beaumont! thy banks, and thy fair,  
Have awaked my numbers and lyre!  
Each shepherd I beg to beware  
How he looks—for he must them admire.

Tho' Jena in charms doth excel,  
Ev'ry nymph—as fresh waters the  
waves,—

Yet on Beaumont's Banks many dwell,  
Who have beauty enough to make slaves.

Ye swains! who delight in the grove,  
Leave off ev'ry inferior theme,  
Set forth the bright charms of my love,  
And unceasing resound her dear name.  
All nature invites me to sing,  
How befitting the subject my lays!  
'The beauties attending the Spring,  
—But I only can sing in her praise.  
Beaumont Banks, }  
June, 1787. } P.

### INNOCENCE. . .

In early youth, how calm the mind,  
E'er love invades the virgin breast,  
No anxious hopes or fears combin'd,  
Can rob the bosom of its rest.

No sigh escapes, no pensive thought  
Intrudes upon our sportive mirth,  
Each hour with new enjoyments fraught,  
Shows some new fancied pleasure birth.

When to the woodlands verdant glade,  
Zephyrs invites the vernal throng;  
Immur'd within the silent shade,  
Philomel charms us with her song.

Responsive to the tuneful strain,  
Melodious warblings fill the grove.  
Whilst in the mazy dance unseen,  
Around the sylvan daughters move.

Thus sung a nymph on Tweed's fair side,  
Reclining in th' indulgent shade,  
'Tis sure a Syren's voice, I cried,  
Still list'ning to the charming maid.

She ceas'd. still pleasing to my ear,  
The soft harmonious sounds remain'd,  
When rose confess'd the lovely fair,  
'Twas graceful Myra charm'd the plain.  
'Berwick Barracks, } T. W.—,  
June, 1787. } Soldier 23d Regt.

### A LANDSKIP.

ON a mountain's stately brow,  
Here a little cottage stands:  
Which commands a pleasing view  
To the distant fields and lawns.

Hills and dales, and vallies green,  
Intermixt with various flow'rs,  
Spreading trees, meandering streams,  
Mossy beds and shady bow'rs.

Down the dale beneath the shade,  
Shepherds tune the oaten reed:  
Pleas'd to eye the sunny glade,  
Where their frisking lambskins feed.

See the num'rous flow'rs that glow,  
O'er the dale and upland hill:  
View the mountain's shady brow,  
Trembling in the painted rill.

Where the sunny tenants shine,  
Close upon the margin green:  
Patient there with out-stretch'd line,  
Anglers cut the wat'ry gleam.

Here upon the mountain's ridge,  
Briskly turns a neat wind mill,  
There a little wooden bridge  
Leads across the purling rill.

On the sprightly pacing pad,  
By the breaking of the morn:  
Jack, the whistling miller's lad,  
Hither drives his sacks of corn.

Hid amidst embow'ring shades,  
Here an antique abbey stands:  
Low-brow'd vaults and weeping caves,  
Rotten gates and rusty bands.

Damps and weeds of noxious kinds,  
Rankle ev'ry age-worn room;  
Moping owls and savage winds  
Mutter thro' the murky gloam.

Hear the warblers pour their throats  
From the silver branches round:  
Hills responsive to the notes,  
Spread afar the lengthning sound.

Hear the tolling village bell,  
And the clock of yonder mill:  
Hear the grot and cavern'd cell,  
Echoing to the tingling rill.

From the West when Phœbus glows,  
Couch'd upon the dewy dale,  
See the maids beneath their cows,  
Filling each her milky pail.

See the happy rustic swain,  
Homeward lead his smirking last:  
Vows, and tells her all his pain,  
As they sweep the dewy grass.

Now he hands her o'er the stile —  
Sue, the fount of all his bliss,  
Blushing, yet with oblique smile,  
Pays his goodness with a—kiss.

Ebon night now shuts the scene,  
Now the glim'ring landship fades;  
And the moon with silver beam,  
Dances thro' the trembling shades.

T. A———n.

Alnwick.

# L I N E S

Addressed to the Author of an Allego-  
rical Essay on the Cardinal Virtues.

TO thee whose pen the love of virtue  
fires,  
Whom genius blesses, and the muse in-  
spires,

To taste, to merit, I this humble lay,  
A debt of gratitude to S..... pay.  
The good, the bad, the wretched, youth  
or age,

With hearts improv'd must read thy  
pleasing page,  
Will see, if rightly they thy mind explore,  
How vain is science and the pride of lore;

How vain in arms to gain the noblest  
prize,  
And shine a hero in a nation's eyes;  
How vain to dwell amidst the courtier's  
wiles,

And bask in sunshine of a monarch's-  
smiles,  
Unless sweet virtue shine sublimely bright,  
And o'er thy earthly honours shed her  
light.

Not now abstracted, to the mind she's  
given,  
But shines in S.....'s pen a child of  
heaven.

See him, tho' vice in virtue's garb be  
dress'd,

Make her in genial colours stand confess,  
Tear off the mask that o'er her face is  
spread,

And hurl a gloom of horrors round her  
head.

Thence tho' ye're rich or great, ye  
pupils know,

That wanting virtue, life is pain and  
woe;

Extolled by all, yet wretched are your  
days,

Left God approve and ratify the praise.  
VALERIUS.

De Silvis Academicus.

## ALNWICK'S CONDOLENCE.

[Continued from page 238.]

TO glory give them then, for ever  
blest'd!

And to the living be our thoughts ad-  
dress'd!

Lives not a Percy still, our noble Duke?

## ALNWICK.

I bend me, Fidor, to the just rebuke!  
"Lives not a Percy?" Heaven forbid,

that o'er  
The world should want a like illustrious  
heir;

Forbid it Heaven, that Alnwick's ach-  
ing heart,

In such unmeasur'd grief should bear a  
part!

"Lives not a Percy?" O my friends,  
explore,

In joyous retrospect, Ierne's shore!  
There call to mind the almost widow'd  
wife,

Rais'd by his bounty, as to second life!

Review the mutual pangs their bosom's  
rend,  
Decreed to part with husband, parent,  
friend!  
When call'd by glory to a distant land,  
The eager troops obey their Chief's  
command!  
Heavens, how his bounty made their  
hearts o'erflow  
With sudden joy, full solacement of woe!  
When at his charge, the well-stor'd ves-  
sel stood,  
And bore them, joyful, cross th' Atlan-  
tic flood.

"Lives not a Percy?" Ask each war-  
rior round,  
Who fought, who bled, on false Americ'  
ground;  
Look back, my friends, when treach-  
erous Chiefs unite,  
With hostile powers, to wound a Pa-  
rent's right!  
Behold each Hero arm! Th' expanding  
breast,  
With patriotic ardour full impress!  
Arous'd they snatch the spear, they  
shake the lance,  
And hurl defiance at the sons of France!  
Their thirst of fame such, as when Mars'  
car

To glory led, but thro' the deeds of war;  
When to his votaries, the bards of old  
Attun'd each note, each martial prowess  
told,

Then—but to Sense and You why need  
recal

Our gallant Percy's choice.—'Tis known  
to all!

Scorning repose, his rank, his fortune's  
frown,

Thro' fields of death, he hunted pure  
renown.

Like as his ancestor great Shakespear  
drew,

To arms, to arms, our noble Percy flew.  
O could I catch one spark of Shake-  
spear's fire,

Touch but one chord of his soul-melting  
lyre,

With rapture I'd attempt the warlike  
theme,

That rivals his progenitor in fame.

"Lives not a Percy?" But, though  
sense and you

Might endless strains of Eulogy renew,  
On truth's broad base each trophy high  
display'd.

Nor of the charge of Flattery afraid;

Yet soft, my friends, methinks I 'gin  
to hear

A secret monitor call out—"Forbear,  
The chastest plaudits wound a gen-  
grous ear;

"And say, what bard—tho' Homer fill'd  
his breast,

"Tho' Milton's fire his ravish'd soul  
possess—

"Can to the living the due incense raise,  
When ev'ry day presents new food  
for praise!

"When ev'ry hear—Conviction speaks  
to Sense—

"New honour claims; Silence is Elo-  
quence!"

Charra'd with these truths, let us my  
friends, retire,

Behold in Silence, silently admire!

To future Bards Life's finish'd scenes  
reign,

Never, O never be such anguish mine!

Long may the world enjoy their happy  
sway,

Nor You, nor Alnwick see th' ill fa-  
ted day,

When Time shall yield to Death;  
Dukes must obey!

## ANSWER TO THE REBUS,

In our Last.

VERTUMNUS the spouse of the god-  
dess of the grove;

Is a cow that was beloved by Jove;

Riches employ the greedy Miller's  
thoughts;

Time measures music's soft and charm-  
ing notes;

Use is the noble system of created  
things,

Elysium is the fields where sweet am-  
brosia springs.

These initials take, and soon by them  
you'll guess,

Virtue is what male and female should  
possess.

ANNA.

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

June 23.

ARRIVED a Mail from Holland, by which we are informed, that the Stadholderian interest has sustained a severe blow. The States of Utrecht having assembled on the 11th instant, at which were present the Deputies of the towns of Wyk-a-Duurstede Montfoort, and several other places, the Assembly unanimously resolved to send a deputation to their High Mightinesses the States General, demanding the exertion of their supreme authority, in order to suppress all the late violent measures taken against the Sovereignty of the Province of Holland; and in case of noncompliance with this requisition, they were determined to consider the Union as totally dissolved.

In consequence of the above demand, their High Mightinesses have revoked their resolutions of the 1st and 10th instant, by which they ordered the troops of the Province of Holland immediately to quit the territories of Utrecht, and not to act in any case without their express command, nor to remove any ammunition or stores belonging to the Republic.

These Resolutions being carried to the Council of State, the Members of which are immediately under the influence of the Prince of Orange; they refused to obey the orders of the States General; and what will be the consequence, time alone must discover.

The Turkish Ministry are at present involved in a dilemma, distressing beyond conception.—The Janissaries and populace, attributing the peaceable disposition of the Grand Seignior and the Divan to a disgraceful pusillanimity, have

proceeded to the most brutal acts of cruelty, and in an open rebellious tone, threatened to depose the Sultan, in case a formal declaration of war against Russia is not immediately announced. To assuage the popular fury, his Sublime Highness has been compelled publicly to declare, that nothing short of a total renunciation, on the part of the Empress of Russia, of her exorbitant demands, shall prevent his complying with the just and patriotic requisition of his faithful subjects; and that should the dispatches hourly expected from Cherson prove unfavourable to their wishes, his Highness will instantly give orders for the most vigorous measures to be pursued; in order to extend the banners of the Imperial Crescent into the heart of his enemy's territories. This bold declaration of the Grand Seignior has had its desired effect; a momentary calm having succeeded its publication; and the people were eagerly waiting the arrival of the expected courier, when the last advices left Constantinople.

*Cherson, May 29.* The Empress arrived here with her suite on the 23d inst. The Emperor had reached this place so long ago as the 15th, but finding that the Empress was not expected to arrive for some days, his Imperial Majesty set out to meet her; of which the Empress having a few hours previous notice, her Imperial Majesty went on shore to receive the Emperor, and their first interview took place a little above Ekaterinoflaw, where the Empress's whole suite disembarked, and proceeded hither by land. And this morning their Imperial Majesties set out for the Crimea.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*London, June 8.*

**B**Y an Indianman which passed the fleet bound to Botany Bay, near the Madiras, a letter has been received from an officer on board the Commodore's ship, which gives a melancholy account of the state of the convicts.—In many of the ships they have behaved in a manner so outrageous, that the most severe punishments have been insufficient to keep any degree of order.

10. Whatever idle reports may have prevailed relative to any supposed difference between the Courts of St. James's and Versailles; it is certain that high words have passed relative to the naval power in the East-Indies; and, we are assured, that Mr Pitt on this occasion remonstrated in the most spirited and determined manner, and that matters are now happily accommodated.

12. Orders were sent off for Ireland, to reinforce several of the garrisons in that kingdom, and to pay particular attention to the state of the forts on the coasts.

15. Letters received from Spain say, that large naval equipments are now making at Cadiz, Ferrol, and other ports.

The magistrates and others, have traced the purchase of the stamp paper, on which the spurious Gazette Extraordinary was printed, to the Stationer from whom it was bought. The number was only 250, and they were put into a hackney-coach, who drove to Pater-noster-row, where the stamps were taken out, and the coach discharged. The coachman says, the gentleman took the parcel under his arm, and walked off with it.

We are happy to find that the Magistrates are determined to carry into effect so much of the Royal Proclamation as respects open licentiousness. The publicans on Sunday, in many parts of the city, shut up their houses during divine service. These may be thought of small consequence, but every little step is an advance to a general reform of abuses. The chief obstacle is, that the great will not set the example.

25. Some dispatches were received from the Courts of Versailles and Madrid, which were immediately communicated to his Majesty.

By accounts from Lisbon, we learn, that two ships of the line, and four frigates, have lately sailed out of the Tagus, with a convoy of thirty-seven sail of transports, for the Portuguese settlements in America.

The only colourable charge against his Highness the Prince of Orange is, that he designedly protracted the sailing of the Dutch fleet, and thereby prevented their joining the French and Spanish fleets. Were this the fact, it proves the Stadtholder to have the true interests of his country at heart; because, if through the aid of Holland, England had been crushed, the Dutch themselves would ultimately have been safely at the mercy of France and Spain.

26. Mr Bowes and his associates were brought up to the Court of King's Bench to receive sentence; but the pleadings of the Counsel occupied so considerable a space of time, that the business was not concluded in time to save the post. The public curiosity was so great,

that the house and avenues were much crowded.

One of the messengers who arrived on Friday at the Secretary of State's Office from Holland, brings an account that Lord George Gordon landed there on Thursday se'ennight while he was at the waterside. It was immediately reported that Lord George Gordon was arrived with an intent to enter himself as a volunteer in the Dutch service.

# B E R W I C K.

*June 4.* Being the King's birth day, the same was observed here with every demonstration of loyalty; at noon the great guns were fired from the ramparts; the Royal Welsh Fusiliers were drawn up upon the Parade, fired three volleys with great exactness, and being a remarkable fine Regiment, made a noble grand and military appearance. In the evening there was an Assembly at the Town-Hall, composed of a numerous collection of beautiful fine women from the country and town, the ladies dresses were neat and genteel, they wore white hats with white feathers, decorated with the present prevailing fashionable tartan ribbon, which had a pleasing effect. During the time of tea, the Band of Music of the Regiment played several pieces of excellent music. The dancing continued till past two o'clock, when the whole concluded with the greatest harmony, joy, and loyalty.

*Extract of a letter from Bengal, to a Gentleman in Edinburgh.*

"Several of the Country Princes have sent presents to Lord Cornwallis, which he has nobly refused, politely informing them, that he came to redress the grievances of the oppressed; and not to multiply them by extortion and rapine.

This is a new sort of language in India. The British affairs in that quarter are in a very flourishing situation, and the impoverished provinces will soon be re-established in population and riches."

*Extract of a Letter from a Merchant at Dunkirk, to his friend in Edinburgh, dated June 19.*

"The French do not stand to the Commercial Treaty. I applied the other day at the Custom-house here to have a parcel of duties entered at ten per cent. agreeable to the treaty, but was informed that I must pay six much a hundred weight, or enter at the valuation of 1000 livres, what, in fact, cost only 300. This is equal to a prohibition, and will effectually prevent British goods from getting into the internal parts of France, which was the great object of the treaty. I must therefore decline sending you any orders at present. Unless very strong remonstrances are made by the British Ministry to have this remedied, the treaty will be of the worst consequence to Great Britain, who will import the manufactures and commodities of France, without in return being able to export her own.—Where is the reciprocity in this?"

# BIRTHS.

*June 20.* Mrs Stuart of Allank, of a daughter.

28. Mrs Turnbull, Attorney, of a daughter.

# DEATHS.

*June 12.* Mrs Morrison at Castlehill, after a long illness which she bore with the greatest resignation.

13. George Peany, Mayor Sergeant.

— Neil McIntosh, Tobaccoist, aged 36.

18. Robert Renton, Blacksmith.

The following LINES were found in the Pocket  
of a GENTLEMAN, lately deceased.

WHOE'ER thou art, that tread'st this lonely floor,  
Mind this—"The greatest crime is to be poor:"  
When once bound fast within this dreary cell,  
All tender ties of former friends, Farewell!  
Those very friends whom once thy bounty fed,  
Ne'er once enquire, Has the poor captive bread?  
But shun the spot where now thou must remain,  
As if th' abode of Pestilence and Pain,—  
Of all thy former joys, the sole remains,  
The roar of hinges, or the clank of chains;  
The surly goaler, or his minion's sneer,  
Who only come, because they must come near,  
Devoid of feeling, as the keys they bear.  
Successful villains there their brethren meet,  
While modest Want slinks mourning o'er the street;  
There legal robbers, now by the croud caress'd,  
That very croud whom once their crimes oppress'd:  
Whose pallid look the face of Misery wears,  
By Misery mark'd, more than by length of years.  
Their wives, their children, but the Muse forgoes,  
To sing of all their heart-felt anxious woes;  
For sure the tender heart must ever grieve,  
To paint those evils which it can't relieve.  
Those thieves, who shameless in these downward times,  
By worst of stealth, have paid the price of crimes.  
Successful villain, impotently great,  
With all your luxury, your wealth, or state:  
In vain th' applause that sycophants can shew,  
And all the th' external pomp that round thee flow,  
Th' impious flattery of well-fed divines,  
The sole reward for all thy meats and wines.  
To shew thy heart; it's speckled covering tear,  
Black as the coat, the blackest priest can wear.

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F O R J U L Y , 1787.

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## THE HISTORY OF HOLY-ISLAND.

*Continued from page 184.*

**T**HE introduction of Monks into England, is spoken of as a master-piece of policy in the court of Rome, as endeavouring thereby to secure her authority by an increase of property, which would arise to her by the pious donations and offerings of the faithful, and the founding of many religious houses, to be occupied by such as were, from the nature of their institute, attached to the Holy See, and might occasionally serve every purpose of spiritual tyranny. And it is alledged, that the Monks by the austerity of their religion and morals fascinated the minds of the people, and by their pretension to extraordinary sanctity, secured a submission to all their decisions, and an implicit obedience to all their doctrines. This is a heavy charge, and if well grounded, should have prevented the monastic rule from ever taking effect in any kingdom, or occasioned its ruin as soon as the discovery was made, or the charge formed.<sup>22</sup>

This he obviates, by monasteries being established here before Austin's time; and takes for his authorities Gildas and Bede, as to their being schools of Christian learning. He adds, "in all this, we hear nothing of foreign connections, of sinister inventions, or hypocrisy.

"The Roman Pontiff knew how to draw from the circumstances of William's affairs, advantages which the Conqueror never intended; and which his immediate successors could not prevent, as they were equally or more obliged to the church for her support, than he himself had been. The foreign Ecclesiastics which the Norman King introduced, readily gave up the liberty of a country, to which they were strangers, and a happiness the sweets whereof they had never known; but from that consequence, of which the Conqueror and his sons had made them, they soon became sensible of their own importance; the

Q o 2

foreign Monks, from the great property conferred upon them, soon found of what weight they were in the scale of government, and readily turned it to their own advantages, as occasion offered.

"The introduction therefore of so many new orders of Monks into England by the Norman Kings, was according to their own policy, and not that of the Court of Rome."—He then takes occasion to mention the good offices of the church in favour of the Conqueror's younger sons, and the Earl of Moreton and King John.

"The Court of Rome could have no direct hand in all this; and the monastic institute, of its own nature, can have no part in either a civil or a spiritual tyranny, unless where perverted; as the best of institutes may have been by the malice of men."—I have been led to lengthen the quotation beyond the bounds I at first intended, to shew with what arguments this subtle author, and other writers of the like class, can put a plausible countenance on facts, which reflected dishonour on the See of Rome. But to return from this digression.

The cathedral is in the form of a cross, the east and west limbs of which are yet standing, the other parts totally in ruins, and almost level with the ground. The order of building in this structure is rude and heavy, and most of it in the worst mode of the early Saxon architecture. Mr Grose says, "probably it was the work of different periods; great part of it seems very ancient, the arches being circular, and the columns very massy, and much like those in Durham, but richer. On the north and south walls there are pointed arches, which proves that part of it at least was built since the reign of Henry II." The pillars on

which the arches rise in the center of the cross are clustered and plain capitalled, each forming the corner of the great tower; these arches are of few members. There are two side aisles, the columns of which are heavy, and the arches circular; the windows are narrow, and ornamented with a corner pilaster, and a moulding of few members; the walls are very thick, and every part wears a gloomy countenance. The south wall of the middle tower is standing about 50 feet high; and one corner tower on the west end of the church remains perfect. These ruins retain at this day one most singular beauty, the tower has not formed a lanthorn, as in most cathedrals; but from the angles, arches sprang, crossing each other diagonally, to form a canopy roof. One of those arches yet remains, unloaded with any superstructure, supported by the south-east and north-west corner pillars, and ornamented with the dancette or zig-zag moulding, much used in old Saxon architecture, extending a fine bow over the chasm and heap of ruins occasioned by the falling-in of the aisles. The whole structure is composed of a soft red free-stone, which yields much to time, and renders the aspect of the building dark and melancholy. Mr Grose's account comprehends the following particulars:

"Various fragments of the offices of this monastery are still standing, and foundations of buildings are scattered over a close of near four acres; the main walls of the church on the north and south sides are still standing, though much out of the perpendicular; inclining outwards so considerably, as to make the horizontal distance between them, at the top, exceed, by near two feet, that at the bottom. Another winter or two

seems to be the utmost they can stand.

"This building consists of a body and two side aisles, into which it is divided by a double row of very solid columns, whose shafts are richly ornamented. Each row has five columns of four different constructions, and two pilasters in the walls on the east and west ends. The shafts of these columns are about 12 feet high, their diameters about five, their capitals and pedestals are plain, they support circular arches, having over each arch two ranges of windows; the lowest large and in pairs, separated only by a short column; the upper small and single. The length of the building is about 138 feet, the breadth of the 18 feet, and that of the two side aisles about nine feet each.

The prospect from this Island is beautiful; to the northward you command the town of Berwick, over an arm of the sea about seven miles in breadth: at nearly the same distance you view Bambrough Castle, on a bold promontory, towards the south: on the one hand you have a view of the open sea, at the time of our observation calm and resplendent, and scattered over with vessels; and on the other hand a narrow channel, by which the land is insulated, about two miles in width; the distant shore exhibits a beautiful hanging landscape of cultivated country, graced with a multitude of cottages, villages, and woodlands.

This island became the seat of Episcopacy early in the era of conversion: the Northumbrians received the Christian doctrine much sooner than some of the southern provinces of Britain. Oswald King of Northumberland, in the second year of his reign, and in the year of our Lord 635, found-

ed the Bishopric of Lindisfarne, the proper name of this island as before observed.

The succession of Bishops was as follows.

#### EPISCOPUS I.

Aidan, of Scotch extraction, an excellent Pastor, to whom is attributed the conversion of many of the Saxons. The King frequently officiated as interpreter of this Prelate's doctrines, to an audience who knew not his dialect. The venerable Bede speaks thus honourably of him: "*Ut multa, inquit breviter, comprehendam, quantum ab eis, qui illum novere didicimus, nichil ex omnibus quæ Evangelicis sive Apostolicis, sive Prophetis litteris faciendum cognoverat præter mitere, sed cuncta pro suis viribus operibus explere curabat.*" According to the above author, he was a Monk of the Isle of Hii, otherwise called by him Hydestinate whose convent was said to be founded by Columbus. What greatly contributed to the prevalence of his doctrines, was his exemplary life, which strictly corresponded with the rules he prescribed: he was constantly employed in preaching, to which end he travelled much, and seldom on horseback.

Oswald, some few years after these pious works, was slain, and canonized. Aidan held the Bishopric 17 years, and died, it is said, through grief for the loss of his royal patron, A. D. 651: His spirit ascended to heaven, where the future saint, the elected Cuthbert, who was promised to the faithful, as he tended his sheep on the hills near the river Leder, in a holy vision, beheld him in his celestial glory; and from thenceforth vowing a life of sanctity, entered the monastery of Mailros, under the Abbot Eata.

The holy Bishop Aidan, when

he was near the close of life, having exercised the episcopal office for 17 years, remained in a royal village not far from the city of Bebbæ: for having a church and habitation there, he used frequently to reside at that place, for his greater convenience of preaching in the adjacent country; he never resting long in a place, having no possessions but his church, and a small spot of ground thereabout: being sick, he erected a hut, close to the wall, on the west side of the church. In this place he gave up the ghost on the last day of August, in the 17th year of his episcopacy. His body was carried to Holy-Island to be interred in the church-yard of the monastery; but shortly after, a more spacious church being erected there, dedicated to St. Peter, his bones were removed, and with much religious ceremony interred on the right side of the high altar.

In the paintings of one of the windows in the cathedral church at Durham, St. Aidan is represented in his episcopal garb, with a crozier in his hand, whilst his soul is carried to heaven in a sheet by two angels.

Oswald, the second son of Ethelfrid, succeeded to both the kingdoms (Deira and Bernicia) a noble and virtuous prince, whose chief study was to promote the Christian religion. To this effect he sent his Ambassadors unto Donald IV. then reigning in Scotland, and intreated him by the old familiarity that had been among them, to help him with some worthy and learned men that could instruct his people in the faith of Christ. The King recommending the matter to the Clergy, one Cormannus was elected to go thither; but his labour proving unprofitable, he returned

about the end of the year, and in a synod of the Bishops and Clergy, informed them, that they were a people so intractable and forward, that the pains taken upon them were lost, they neither being desirous nor capable of instruction.

It grieved the synod exceedingly to hear this; and while they were consulting what to do, Aidanus, a learned man and reverend preacher, is said to have advised them not to give over the work at any hands, for that the hardness of Cormannus's labours might possibly proceed from himself, that had not used the people tenderly, nor according to the Apostles rule "fed them at first with milk;" and therefore desired some other approved man might be employed of new, who would probably do good among them.

This opinion allowed by all, none was thought fitter for this service than he who had given the advice; and so with common consent was Aidan ordained Bishop, and appointed to that charge. Being come thither, he set himself to amend the fault which he supposed Cormannus had committed, and so tempered his doctrine, as that multitudes of people daily did resort unto him to be instructed. It was great hindrance unto him at first, that he was not skilled in the Saxon tongue, neither did the people understand his language; but this defect the King himself supplied, interpreting to the auditory all that Aidanus delivered in his sermon: so by the King's zeal, and Aidanus's diligence, such numbers were brought to the Christian profession, as in the space of seven days 15,000 persons were by him baptized.

*To be continued.*

## ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

Continued from page 216.

**M**R Brand, p. 252, gives us the following note: "Erasmus speaking of the proverb, *Mens est Pila*, that is, I have got the ball, tells us that it signifies I have obtained the victory, I am master of my wifdom." The Romanists certainly erected a standard on Easter Day in token of our Lord's victory; but it would perhaps be indulging fancy too far to suppose that the Bishops and Governors of churches who used to condescend to play at hand ball at this time, did it in a mystical way, and with reference to the triumphal joy of the season. Certain it is, however, that many of their customs and superstitions are founded on still more trivial circumstances than even this imaginary analogy.

It was an ancient custom for the Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriff of Newcastle, accompanied with great numbers of the Burgesses to go every year at the feasts of Easter and Whitsuntide to the Forth, the little mall of the town, with the maces, sword, and cap of maintenance carried before them. The young people of the town still assemble there, at this season particularly, play at hand ball, dance, &c. but are no longer countenanced in their innocent festivity by the presence of their Governors, who no doubt in ancient times used to unbend the brow of authority, and partake with their happy and contented people, the puerile pleasures of the festive season.

It was also usual among the sports of the day to have foot courses, &c. the prize being a ransey cake. It has been alledged, that the use of ransey was adopted from the Jewish mess of bit-

ter herbs at this season. A dis-  
cussion of this practice of the Jews  
would be too tedious in this place,  
and articles of mortification seem  
not to correspond with the uni-  
versal festivity of the time; I ra-  
ther conceive that the prizes were  
the ancient sweet bread, concern-  
ing the use of which I shall have  
occasion to make some remarks in  
the sequel, and that ransey was  
used for its flavour and salubrity  
only.

Mr Brand quotes Dureau Lib.  
6. c. 86. 9. for a very singular  
and unreasonable custom, "That  
on Easter Day wives used to beat  
their husbands, and on the day fol-  
lowing husbands their wives:" he  
adds, "There is a custom still re-  
tained at the city of Durham on  
these holidays, on one day the  
men take off the women's shoes,  
which are only to be redeemed by  
a present, and on another day the  
women take off the men's in like  
manner." This custom is not a  
peculiarity of the city of Durham  
only, but extends into other parts  
of that county, as well as Nor-  
thumberland. As it seems to be the  
remains of some religious ceremo-  
ny, if peculiar to the cathedral it  
would probably travel with the  
See from Lindsarn by Echester to  
Durham, and its remains would be  
found scattered through this pas-  
sage. In Lancashire the custom of  
the day is to lift the passenger  
from the ground: this shews of  
itself of what it is emblematical.  
But our custom leaves us wide and  
indeterminate conjectures. In the  
cathedral of Durham there was a  
custom on Good Friday for the  
Monks to approach the high altar,  
then decorated with all the solemn  
emblems of that tremendous day,  
on their knees, being bare-footed.  
On Easter Day they made a solemn  
procession, when all the spectators  
pulled off their shoes, as treading

on holy ground. King Canute approached the shrine of St. Cuthbert from Garmondsway, the distance of five miles, with all his retinue and attendants bare-footed; when he gave great territories and donations to that church. *Lel. Col.* vol. I. p. 331. These are the most memorable circumstances I have been able to collect. Preparatory to the passover, our Saviour washed the feet of his disciples; after which he gave them this ordinance: "For I have given you an example that you should do as I have done to you." The Monks of Durham are said to have washed the feet of the poor, within the cloister, in commemoration of our Saviour's act. In the ages immediately succeeding the conversion of the Britons, an inveterate hatred and contempt was shewn to all Jews, who by shipwreck or other casualty came among them; even to a greater bitterness the aversion was carried, than against the unconverted heathen. The order of the passover ceremonies, as set forth in the 12th chapter of Exodus, enjoins the Jews to have their shoes upon their feet; perhaps in contradiction, or in reproach of the Jews; the shoes of passengers are pulled off.

#### SWEET BREAD.

I intimated in the preceding pages, an intention of remarking the Sweet Bread used in religious rites. Small loaves of bread, peculiar in their form, being long and sharp at both ends, are called Buns. This name takes place where old religious ceremonies have been solemnized, derived from the consecrated sweet bread which was offered on high festivals. It is of the highest antiquity; according to Mr Bryant, "the offer-

ings which people in ancient times used to present to the Gods were generally purchased at the entrance of the temple; especially every species of consecrated bread, which was denominated accordingly. One species of sacred bread which used to be offered to the Gods, was of great antiquity, and called Boun. Hesychius speaks of the Boun, and describes it a kind of cake with a representation of two horns. Julius Pollux mentions it after the same manner; a sort of cake with horns. Diogenes Laertius, speaking of the same offering being made by Empedocles, describes the chief ingredients of which it was composed: "He offered up one of the sacred liba, called a Boun, which was made of fine flour and honey." It is said of Cecrops, he first offered up this sort of sweet bread. Hence we may judge of the antiquity of the custom from the time to which Cecrops is referred. The prophet Jeremiah takes notice of this kind of offering, when he is speaking of the Jewish women at Pathros in Egypt, and of their base idolatry; in all which their husbands had encouraged them; the women in their expostulation upon this rebuke tell him, Did we make her cakes to worship her? &c. *Jer. xlv. 18, 19. Ib. vii 18.* Bryant's Analysis vol. I. p. 297. The sacred cakes which were offered at the Arkite temples were styled Boun; and were presented upon every seventh day. Bryant, vol. II. The custom of hot Cross Buns in London; on the morning of Good Friday, seems to have relation to these ancient practices: We only retain the name and form of the Boun; the sacred uses are no more.

*To be continued.*

*On the means of Reading with the most advantage.*

IT is certain, that there are many students who impair their health in a continual course of reading and literary labour, without any adequate returns of pleasure, or improvement. They read, indeed, because they consider it as a duty, or because they are endeavouring to accomplish themselves for the practice of a profession; but they are ready to confess, that the whole tenour of their studies is one continued toil, and that the pleasure they derive from them is by no means a recompense for exhausted spirits and habitual melancholy.

With a view to relieve students of this description, who are usually virtuous and amiable, I will endeavour to suggest a few hints, which may possibly contribute to render their reading more agreeable and advantageous. But I wish to premise, that in what I now say, and in whatever I have said, in the stile of direction and advice, I mean only to offer, not to obtrude; to submit, and not to dictate.

In order to receive the proper advantage from reading, it must be rendered a pleasing employment. Human nature is so constituted, that no practice will be continued long and regularly, which is not attended with some degree of pleasure. We enter upon a study which is irksome and disgustful with reluctance, we attend to it superficially, and we relinquish it without reflecting upon it in a degree sufficient for the purpose of improvement. Instead of thinking of it uniformly and steadily, we drive it from our minds as the cause of uneasiness. But the heart and affections, the ima-

gination and the memory, co-operate with the understanding, in deriving all possible advantage from the study which we love.

The first and most important object is, therefore, to form a strong attachment to those parts of science, or to those books, which our judgment directs us to study. There are various methods conducive to this end; but, perhaps, none are more effectual, than that of conversing with men of sense and genius on the books and the subject which we purpose to examine. There is a warmth and spirit in conversation, which renders subjects which might otherwise appear cold and lifeless, interesting and animated. When the company is departed, and the conversation at an end, we are naturally inclined to see what has been said in books on the subject's discussed; and the light let in by the preceding conversation is an excellent introduction and guide to our subsequent enquiries made in solitude.

As soon as we have obtained by reading, a competent knowledge of a book or particular subject, it will contribute greatly to animate us in proceeding still further, if we talk of it either with our equals in attainments, or with the learned and experienced. In such conversation we venture to advance an opinion; our self-love renders us solicitous to maintain it, we seek the aid of a book as an auxiliary, we therefore read it with eager attention; and I believe it will be difficult to avoid loving that which we attend to frequently and with eagerness; so that, in this manner, an attachment to books and literary employments, is gradually formed, and what began in labour or necessity, becomes the choice, and constitutes a most agreeable pleasure.

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Indeed, if we can once fix our attention very closely on a good book, nothing more will be necessary to make us love it: As in nature, when two substances approach each other very nearly, the attraction of cohesion fastens them together; so when the mind attaches itself closely to any subject whatever, it becomes, as it were, united to it, and gravitates towards it with a spontaneous velocity. There is, indeed, no study so dry, but by fixing our attention upon it, we may at last find it capable of affording great delight. Metaphysics and mathematics, even in their abstrusest parts, are known to give the attentive student a very exalted satisfaction. Those parts then of human learning, which in their nature are more entertaining; cannot fail of being beloved in a high degree, when the mind is closely and constantly applied to them.

In order to acquire the power and habit of fixing the attention, it will at first be necessary to summon a very considerable degree of resolution. In beginning the study of a new language, or any book or science, which presents ideas totally strange, the mind cannot but feel some degree of reluctance or disgust. But let the student persevere; and in a very short time, the disgust will vanish, and he will be rewarded with entertainment. Till this takes place, let him make it an inviolable rule, however disagreeable, to read a certain quantity, or for a certain time, and he will infallibly find, that what he entered upon as a task, he will continue as his best amusement.

There are many students who spend their days in extracting passages from authors, and fairly transcribing them in their commonplace book; a mode of study truly miserable, which seldom repays

the student either with profit or pleasure, which wastes his time, and wears out his eyes and his constitution. I most seriously advise all those, who have been led to think that the exercise of the hand can impress ideas on the brain; who interrupt their attention by copying; who torture themselves in abridging, and who think, by filling their pocket-books, that they shall enrich their understandings, to stop while they have eyes to see, or fingers to write. They have totally mistaken the road to learning; and if they proceed in this way too long a time, they may suffer such injuries in it as shall disable them from returning, or seeking a better. After many years spent in this wretched labour, it is no wonder that they close their books, and make the old complaint of vanity and vexation. Nothing really serves us in reading, but what the mind makes its own by reflection and memory. That which is transcribed, is not in the least more appropriated than when it stood in the printed page. It is an error, if any suppose, that by the act of marking the words on paper with a pen, the ideas are more clearly marked on the brain than by an attentive and repeated perusal.

The best method of extracting and epitomizing, is to express the author's ideas, after shutting his book, in our own words. In this exercise, the memory is exerted, and the style improved. We make what we write our own; we think, we are active, and we do not condemn ourselves to an employment merely manual and mechanical. But after all, whatever a few may say, write, or think to the contrary, it is certain, that the greatest scholars were content with reading, without making either extracts or epitomes. They were

satisfied with what remained in their minds after a diligent perusal, and when they wrote, they wrote their own. Reading is, indeed, most justly called the food of the mind. Like food, it must be digested and assimilated; it must shew its nutritive power by promoting growth and strength, and by enabling the mind to bring forth sound and vigorous productions. It must be converted *in succum et sanguinem*, into juice and blood, and not make its appearance again in the form in which it was originally imbibed. It is indeed true, and the instance may be brought in opposition to my doctrine, that Demosthenes transcribed Thucydides eight times with his own hand; but it should be remembered, that Demosthenes flourished long before printing was discovered, and that he was induced to transcribe Thucydides, not only for the sake of improvement, but also for the sake of multiplying copies of a favourite author.

A due degree of variety will contribute greatly to render reading agreeable. For though it is true that not more than one or two books should be read at once, yet when they are finished, it will be proper, if any weariness is felt, to take up an author who writes in a different style, or on a different subject; to change from poetry to prose, and from prose to poetry; to intermix the moderns with the ancients; alternately to lay down the book and to take up the pen; and sometimes to lay them both down, and enter with alacrity into agreeable company and public diversions. The mind, after a little cessation, returns to books with all the voracious eagerness of a literary hunger. But the intermissions must not be long,

nor frequent enough to form a habit of idleness or dissipation.

He who would read with pleasure (and I repeat, that all who read with real profit must read with pleasure) will attend to the times of the day, and the seasons of the year. The morning has been universally approved as the best time for study; the afternoon may be most advantageously spent in improving conversation. Those faculties, which before dinner are capable of engaging in the acutest and sublimest disquisitions, are found, by general experience, to be comparatively dull and stupid after it. "I know not how it is," said a celebrated writer, "but all my philosophy, in which I was so warmly engaged in the morning, appears like nonsense as soon as I have dined."

Very hot weather is particularly unfavourable to reading. The months of July, August, and September, are by no means the seasons in which the fruits of the mind arrive at maturity. A rigid philosopher will perhaps maintain, that the mental faculties are not to be affected by the vicissitudes of cold and heat; but who will listen to philosophy, who is already convinced by actual experience? It is indeed, remarkable, that these months are selected for vacation in the houses of legislature, in the courts of law, and in the seats of learning. In cold and inclement weather, when we are driven to the fire-side for comfort, we find that delight in our books, which, in the vernal and autumnal season, we seek in the sunshine, and in the sweets of rural scenery. We no longer roam abroad, we collect our scattered ideas, and find, in the exercise of our faculties, that delight, which is the consequence and reward of exerting in a pro-

per method, the natural energies of the divine particle which breathes within us.

But at all hours and in all seasons, if we can restrain the licentious roving of the fancy, sooth the passions of the heart, and command our attention, so as to concentrate it on the subject we examine, we shall be sure to find it amply rewarded. Attend closely, and close attention to any worthy subject will always produce solid satisfaction. But particularly in reading, it may be depended upon as an approved truth, that the degree of profit as well as pleasure derived from it, will ever be proportioned to the degree of attention.

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*For the Berwick Museum.*

### KING JOHN'S FREEMEN.

A Custom not less singular in its nature than that established by the Lady Godiva at Coventry, still exists at the town of Alnwick in Northumberland. The following circumstance is related as the origin of this remarkable ceremony:

King John, who was extremely fond of the diversion of the chase, being once on a hunting party in that country, his horse, in the pursuit, got enthrall'd in a slough or stagnate pool; from which it was with the utmost difficulty his attendants could extricate the royal rider and his steed. This accident so enraged the surly monarch, that, in order to inflict a punishment on the inhabitants of the adjoining town for neglecting to keep the circumjacent country in a more eligible condition for his favourite sports, he enacted a law for the purpose of obliging every man, previous to his being invested with

the franchise, or enjoying any of the privileges annexed to the freedom of the borough, to encounter a danger similar to that which his Sovereign had experienced before him.

This law was rigidly enforced at that time, and is at present adhered to with only this trifling difference,—that instead of riding through the pool (now denominated the Freemen's Well) they wade through on foot.—The various circumstances incident to this ridiculous ceremony are nearly as follow:

Every man entitled to the freedom of this place, either by patrimony, servitude, or gift, having first paid a small sum of money as the customary fee of admission, repairs (or some friend for him) to a neighbouring wood, where holly trees are to be found, one of which he hews down, and bringing it to the town, plants it at the door of his residence, on the evening previous to, or early on the morning of St. Mark's Day (25th of April). These preliminaries being adjusted, the candidates for the borough franchise assemble about five o'clock in the morning, and attended by their friends on horseback, proceed in a numerous cavalcade to the ceremonial well, where being arrived, the new freemen immediately prepare for immersion. Divesting themselves of their proper garments, they slip on a kind of white dréss, and thus equipped, plunge promiscuously into the municipal water, and paddle in the best manner they can through a noisome pool of twenty yards in length, and sometimes more, for the neighbouring farmers take special care it shall not lose any of its depth or size at the approach of St. Mark's Day.

After being well drenched, and half suffocated in muddy water,

legalized by the wisest of kings, they re-assume their former habits, and mounting their horses, proceed in like parade on their return. Being arrived at an appointed place, about half way from the well to the town, the new inducted freemen arrange themselves in proper order, and to prove their equestrian dexterity, start a regular race from thence to a certain spot near the town, the first being entitled to the honour of what they term winning the boundaries, and claiming the envied triumph of the day.

Every species of social festivity now takes place at the respective abodes of the new made freemen, which frequently continues for two or three days.

The freedom of this place was presented to the present Duke of Northumberland (then Earl Percy) a short time previous to the commencement of the American war, and that nobleman it was said, intended to have been initiated to the rights with the customary formalities; but being called away to America, his accession to a Peerage before his return prevented the ceremony taking place.

### CUDDY CURIOUS.

*To the Editor of the Berwick  
Museum.*

—Young and tender virgins, rul'd  
with ease,  
We form like wax, and mould them as  
we please.

Pope's January and May.

SIR,  
HAVING formerly expressed myself with some acrimony against those who marry for money, I now propose taking a short

view of the situation of those, who enter into wedlock with women twice as old as themselves without any fortune at all. I was saying the other day to my friend Florio, who is just twenty, that it would be ridiculous in him to marry Florella of thirty eight. He insisted, however, that he was over head and ears in love with her, and that (as he thought) she was no less so with him. It is true, said I, that when you come to be thirty years of age she will still be very captivating, and capable of directing her household, with a dignity and grace which would surprise every one. You will then be gay, sprightly, and volatile, and I suppose you will also then expect her to be possessed of all those qualities and accomplishments which now enrapture and bewitch you. Certainly answered he. Hark ye then my friend? Human nature must be inverted otherwise you will be miserably mistaken and disappointed. You will no sooner arrive at the prime of life, than the heavenly and divine Florella will be afflicted with flatulencies, nervous complaints, and crushed with old age. Her eyes will begin to sink into their sockets, her face will lose its bloom, and her shape will no more give pain. Carminatives must be daily administered, and the Laponic confection, and asafetida, prescribed by turns. In a word, nature will then be "sunk into years," and every thing which now engages your affection will then offend and displease.—No matter, returned he, I am resolved to marry. But you shall hear me out first, continued I, when her destructive eyes have lost their lustre, when her neck no longer eclipses the lily, her cheeks resemble the rose, nor her figure the graces, you will then be con-

vinced that such a glaring disparity of years produces the most mortifying effects. "Vexation, disappointment, and remorse," will then pain and perplex you, and you will curse the hour in which you wedded her. Inequality of years renders the married state insipid and intolerable; for what is termed love at twenty, degenerates into a cold esteem at forty. I hate to see an old man linked to a young woman, but I am quite enraged to view a young man tacked to an old lady. It is the deepest dissimulation in an old maid to pretend to be in love with a stripling, and in every case where it happens she ought to be pilloried for her presumption: It is just saying to the heedless youth, Sir, because you think well of me, and wish to have your passion gratified by fruition, I am determined to accept of your proffer'd hand, in order to ruin and render you miserable. Besides, I would naturally conclude that she practises every art, (like the strumpet in the seventh chapter of Proverbs) to ensnare and entrap him. In short, every deceit and disguise must be used to captivate the unwary youth, and he at last falls a victim to her wiles. How dangerous a creature is an old maid! Still I determine to marry, replied Florio, Very well, Sir, marry in God's name, but remember that the world will consider you to be *non compas mentis* if you do so. In justice to my fellow creatures I have been induced to mention this incongruous match, that youths of twenty may not in future be ship-wrecked on the desolate shores of forty. The one no sooner arrives at the prime of life, than the other becomes a nauseous, a wrinkled, and a toothless old hag. I conclude with Pope,

In that cold season, love but treats  
his guest

With bean straw, and tough forage  
at the best.

I am, &c.

PHILOSTRATUS.

Beaumont Banks, 1787.

## THE HISTORY OF

## ALCIDALIS AND ZELIDA.

IN the time that Spain was divided, not only among many kings, but also among many nations, and while the Goths, Moors, and Spaniards, each possessed a part; Arragon was under the dominion of a king, who amidst all the wars, that inflamed his neighbours, had always maintained his subjects in peace, and who had nothing remarkable, but to have been the father of him whose history we are to write. His wife, after having given him an only son, left him a widower. A little after, the Countess of Barcelona, a young and virtuous princess, happened to lose her husband. Although the king was already in a good age, his council and subjects thought that for the security of his person, and that of his kingdom, it was to be wished, that he should leave more than one heir, and desired him to choose out for that purpose, in his own country, or that of his neighbours, a woman which might be agreeable to him. The beauty and virtue of the countess, were known at a greater distance than Arragon. And besides reasons of state, which persuaded him not to lose the opportunity of joining to his kingdom, so important a town as Barcelona; the inclination of the king had yet a greater influence over

it. Rosalva (for so she was called) was very beautiful, and still more ingenuous than beautiful, and being a lover, no less was necessary than a sceptre, to make her give ear to a second marriage. But having but one daughter, and the king of Arragon but one son, she thought it would not only be to make herself queen, but also to leave a hereditary kingdom to her daughter, and being among a great number of neighbours, who thought of nothing but invading her state, she could not be blamed, in making herself secure in setting a crown on her head. She therefore easily resolved to lose the name of Countess of Barcelona, for that of Queen of Arragon, and was received there, with the utmost demonstrations of joy and magnificence. As she was young, beautiful, and agreeable, in a short time she had the absolute government of the king, and immediately after of the whole kingdom. The most important affairs were managed by her advice, and the king quitted every kind of care, to have nothing more than to please her. But in that great power, the principal design she had was to marry her daughter to the prince, and the knowledge she had of her son-in-law, every day increased her desire for that union. Alcidalis (which was the prince's name) was born so happily, and with so great advantages from nature, that one of the least equalities in him was his being born a king's son. He had a beauty that gained the heart of all that saw him. A mind that in his very youth had no equal, and a nobleness of soul and courage, that gained respect and awe from every one. The infancy of Alexander was not more great or wonderful than his. Never a day passed in which he did not say or do something that astonished the

whole court. Those who have the art of judging the fortune of men from the features of the face, might see in his, promises of many great and incredible events. And those who considered his actions, and the great qualities which were in him, said that the crown of Arragon was too little, for such a head as his. They foresaw well enough, that the moors, which were neighbouring to his father, would be obliged to put the sea between him and them; and that Spain would not be long out of his power, as soon as the time came, that he could draw a sword. All these qualities increased from day to day, the queen's affection for him who knew them better than any body. She desired with impatience an opportunity to bring about that marriage which she had before projected; and did not esteem it so great an advantage for her daughter to be the Queen of Arragon as the wife of Alcidalis. But what can we say of fortune; we must confess, that no prudence is like hers. She lays her designs so far off, and conducts them by such secret ways, that it is impossible for our foresight to hinder them, and notwithstanding our conduct, what she undertakes she always brings about. She had resolved to oppose the prudence of Rosalva: And behold she brings from far, a girl, yet an infant, who being a stranger and orphan, overthrew the designs of a most cunning and powerful queen. The Prince of Tanarus, one of the most illustrious houses in the kingdom of Calabria, which had formerly given kings to Naples and Sicily, a great prince and having considerable succession in Arragon, resolved to go and obtain it himself, because it was disputed with him. But as he had an extreme passion for his wife, and that he

and she had both a great regard for an only daughter which they had, about the age of five or six years; they could not resolve to separate, but went with their whole family to Arragon. They were received there by the king and queen with all that goodness and civility due to strangers, and strangers of such rank and merit. But sometime after their arrival, the prince was seized with a disease which carried him off in a few days, and left his wife in such despair that it was not probable she could live long. She received from the goodness of the queen, of whom she had made herself greatly beloved, all that comfort and assistance she could desire, in her affliction and circumstances. Rosalva had always had a great affection for the princess, but since pity for her affliction encreased it in such a manner, that she began to love her as well as herself. She made her lodge in the palace, and took so great care to keep her always near her person; that she seemed to want something when she was from her, and that she was not wholly there where Camilla was not. It was thus that the princess called herself afflicted. Meantime all these extraordinary caresses of the queen, which perhaps had been able to heal every other evil but her own, had no other effect upon her, than to ease her a little, and to make her bear the affliction with less impatience and despair. And to say the truth, the death of the prince her husband in such a bad conjuncture, gave such a severe stroke, and difficult to support, that all the favours and comforts of the queen, could not hinder her from resolving to put an end to her life for want of nourishment and sleep, a trouble which at first she thought ought to be the last of all troubles. This gave great affliction to the

queen, who passionately desired her recovery; and who would not have been pleased to see the death of two such illustrious persons in so short a time in her kingdom. She conjured all the physicians, who came near her, to put in practice all the secrets of their art. But although at the desire of the queen, they employed their whole power, and spared nothing whatever, the disease of the princess Camilla, was stronger, than their remedies. And as she was as sensible herself, and knew with as much judgment and sound reason as the physicians, that her hour was come, she resolved to follow the prince her husband with all the tranquillity, that the only concern she had in dying would permit, to abandon her daughter to want, and leave her an orphan at an age so incapable of reason, and in a strange country where she could hope for no assistance but from the goodness of the queen, in a court where she found herself near death. During these different thoughts, which rather encreased her trouble, the queen who visited her as often as was possible, having demanded the state of her condition, Camilla turned her eyes calmly towards her, and took her by the hand, which she kissed many times without being able to speak. After that, all of a sudden, addressing her thus, she said, that she had infinite obligations to the best queen in the world, for the interest she took in her health: That since she did her the honour to desire to know from her own mouth her true condition, she would allow her to tell her, that she was sensible she was very near her end; but that the greatest concern she had in her thought in her present situation, that she was in, was not that of her death, but that loving her daughter more than her life,

she had more regret to leave her than the world. She begged of her then, to allow her to use the few hours that she had remaining, and that she might employ them in pouring into her bosom, the last and most tender sentiments of her mind; which were, that she would bless heaven with all her heart, that it had put her so soon in a condition to follow the prince her husband to the grave, if before her death she would be so kind as to receive from her hand, a present, which she desired to make her, of all that, after her husband, was most dear and precious to her in the world. And as in saying these words, she melted into tears, after having wiped her eyes, she went on and said; that among all her misfortunes she could not believe that fortune was absolutely her enemy, since she had the honour to be acquainted with her: and that expecting the death of the prince her husband, she esteemed the voyage to Arragon happy, that she judged thus, although it should cost her life as well as his. That notwithstanding that, she thought she had bought at a cheap rate the happiness to be loved by her, whom she esteemed so much, that if the world had any thing that she lost with regret, it was only her friendship. But that she comforted herself in the hopes that her daughter would succeed her in her favours: That she would be so good as be a mother to her, and do her the favour to take care of her as of a person she gave her in her death-bed: That she begged of her with her whole heart to accept of the gift which she made her, that so leaving her with that new quality of daughter of the queen, she would think her more rich with that, than with the two duchies to which she was heiress. That she would

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die content, and would think her death was in some sort fortunate for Zelida, since it would procure her the honour to be brought near the most wise queen of the world. After she had spoke these words, she drew from below her pillow a small coffer, full of the most precious jewels, which she gave her to lay up by her, and entreated her to keep them, to be useful one day to her daughter Zelida, as in her voyage she had put them up for the same design.

*To be continued.**Difference in the Value of Money.*

**A**BOUT the year 900, King Alfred left to each of his daughters 100*l.* in money.

In 1221, Joan, eldest daughter to King John, upon her marriage with Alexander, King of Scotland, had a dowry of 1000*l.* per annum.

In 1278, Edward the first gave with his daughter Joan, contracted to the son of the King of the Romans, 10,000 marks sterling, but this to be restored in case the Prince died before her.

In 1314, Elizabeth, consort of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, being imprisoned in England, was allowed for herself and family 20*s.* a week.

In 1350, Joan of Oxford, nurse to the Black Prince, had a pension of 10*l.* pound per annum, and Maud Plumptre, a rocker, had ten marks.

The pensions allowed by the King to the Cardinals, and great officers of the Pope, who were in a manner retained by the Court of England, were, at the most 50 marks a year.

In 1338, workmen were to take their wages in wheat, at the rate of 10*l.* a bushel; a master car-

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penter, mason, or tiler, was allowed by the day 3d. their journeyman 2d. and their servants or boys threehalfpence.

In 1402, the salary of Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was 40l. per annum.

In 1403 the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, had 55 marks per annum.

In 1545, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, had an addition of 30l. to his salary; and each Justice of the same Bench and Common Pleas 20l.

In Henry the seventh's time, which in order ought to have been mentioned before, an Admiral, if a knight, had, while at sea, 4s. a day; if a baron, 6s. 8d. and if an earl, 13s. 4d.

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*For the Berwick Museum.*

*The Story of a Lawyer by Descent,  
or a Family Lawyer.*

ONE of the *puisse* Judges of the Court of King's Bench, who hath not long since departed this life, did not acquire the reputation, nor was he possessed of the abilities of his father, who long presided in the Court of Common Pleas, with uncommon professional dignity. Upon a witness making use of the words *also* and *likewise*, and repeating them alternately, as being of one and the same signification; our *puisse* Judge interrupted the witness, by peevishly observing, that the words he rung the change on, were of synonymous import, whereupon the evidence archly replied—by no means; for instance, your father, my lord, was a Judge, so are you *also*, but not *likewise*.

## HISTORY OF

## LORD WARTON.

*Continued from page 195.*

AFTER having passed the night in the apartment of the actress, her extreme ugliness appeared the next morning in all its horrors, I therefore quitted her abruptly, threw myself into my chaise, and left Mayence without a wish to see any more of that city, its customs, manners, or inhabitants. My design was to go on directly to Vienna, and I had actually got a few leagues on my way thither when I altered my mind, and ordered my postillions to turn their horses heads towards Switzerland, for I should have been sorry to have been so near that famous country, and not have seen at least some part of it; yet it was neither the extraordinary plants or natural curiosities of the mountains, nor yet the singularities of the manners and simplicity of the inhabitants which awakened my curiosity, but having lately read *La Nouvelle Héloïse* of Rousseau, I was so enraptured with the praises he so liberally bestows on the superior excellence of their roots, creams, and fruits, that I determined to go and partake of them myself, and judge of their gardens and dairies from my own experience; and like a man of taste, visit the Thirteen Cantons to eat milk and fruit in perfection.

I travelled along the banks of the Rhine, famous in history both on account of the many battles which have been there lost and won, and celebrated also for the beauty of the country thro' which it flows: I had before had a view of its majestic waves, having tra-

versed its borders in my way to Mayence. I soon attained Switzerland; but a very terrible road, interspersed with the most frightful rocks imagination can conceive, made me repent having taken a journey into this savage country, where, amidst uncultivated mountains, a Colossal people still remain in ignorance of every luxury of polite life, strangers to the elegance of theatrical diversions, the pleasures of playing for more than they can loose with good humour, and even the agréable dissipation of ruining themselves for a pretty woman, what could a man of my fashion find to entertain or amuse him amidst a society of unpolished barbarians?

I had, however, the courage to pursue my resolution, and continue my way as far as Bale, where I arrived in a very ill humour with both postillions and roads; and to complete my chagrin, met with an adventure at an inn there, which occasioned me to curse the memory of the deceased Jean Jaques very sincerely: the appearance of Bale was so very contemptible in itself, that I determined to quit it directly, and return back to the road to Vienna, without deigning to ask a single question respecting the inhabitants, or even getting out of my chaise, as there could not be any thing worthy the curiosity of a gentleman in a place so wholly insignificant; but on stopping to change horses, I ordered a couple of new laid eggs, which the landlord brought himself, and with the gravity of a judge expatiated on "the excellent pasture of the Thirteen Cantons, the sweetness of the milk which the cattle afforded, the goodness of the poultry in this part of the world, and above all, the delicious eggs which they produced, allow-

ed by all who ever tasted them to be so remarkably fine, that he was, (for his own part) perfectly convinced that people in the most distant nations of the earth would never eat any other, if these could be conveyed to them." Wearied with this nonsense, I impatiently demanded "what I was to pay for the two I had eaten?" "Cheap enough in all conscience, (returned he) only a crown of six livres." Astonished at the enormity of this demand, I loudly remonstrated with him for his extravagant imposition; instead of abating his charge, he replied with the same gravity, and with features perfectly unmoved by all the injurious epithets I so loudly bestowed on him, "That since I did not know when I was well treated, he would not have less than twelve francs for them." I now became so exceedingly angry, that I perfectly raved with passion, but that, so far from having the least effect, induced him to insist on a lous d'or for his two eggs.—"I see plainly, my friend, (said I) that you are in jest, but as I am a person of consequence I shall not submit to be trifled with, neither am I at present in such good humour as to mistake absurdity for wit." "Sir, (answered the provoking rascal) I speak seriously; the eggs are eaten, and I will have no less than a couple of louis for them." I then lost all patience, and began to call him thief and scoundrel with great vociferation; he, on his side, continued to double his demands, till he brought them to the immense sum of seventeen louis for them." I was once more going to reply to this diabolical inkeeper, when my servant hastily entering the room to learn the cause of this disturbance, clapped his hand upon my mouth, "What are you doing,

(said he) my lord? if you remonstrate thus much longer, you will be ruined."

I paid no other attention to this advice, than being excessively offended at the insolence, as I thought it, of the person who gave it me, but who, it seems, understood the customs of Switzerland much better than his master, and I resolved instantly to go to a magistrate, and lay a formal complaint before him of the innkeeper's behaviour, fully convinced he would be very severely punished for the imposition he attempted to make on a stranger; indeed, I should have contented myself with laughing at his demand, have thrown him the reasonable price for so slight a repast, and as I had my pistols in the chaise, could easily have obliged my possillions to drive on, but I had unfortunately been prevailed on to alight, and from the instant this dispute arose, three stable boys stood with spits and pitch-forks to prevent my entrance into my carriage till the matter was settled to their master's satisfaction. Enraged still more by this usage, I insisted on going to the house of a magistrate immediately, to which my landlord had the assurance to follow me with all possible effrontery, and seemingly not in the least ashamed of his behaviour.

The magistrate received us in an hall on the ground floor, dark in itself, and very dirty in appearance, and his own dress bespoke him just returned from the laborious culture of his farm; I briefly informed him of the cause of my complaint. "What have you (said he to my landlord) to offer in defence of your conduct to this stranger?" "I do not aim at making the least excuse, (returned he) as I cannot conceive he has

been ill-treated; I only demand of him twenty louis, as the price of my eggs which he has eaten."

"Well, (said this upright judge) are you content with that sum? if so, I condemn this gentleman either to pay it you now, or remain in prison till he has satisfied you." "I am sorry (continued he, addressing himself to me) to be obliged to pronounce this sentence against you, but it is your own fault; you should have made an agreement with this man for the value of his eggs before you had eaten them; for it being wisely ordained by the laws of this venerable Republic of the Thirteen Cantons, that each citizen shall be absolute master of himself, and all which he possesses; he has, therefore, an undoubted right to set a value on his own property, according to his own estimation of its worth; and as the Swiss in general pique themselves on their probity and honesty, which is part of their national character, it is doing them to manifest an injury to suspect them of imposition, that, far from suffering such an imputation to lessen their demand, they ever in revenge for the insult, augment the price in proportion to the haughtiness of the behaviour of the purchaser, by which means they are completely revenged on those who wrong them by such a suspicion, as they are obliged to take the goods at the rate they choose to dispose of them, however dear they may think it; give, therefore, this honest man the twenty louis, if you do not mean to pass your days in prison." I found it utterly impossible at the conclusion of this fine speech, to hope for any redress, I therefore couated twenty louis on the table, (the dearest price ever paid for a couple of eggs) and most sincerely

giving the justice, landlord, and every inhabitant of the Thirteen Cantons to the Dêvil, I got hastily into my chaise, and turned my horses' heads back again towards Vienna. My curiosity sufficiently abated, by the specimen I had received of the peculiar excellence of their poultry, without the least desire to investigate the superiority of their fruits and creams, the supposed flavour of which tempted me into such an abominable country, the bare recollection of which will at any time give me the vapours, much sooner than one of our November English fogs.

Those rude rocks and high mountains which had appeared to me so very fatiguing to ascend in my way to Switzerland, seemed no longer a toil to climb, or dangerous to descend, when they were to facilitate my escape from that detestable country. I entered Munich in the middle of the night, and as the theatre had been shut some hours, I was consequently obliged to defer any observations on this place till the next day; I slept in an exceeding good bed, did not wake till noon, and then took a walk into the town, and afterwards waited with the utmost impatience for the hour that the comedy was to begin. A company of French players were at that time at Munich; they played comic opera's four times in the week, and on the other two nights, some old fashioned tragedies, which no one ever attended to but the common people. I was so fortunate as to have it opera night when I was there, which gave me a kind of foretaste of the elegant pleasures of Paris; the company were so numerous I could scarce get a seat, though I went early; both the ladies and gentlemen were perfectly well dressed, and from this proof of their taste and

affluence, I concluded that the inhabitants of Munich are persons of wit and understanding, and that great encouragement is given by them to the polite arts and sciences.

Munich is well built, but so ill fortified that it must ever fall a sacrifice to every belligerent power that besieges it; and there is not a coquette in all France that has been oftener taken, retaken, and abandoned by turns than this city: it is the capital of Bavaria, and the residence of an elector; the electoral palace is of considerable extent; and I was so struck with the beauty and regularity of its outward appearance, that, in spite of the hatred I have ever possessed of the dull method of going to view magnificent apartments and fine pictures, yet I fancied this edifice worth seeing, and determined to give myself the trouble of walking over it.—The elector who built it was doubtless a man of intrigue, as there are a great number of galleries built in arches, which terminate in the houses of private persons, whom by this means he can visit incognito as often as he pleases; and it is not very improbable to suppose such secrecy was to be observed more on the account of female than male friends and favourites.

*To be continued.*

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## THE BOWL OF PUNCH.

*By Dr. Johnson.*

**PUNCH**—says a profound philosopher—is a liquor compounded of *spirit* and acid juices—sugar and water—the spirit volatile and

*Sery*, is the proper emblem of vivacity and wit—the acidity of the *lemon* will very aptly figure pungency of raillery, and acrimony of censure. *Sugar* is the natural representative of luscious adulation and gentle complaisance—and *water* is the proper hieroglyphic of easy prattle—innocent and tasteless.

*Spirit* alone is too powerful for use—it will produce madness rather than merriment, and instead of quenching thirst will inflame the blood—thus wit, too copiously poured out, agitates the hearer with emotions rather violent than pleasing. Every one shrinks from the force of its oppression, intranced and overpowered—all are astonished—but nobody is pleased.

The *acid juices* give this genial liquor all its power of stimulating the palate.—Conversation would become dull and vapid, if negligence were not sometimes roused, by due severity of reprehension.—But acids unmixed, will distort the face, and torture the palate—he that has no other qualities than penetration and asperity—whose constant employment is detection and censure—who looks only to find faults, and speaks only to punish them—will soon be dreaded, hated, and avoided.

*Sugar* is generally pleasing, but it cannot long be eaten by itself—thus—meekness and courtesy will always recommend the first address, but soon pall and nauseate, unless they are associated with more sprightly qualities.—*Sugar* tempers the taste of other substances—softness of behaviour mitigates the roughness of contradiction, and allays the bitterness of unwelcome truth.

*Water* is the universal vehicle, by which are conveyed the particles necessary to sustenance and growth, by which thirst is quenched,

and all the wants of life and nature are supplied—thus all the business of life is transacted by artless and easy talk, neither sublimed by fancy, nor discoloured by affectation, without either the harshness of satire, or the lusciousness of flattery.—By this limpid vein of language, curiosity is gratified, and all the knowledge conveyed which one man is required to impart for the safety or convenience of another.

*Water* is the only ingredient of *Punch*, with which man is content till fancy has framed an artificial want—thus while we only desire to have our ignorance informed, we are most delighted with the plainest diction—and—it is only in the moments of idleness or pride, that we call for the gratifications of wit or flattery.

The *Punch of Conversation* will please the longest by tempering the *acid of satire* with the *sugar of civility*—by allaying the heat of wit with the frigidity of *humble chat*—and, as that *Punch* can be drank in the greatest quantity which has the largest proportion of *water*—so that *Companion* will be ofteneft welcome, whose *talk* flows out with inoffensive copiousness, and *unenvied* insipidity.

## ON

## FORMING CONNECTIONS.

ONE can never sufficiently admire the liberal spirit of the great philosopher and orator of Rome, who, in his fine treatise on friendship, has exploded the idea, that the prospect of advantage is the foundation of this virtuous union, and asserted, that it owes its origin to a conviction of mutual excellence in morals and disposition.

This general opinion appears still greater and more amiable when it is contrasted with the precepts and the practices of later ages, and particularly of the present. It is now one of the first admonitions given to a young man, who is entering on the career of life, that he must at all events make connections. And instead of informing him that he is to be directed in his choice of them by the appearance of moral and mental excellence, according to the sublime ideas of the noble Roman, his sagacious monitors suggest to him, that he is to be solely guided by the prospect of his interest and advancement in the road of ambition. Let a poor man of approved character, learning and genius, and a rich man of fashion, with no pretensions to either, be introduced to a sensible and prudent young man of the world who has been thus instructed; and, while the rich man is viewed with submission, complacency, and treated with almost idolatrous attention, the poor man stands by unnoticed, and probably despised. On the slight acquaintance of a first introduction, the youth who is deeply versed in worldly wisdom, will not fail to call at the rich man's house, and leave a card with most respectful compliments; he would not come into the neighbourhood without paying that respect, on any account whatever; he is not half so scrupulous about going to church, and paying his court to his Maker; but at the very time while he is bowing at the threshold of the rich man, the philosopher shall pass by, and, because he possesses only a competency without superfluity, and without influence, he shall not be honoured with the common civility of a salutation. For it is a maxim with these men, that as it is an honour to know and be known

to persons of fortune and title, so it is a disgrace to acknowledge an acquaintance with those who have nothing to recommend them but honour, spirit, learning, and virtue.

The formation of connections is considered as so important, that it becomes in effect, the principal object in education. The boy, whose parents are professed people of the world, would not, on any account, fail to place him at a school to which the sons of the nobility are often sent, though they are ready to confess, that little learning and great profligacy are the usual acquisitions in it. If the boy has grown intimate with the son of a Duke, a Lord, or a Baronet, his parents are better pleased with him, than if he had learned by heart all Horace, Virgil, and Homer. There is no submission so mean, and no attention so servile, but he is ready to pay them with alacrity, in accomplishing the important object of forming connections. The mind is rendered by these means, low and abject; and though the boy may afterwards rise to the honour of being a nobleman's chaplain, or his travelling companion, yet he will retain, through life, the sentiments and spirit of his Lordship's footman or valet-de chambre.

A man, unacquainted with the world, might suppose, that the readiest road to preferment, in several of the professions, is to acquire the knowledge and accomplishments which are necessary to a skilful practice of them. But this is really not the case. The surest and most compendious method pointed out by the wise men of this world is to form connections. Accordingly we observe many persons in the professions, who aim at distinction and advancement, by no means confining themselves to their libraries; but

studying the graces of dress, and address, and the arts of simulation and dissimulation. We see them frequenting all public places, giving and receiving invitations to dinners and suppers, and evidently spending so much time in dissipation, as to leave scarcely an hour in a day for reading and study.

We will suppose a young man entering on the profession of a physician. The time before he is of age is, perhaps, devoted to hearing fashionable lectures, and to reading a few superficial books; such as tend to acquaint him with the common and obvious modes of practice. But he no sooner steps into the world than both books and lectures are laid aside. Several years, indeed, must elapse before he takes his doctor's degree. But this time is not spent in study only, by him who knows how to play cards, as it is called, and to secure success in life. No; he has learned a wiser lesson, and is well assured, that the most familiar acquaintance with Galen and Hippocrates, will not advance him half so well as connections. Connections are, therefore, the first and the last study of the day. If he has been fortunate enough to procure an introduction to a few titled persons, and to prescribe, with success, in the case of some Duchess Dowager's pricked finger, his fortune is made; he cannot fail being recommended to more connections in the same fashionable line. He himself will become fashion will wish to be ill, or pretend to be ill, that they may have the credit of calling doctor such an one "our physician." Connections will now be made, and money accumulated with such rapidity, that the doctor will become a greater man than his employers, and venture to dictate to Lords and Dukes in politics, as well as in a purge.

In the subordinate branches of the healing art, and indeed in most of the walks of life, much more dependance is placed on connections than on merit; much more attention paid to acquiring connections than in acquiring merit; and to deserve connections is by no means thought the securest method of obtaining them. Deceit, external show, and pompous pretences, are deemed infallible nostrums for making connections; but, alas! can any lucrative advantage, resulting from connections, repay a rational creature for sacrificing truth and liberty? These connections are dignified by the name of friendships. Shade of Cicero, what indignation must thou feel at such presumption!

In divinity too, I am sorry to observe, that many more have risen to ecclesiastical emolument and dignity by studying, throughout their lives, to make connections, than by superior piety or by theological attainments. It is lamentable to behold those whose minds ought to possess peculiar elevation, bowing and cringing, with abject servility, to the vilest peer of the realm, who happens to have influence at court, or to be the patron of a living. The lord shall be a professed scoffer at all religion, and an avowed enemy to Christianity in particular, and yet shall have a tribe of clergymen at his levee, who cannot help admiring his wit and understanding. Preferment, indeed, seems to be the only object among many of those, who are set apart to teach the world that the riches of divine grace, are the truest riches, and the distinction of superior virtue the most enviable dignity. Horace has said, that to have pleased the great is not the lowest praise; many of the modern instructors of mankind seem to con-

sider it as the highest; and in proportion as they are servile to their patron, they are insolent to their curate.

It is a maxim with many, founded, as they pretend, on real observation, that mitres, stalls, and pluralities, are not attainable by any such qualities as are acquired in the study. You must form connections. In order to form connections, you must recommend yourself to various company by the graces; you must possess versatility of mind; you must frequent assemblies, gaming tables, watering places: your conscience must be as easy as your manners; you must take care not to spend too much time in reading Greek, or any thing else but the Court Calendar; and you can hardly fail of valuable connections and valuable preferment, as thousands can testify by actual experience.

But though numbers may give confidence, surely those whose whole employment consists in meanly hunting for preferment under the garb of sanctity and religion, are most contemptible characters. Indeed their dispositions are usually as narrow, selfish, and slavish, as their pursuits are sordid, and unbecoming the dignity of a sacred profession. Arise, Cicero; for my ideas return with pleasure to thee; arise; behold a pompous preacher, in a large peruke and solemn canonicals, cringing to a debauched, unbelieving, and bishop-making Lord, and pretending all the while that he is cultivating friendship in all its purity!

But would you forbid a young man the formation of connections, by which so many have availed themselves, and risen to real and deserved grandeur? By no means; I would only teach him to preserve a just reverence for himself, and to despise all riches, and all hon-

nours which must be purchased at the expence of truth, virtue, and a manly spirit. I would, like others, advise every young man (and it is chiefly to the young that I presume to suggest admonitions) to form connections, or rather friendships; but to be guided in his choice of them by personal merit, and approved character. I do not say, for it would be unnatural and unwise, that he should neglect interest, or despise advancement, when it can be procured consistently with the spirit and integrity of an honest and delicate mind. If preferment comes unlooked for, and unsought by servile compliance, it is an honour as well as an advantage, and is doubly welcome. But if I must sacrifice my reason and my conscience, my honour and my freedom, in forming connections, and pursuing preferment, I relinquish the chase, and eagerly retire to competency, contentment, and liberty.

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*An Account of the Life and Writings of Dr. John Jebb.*

DR. John Jebb was the son of Dr. John Jebb, Dean of Cashell, by a sister of the late General Gansell, and was first cousin to Sir Richard Jebb, at present one of the physicians extraordinary to his Majesty. He was born about the year 1755 in Ireland, as it is supposed, in which kingdom it is likewise imagined he received the first rudiments of his education. At a proper age he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where he continued two years, after which he came to England, and was placed at Peter-House, Cambridge; a college in which his uncle Dr. Samuel Jebb, a very learned non-juring physician, and editor of

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Fryar Bacon's celebrated *Opus Majus* had been educated. Here he continued several years with considerable reputation, and took the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. He was also chosen a Fellow of that Society; and after having taken orders was presented to the Rectory of Homersfield and Vicarage of Flixton, in the diocese of Norwich. On the 21st of November, 1763, he began to deliver a course of theological lectures, which for some time were well attended and generally approved.

In the year 1770, he published "A Short Account of Theological Lectures now reading at Cambridge. To which is added, a new Harmony of the Gospel, 4to." This work deserves much commendation. In the course of it the author lamented that his endeavours to call the attention of youth to the study of the scriptures, had in some instances been treated in a manner far different from what might be expected from men born to the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. That confidence, however, he observed, with which the uprightness of his intention and the approbation of many worthy and learned persons had inspired him, enabled him for a time to persevere, regardless of the clamours of his adversaries. But when he was informed that a charge of the most invidious nature was solemnly urged in a manner which was likely to do him great disservice, he was no longer able to refrain from attempting a vindication of himself from those calumnies with which the untempered zeal of some otherwise well disposed brethren had aspersed his character.

The circumstances here alluded to are too recent, personal, and unimportant to merit a detail; we

shall therefore proceed to observe, that on December 28, 1772, he preached before the University of Cambridge a sermon, which in the succeeding year he published, under the title of "The Excellency of the Spirit of Benevolence, 8vo." dedicated to the ingenious youth who had honoured with their attendance the Theological Lectures, then lately instituted at Cambridge. He had a short time before published "A Letter to Sir William Meredith, upon the Subject of Subscription to the Liturgy, and Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, 8vo."

His publications by this time had shewn that he was not very firmly attached to the orthodox system, and contributed, it may be presumed, to that opposition which he afterwards met with in some plans of reformation at Cambridge. He had observed at Dublin the importance of annual public examinations of those who received academical honours at that University, and therefore wished to introduce the same regulations into the discipline of Cambridge. He accordingly published in 1773, "Remarks on the present mode of Education in the University of Cambridge. To which is added, a Proposal for its Improvement, 8vo." and made several attempts to have his proposals admitted. These, however, were all rejected, and he in the same year published "A Continuation of the Narrative of Academical Proceedings, relative to the Proposal for the Establishment of Annual Examinations in the University of Cambridge; with Observations upon the conduct of the Committee appointed by Grace of the Senate on the 5th of July, 1773, 8vo." In the subsequent year he published "A Proposal for the Establishment of Public Examinations in the

University of Cambridge, with occasional Remarks, 8vo." Though still unsuccessful he persevered; and so late as 1776, published "An Address to the Members of the Senate of Cambridge, 8vo." preparatory to another effort, which in the end met with the same fate as the former.

His doubts of the propriety of continuing in the communion of a church which held doctrines as he conceived repugnant to scripture, at length determined him to quit it, and relinquish the preferments he held. Accordingly in September, 1775, he wrote the following letter to the Bishop of Norwich, preparatory to his resignation, which fully describing the state of his mind, we shall insert at large.

"My Lord,

"I think it proper to give you this previous information, that I propose to resign the Rectory of Homersfield and Vicarage of Flinton into your Lordship's hands upon the 29th or 30th of the present month.

"As the motives which induce me to embrace this resolution may possibly be misconstrued, it will not, I trust be thought impertinent if I state them to your Lordship.

"In the first place I think it necessary to assure your Lordship, that although I esteemed it to be my duty to take an active part in the late Petition of the Clergy, the principles maintained in that just remonstrance do not, in my apprehension appear to lay me under any obligation to relinquish my present station.

"The author of the *Confessional*, my Lord, had convinced me of the unlawfulness and inexpediency of requiring a subscription to systematic articles of faith and doctrine, from the teachers of the gospel in a Protestant church,

"My own observation in the University of Cambridge further tended to satisfy me with respect to the impropriety of such a requisition: and the visible neglect of the study of the scriptures in this age and country, seemed in a great measure to be derived from that restraint of the exercise of private judgment; which is the unavoidable consequence of this unnecessary imposition.

"With these convictions it was impossible for me to decline engaging with those distinguished friends of religious liberty, who associated for the purpose of soliciting for themselves and their brethren of the church of England, an exemption from the obligation of declaring or subscribing their assent to any formulary doctrine which should be proposed as explanatory of the Word of God.

"It appeared to me to be a sufficient reason for such application, that the doctrines contained in the 39 Articles being the deductions of frail and fallible men, and expressed in unscriptural terms, were essentially differenced, in point of authority, from those holy scriptures, to which we have professed an absolute and unreserved submission as the only rule of religious faith and practice:—and that the requisition of assent to them was eventually subversive of the right of private judgment; a right on which every Protestant church was founded, and the exercise of which our own church in particular, in one of her terms of ordination, not only allows us, but enjoins.

It also appeared evident to me, that the enquiry, whether or not the 39 Articles express the genuine sense of scripture, was a question of a very different nature from that to which the petitioners invited the attention of their brethren;

—that persons of the most opposite opinions, with respect to the doctrine of the Articles, might unite in a declaration, that every attempt to effect an uniformity of sentiment concerning the sense of scripture, by other means than the force of argument and rational conviction, was utterly unwarrantable, and bore too striking a resemblance to that spirit of intolerance, which forms the distinguishing character of Antichristian Rome; and, lastly, that many members of our church might be truly sensible of the inexpediency of requiring this subscription,—might address a competent tribunal with a view of effecting an abolition of the practice, and yet continue to hold and to accept preferment, without violating the dictates of conscience, and with great advantage to the Christian cause.

“My objections, my Lord, to the accepting and the holding of preferment in the church of England, bear no relation to the cause of the petitioning Clergy;—the reasons which influenced me in the forming of the resolution now communicated to your Lordship, are entirely my own.

“After the most serious and dispassionate enquiry, I am persuaded, my Lord, from the concurrent testimony of reason and revelation, that the SUPREMACY of all things is, not merely in *Essence*, but also in *Person One*.

“By the force of the same evidence I am convinced, that this Almighty Power is the only proper object of religion.

“The Liturgy of the church of England is obviously founded upon the idea, that in the divine nature is a TRINITY of Persons, to each of which every species of religious adoration is addressed, as well as such powers ascribed as are the incommunicable attributes of God.

“Under my persuasion of the erroneouſness of this doctrine, I cannot any longer with satisfaction to myself officiate in the established service; and as I certainly can have no claim to the emoluments of my profession, unless I am willing to perform the duties of it, I therefore resign my preferment.

“But, my Lord, although I find myself under an obligation to relinquish my present station in the church of England, I do not renounce the profession of a Christian. On the contrary, penetrated by the clearest convictions of the high importance and divine authority of the Gospel, I will labour to promote the advancement of scriptural knowledge with increasing zeal; and will ever be ready to unite with heart and hand, in any just and legal attempt to remove that burden of Subscription to Human Formularies, which I esteem one of the most powerful obstructions to its progress. I am, &c. J. J.”

After writing this letter he resigned his livings, and in 1775 published “A short State of the Reasons for a late Resignation. To which are added, Occasional Observations, and a Letter to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Norwich, &c.” In the course of this pamphlet he observes, “While I held preferment, it certainly was my duty to officiate in the service of the church. But, conscious that my sentiments were diametrically opposed to her doctrines, respecting the object of devotion, the reading of these addresses was attended with very great disquiet. I therefore embraced that measure which alone seemed to promise me tranquility. I am happy in finding it has answered my expectation. Having resigned my preferment, and with it having divested myself of the character of a Minister of the Church of

England, I have recovered that serenity of mind, to which I had been long a stranger."

On his separation from the Church, he joined in communion with the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, and immediately betook himself to the study of Physic. He at one period had thoughts of adopting the Law for his profession, and with that view entered himself of one of the Inns of Court. After some time, he determined to devote himself to the medical line; and in pursuance of this resolution, took the degree of Doctor of Physic, and engaged in the practice of it.

He also became an active member of the Constitutional Society, and from time to time gave to the Public several small pieces dispersed by that body. In 1782 he published "A Letter to Sir Robert Bernard, 8vo." and in the same year, "Select Cases of the Disorder commonly called the Paralysis of the lower Extremities, 8vo."

In 1784, he published "Letters addressed to the Volunteers of Ireland, on the Subject of a Parliamentary Reform, 8vo. In this performance he lamented the defection of Mr Fox from the public cause, and expostulated with him very energetically on his union with a party inimical to America—to Ireland—to the real interests of Britain—to the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty—to the human species. Such was the Doctor's strong language. He adds, that when he considered his exertions in the cause of freedom, he seemed to think the dark transaction an illusion. "Alas!" he cries, "it was my lot to lament over him,—while others surrounded him with congratulations."

The coalition between Mr Fox and Lord North, Dr Jebb always considered as injurious to the in-

terests of his country, and therefore never could reconcile himself to it, or to the principal parties in this unnatural union. He therefore declined all intercourse with his late friend, and ever afterwards professed himself adverse to his measures. About this period Dr. Jebb's health began to be unsettled, and after lingering a considerable time, he died on the 2d of March, 1786, at his house in Parliament-street. On the 9th he was interred at the Burying Ground in Bunhill-Fields; his corpse being attended by the Duke of Richmond, and a Committee of the Constitutional Society, together with a numerous train of friends, many of whom were of distinction.

The following character of Dr. Jebb is said to have been written by a celebrated Patriot.

"Humanity, the brightest diadem of heaven, found in Dr. Jebb's heart, a source always unexhausted, though constantly flowing in every channel, where nature in distress called for the comfort of advice, the assistance of a friend, or hand of benevolence.—Such calls, even from a fellow-creature in rags, found the Doctor as anxious and as attentive, as the vain man would be to solicit a title, and to accomplish such, bend, smile, or eagerly embrace the arm of a Minister.

"The humanity of the Man of Ross, whilst it is recorded, exalts not only the character of the individual, but enriches the name of a kingdom. The amiable qualities of that good man were inherited by the Doctor as a sacred patrimony which he distributed among his fellow-creatures; and as a faithful guardian of human nature, when he could not remove distress, he consoled the sufferer; and often when his purse was unable to annihilate poverty, still his be-

nevolence never ceased to lessen the sting of it. Though Dr. Jebb had in his manners the meekness of a child, yet the spirit of a lion was manifested in his political conduct. As he was always disinterested, he was constantly firm in the support of every measure which could add support to liberty, or strength to a constitution to which he was a sincere friend; and if from zeal to cherish whatever carried happiness to the public, with a contempt of every personal advantage, made the illustrious character of a Roman, the Doctor has irrefutable claims to that of an English Patriot. His expanded soul would not be confined to the narrow pedantic rules of a cloister, and he therefore quitted the gown, and from a conscientious regard to truth, which he discovered by the light of experience, he changed his profession from reasons which he publicly gave; and though they might not convince others, they assuredly guided him in the choice he made. As a political man, the Doctor never courted any Minister whatever, nor would he ever accept a favour to lessen his free-agency. To establish a more equal representation was one of the most leading objects of his heart; and he endeavoured in the newspapers to communicate every information by which he could instruct the people, that by the nature of the constitution, the rights of election ought not to be bartered by the venal, or oppressed by the families of power. His next favourite object was the establishing a law, in conformity to the boasted notion of English freedom, to prevent a creditor from claiming the liberty and person of a fellow-creature for life, if his fortune should be by chance, or even indiscretion, unable to pay his debts. He was fond

of employing his pen in the service of the people, and did not blush to own, that he often wrote in the public papers, which he respected as the sentinels of liberty.

"In his political friendship he was mild, firm, and condescending, though not convivial. He was attached particularly to Dr. Northcote, Mr Williams, and Mr Loft; he once had a great partiality for Mr Fox, but never could be prevailed on to forgive the Coalition, which he considered as a confederacy of interest; and if justifiable in one, it might be so on every occasion, and the people be never certain of the objects of their confidence. A heart so truly devoted to accomplish the prosperity of merit, and so anxious to see both good men rewarded, as well as excellent measures promoted, could not but be continually stabbed to the soul by seeing the reverse of the medallion—Such frequent mortifications preyed on his health, and the exertions he made to promote the good of his country, wore out his constitution, and deprived mankind of a friend and ornament. His attention to the happiness of others made him neglect his own interest, at least in a worldly sense; but the same good God who gave him such disinterested virtues, has the power to reward them in a more exalted station, to which they cannot fail to lead him, and where alone so good and valuable a citizen can receive justice.

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#### THE HISTORY OF MISS SIDNEY.

*Continued from page 204.*

**N**OTHING occurred to me daily but a series of vexation either from Mrs Sidney or Mr

Stanley. I had one evening a slight contention with the former occasioned by my indifference to the latter, who was a particular favourite of hers. I went up to my dressing-room, as soon as possible, that I might not give her the least cause for her unkind behaviour to me, and took a book with an intention to divert my mind from what so much engaged it. I had not sat long before Fanny entered the room adjoining, humming a minuet. From thence I judged she was in her customary gaiety of temper, as I was the reverse. I wished she might not know where I was. As the door that communicated between the two rooms was shut, I thought she might retire without entering my dressing-room. I sat as still as possible, applying myself to my book, while she diverted herself at her harpsichord. In a few minutes I heard Mr Pembroke come into the room where my sister sat; a conversation ensued, which almost deprived me of my senses. Mr Pembroke addressing himself to Fanny, said, "Well, my dear Miss, are you still determined to deny me a request on which my happiness depends?" "Indeed," said she, "I have never thought of it since you mentioned it last." "I am" resumed he with a deep sigh, "the most unfortunate wretch alive. Only give me leave to implore your papa's consent to our union; that is all I request." "But," said my sister, "what will Harriot think? I am certain she believes you are attached to her." "She cannot," replied the perfidious Pembroke, "think so; for whatever I might say to her, was merely the effect of gallantry. Upon my honour, my dear Fanny, I never explained myself in a serious manner to her. She will be horribly mistaken if she imagines it possible for her to make a con-

quest of those that have ever had a single glance of Miss Fanny Sidney." "O Pembroke," said my sister, "you are a flatterer." "Well," resumed she, after a short pause, "I am almost persuaded to grant your request. Ask papa very privately though." This he promised, and they soon after left the room.

I was ready to faint through surprise and horror. I may, perhaps, be censured for the clandestine manner in which I discovered his treachery. But remember my happiness depended greatly on it; and I have ever thought Divine Providence appeared particularly conspicuous on the occasion. I still then believed it was not possible for any one to be capable of such deceit; and my weak heart had regarded Pembroke as a paragon of perfection. How miserably I was mistaken, this conversation will shew. I was happy I had so fortunately escaped his perfidy; but I was greatly shocked to make such a discovery in one whom I had a sincere regard for. As to Fanny, I was well acquainted with her disposition, which was such as scarce ever admitted a serious contemplation; yet I found a thousand excuses in her favour, which could not in the remotest degree be applied to Pembroke. I was well acquainted with his insinuating manners; why might they not have the same effect upon her, as upon me? and I had never confessed to her my attachment for him. I was overwhelmed with such like reflections the whole night, and continued so ill for a fortnight, as to be confined to my room.

During my indisposition, Miss Pembroke received a letter from her mama, informing her her papa was exceedingly ill, and desired

to see her and her brother; and they accordingly went.

Fanny never mentioned a word to me concerning Pembroke, and I maintained the same degree of reserve; but I was still perplexed with Mr Stanley's address; and received repeated hints from my papa and Mrs Sidney, that they expected I would in a very short time give him my hand. Pembroke's perfidy made me support the thoughts in a manner I never expected. But I was very far from being reconciled, for I was certain whenever it might be, it would give me great uneasiness. In a month's time I received a letter from Miss Pembroke acquainting me her papa was charmingly recovered, that her brother's health was on the decline, and on that account he had set out for Bath, where he intended to stay a month, and then join her at our house, she having got her papa and mama's consent to return and to spend the winter with us in town, as they generally resided in the country.

As Mr Pembroke had pretended an affection for me till the day I was taken ill, I thought possibly, to keep up the deceit, he might have written to me; so inquired of my servant, who replied there was a letter directed for my sister, which she had given her. I was instantly assured it came from Pembroke. I was on the point of discovering his treachery to her, but then I considered, by what she said to him she believed he had professed an attachment to me. Had she been the generous girl I once thought her, she would have opened her heart to me concerning it, and not have encouraged a man in so clandestine a manner, a man who I am certain had not the slightest regard for her; nor would he have thought of her, had it not

been for the paltry difference in our fortunes. I informed my sister I had received a letter from Miss Pembroke. She inquired after the family in general, but did not mention Mr William Pembroke in particular.

Mr Stanley still remained at our house, and was continually teasing me to fix a day for the celebration of our nuptials. This I put off so long, that Mr Stanley applied to my papa, who was extremely displeased, and naming a day himself, insisted that I should acquiesce. I was necessitated to comply, though it was every way disagreeable to me. Yet I bore my distress with a resolution that hid it from any one's observation. As there was no possibility to avoid giving my hand to Mr Stanley, the marriage was concluded at the time appointed, concluded with a man whom it was not possible for me to esteem, much less love. But as what was past could not be recalled, I strove to submit myself to my fate with resignation, and to endeavour to obtain his good opinion; by acting in such a manner as should entitle me to it. As for my sister, she appeared perfectly pleased when the ceremony was actually performed: I suppose she feared lest any thing should interfere to delay it.

In about a week after she did not appear one morning when the breakfast was ready. Mrs Sidney desired me to step up to hasten her. I went, but to my great surprise she was neither in her dressing-room, nor bed-chamber. I immediately went down and informed my papa, Fanny was not to be found. The house was raised; no intelligence could be gained of her. But it was soon found her woman had accompanied her. My papa then concluded she had eloped with some gentleman, but could not tell on whom to fix his suspi-

cions. Mrs Sidney, more penetrating, mentioned Mr Pembroke. My papa wrote to his father concerning it, and servants were dispatched all the different roads it was thought they would take. My papa was doubly aggravated by my sister's disobedience, having, as I then found, received proposals of marriage from a neighbouring gentleman greatly to her advantage. This he had acquainted her with the day before her elopement, and it might possibly have been the cause of it. So violent was my papa's anger towards my sister, that he protested he would never see her more. In this temper he was greatly encouraged by Mrs Sidney, who always took every opportunity to destroy his affection for his children. I was extremely sorry for Fanny's imprudence, and greatly feared she would one time or other repent it, as I never could persuade myself such flagrant disobedience would be attended with happiness.

Our servants returned without a syllable of intelligence. Soon after Miss Pembroke arrived, and informed us, her papa had been at Bath, and found his son had not visited that place. This confirmed our suspicions, and we expected they would write to my papa to beg his forgiveness. All we could do was to wait for a letter. I wrote to my brother, informing him of my marriage, and my sister's elopement, desiring he would once more visit us. He accordingly came, and proposed staying till we had heard some tidings of Fanny. In the mean time our family went to the town-house. Mr Stanley purchased an elegant house likewise in Pall-Mall. But my situation was truly uncomfortable: Indeed, it would have been insupportable, had it not been for the amiable Miss Pembroke's company. Mr

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Stanley's temper was naturally gross to a disgusting degree. In a state of reason, he was furly and morose; in a state of inebriation, he was unpardonably indelicate, indeed to that excess, as made me think it an happiness to be from home; you may think this gave me excessive disquiet. I durst not reason with Mr Stanley; his temper would not admit of it on that head, so I regarded my distress as incapable of amendment.

We had for some weeks given up all hopes of Fanny; but one evening when we were at my papa's, a servant brought in a letter. My papa opened it; it came from my sister, now Mrs Pembroke. She implored his forgiveness in the most affectionate manner, adding, she waited most impatiently to throw herself at his feet, and testify her sorrow for having offended him. He appeared moved, and we took the opportunity to plead in her behalf. Mr Stanley too in his rough way interested himself in her favour. Mrs Sidney was by no means pleased with our intercession, saying, if she was in Mr Sidney's place, a letter should not so easily reconcile her. We paid no attention to her unkind insinuations, and at length prevailed on my papa to write such an answer as Fanny wished. It was accordingly sent where they then were, and purposed staying till they received assurances of my papa's forgiveness.

They arrived in a very short time after at Pall-mall, and met with an affectionate reception from my papa, and a civil one from Mrs Sidney. My sister took the first opportunity to bewail her unkindness to me; but I repeatedly assured her of my intire forgiveness. As to Pembroke, he behaved with uncommon effrontery, never shewing the least sign of contrition.

ness for his ungenerous behaviour. This convinced me his heart was bad.

Mr and Mrs Pembroke being informed of their son's arrival, came to town; and a happy reconciliation ensued. They soon left us, taking their son and his wife into the country to spend a few months with them; but I was so happy as to obtain permission for Miss Pembroke to continue with me till we left town.

My life was constantly the same uncomfortable one, as I have already described. Even Mrs Sidney appeared to pity me, for she one day assured me, had she known how disagreeable my situation would have been, she would have used her utmost endeavours to have prevented the marriage: and indeed I certainly deserved her pity, for in the eight months I had been married to Mr Stanley, I had never enjoyed one happy hour. I had now a double share of his ill-humour to bear, for a visible decline in his health greatly increased his unkind disposition. Though he was sensible of the daily decay in his constitution, yet so attached was he to his favourite vice, that he could not be persuaded to refrain from it. He continued to grow worse and worse, till there were not the smallest hopes of his recovery. A very short time before his dissolution, he begged my pardon in the tenderest manner for the uneasiness he had occasioned me, assuring me, if he had a desire to live, it was to make me amends. This generous acknowledgment moved me exceedingly; and believe me, although during his lifetime his behaviour had greatly afflicted, yet by his death I felt myself affected with the sincerest concern.

Mr Stanley had by his generosity rendered my situation splendid in

point of fortune, having left me his intire property (except a few legacies) which was immense. I wrote to my sister, acquainting her with Mr Stanley's death. I soon received an answer, condoling with me on that account, &c. &c.

On the approach of the summer Miss Pembroke received a letter from her mama, informing her that Mr Pembroke had purchased a villa in B—shire, and that he and his wife had left them to reside there. She likewise desired to see her daughter, and gave me a kind invitation to accompany her, which I accepted of.

My brother now returned to Ireland. His departure was hastened by his affection for a young lady there, the daughter of Sir William Fitzgerald. He had obtained my papa's consent to their union, provided Sir William was perfectly agreeable to it.

I met with the kindest reception imaginable from Mr and Mrs Pembroke; and during my stay with them, which was till the following winter, I received a letter from my brother, informing me, that having obtained Sir William's consent, their union was concluded. I read this confirmation of Frederic's happiness with pleasure, as he had ever behaved in the kindest manner possible to me.

During my residence at Pembroke Hall I led a very retired life; music, working, drawing, or books, by turns amused me, and in these I found far greater pleasure, than in all the fashionable amusements of the town.

About this time Miss Pembroke gave her hand to Sir Charles Pomfret. He had for some time addressed her, and he alone deserved her. Her disposition being one of the most excellent I have ever known, it may be naturally concluded she makes an excellent wife;

and Sir Charles makes an excellent husband. From my own observation I may declare they are as happy a couple as any within the circle of my acquaintance. I wish I could add, my sister enjoys half their felicity. While I was at Pembroke Hall I wrote to her. As she had a desire to see me, she, accompanied only by her son, came, a lovely boy about six months old. I was greatly astonished to see the alteration in her temper and countenance. She had naturally a disposition of the gayest turn, but had at that time such an air of thoughtfulness as greatly concerned me. I inquired the cause, and she at last informed me, it was her husband's behaviour which almost distracted her. "I certainly," said she, "cannot say Mr Pembroke ever used me ill: far from it; he always behaves with civility to me, but it is accompanied with such an indifference as cuts me to the heart. I am too well acquainted it is caused by an attachment to another, an attachment which I fear nothing will alter." I comforted her as much as possible; but she repeated, when she took her farewell of me, to set out for her own residence, that she believed his indifference is inflicted on her as a punishment for her ungenerous behaviour to me.

When the winter approached Lady Pomfret begged me to accompany her and Sir Charles to town, and I consented. Soon after we were in town, I went with Lady Pomfret to buy some muslin. On our return, Sir Charles introduced to us Sir Henry Cavendish, an intimate of his, but a stranger to her Ladyship and me. His person was particularly pleasing and majestic; and a native good-nature, which appeared in his countenance, gave an animation to every feature. As he spent the winter in town, his

visits were so frequent to Sir Charles's, that scarce a day passed but I saw him. He very soon behaved so assiduously to me, that I was assured it could not escape the penetrating observation of Lady Pomfret. It was so, for the one day rallied me on the subject; but I regarded it as mere fancy; indeed I durst not be too sure of its reality. As I had been so egregiously deceived by Mr Pembroke, I was determined to act with the utmost circumspection.

The matter went on thus near half a year; when Sir Charles and his Lady were engaged to dinner. I was to have been of the party, but through a violent cold I declined it. In the evening Sir Henry Cavendish came as usual, not knowing the family were out. After conversing some time upon indifferent subjects, he insensibly brought it to a most interesting one. He declared his affection for me, and implored mine in return. I felt my heart declare in his favour. He certainly merited the sincere regard I had for him, for he was generous, amiable, and obliging; and I returned such an answer as might not totally destroy his hopes. Lady Pomfret very soon discovered by Sir Henry's redoubled assiduities that he had explained himself to me. She mentioned her suspicions to me: I confessed it, but declared my fears of his sincerity. "I cannot believe," said her Ladyship, "Sir Henry is capable of such deceit; but leave it to me, and I will soon inform myself whether interest influences his motives or no. I accepted of her offer, and in order to put the design in execution, I was to confine myself in my dressing-room all the next day. Sir Henry came as usual the following day. I waited very impatiently for his departure, that Lady Pomfret might inform me of her strata-

gem. When Sir Henry went, her Ladyship came up, and the first words she spoke, were, "Indeed, Harriot, though I am sensible your perfections are invaluable, yet Sir Henry is truly deserving of you." I replied, "Pray my dear Louisa, inform me of the particulars." "I will," said she. "When Sir Henry was announced, I received him with an air of sorrow. After the first compliments had passed, I asked him if he had heard that Mr H— was a bankrupt. He answered no, and that he was very sorry for it. I am doubly so, replied I, as Mrs Stanley's intire property is vested in his hands; and the news has affected her so extremely, that she is quite indisposed. "I have, madam," said Sir Henry, "presumed to hope Mrs Stanley might be prevailed on to give me her hand. If I have the happiness to obtain that blessing, I flatter myself my fortune is such as would prevent her from ever feeling the loss of hers." Now, continued Lady Pomfret, can you hesitate a moment, my dear Harriot, to bestow your hand on such a man as that?" I confessed how much pleasure his behaviour gave me, and waited impatiently for the eclairecissement. The next morning Sir Henry came much earlier than usual, on account of my indisposition. After condoling with me on my supposed misfortune, he pressed me to make him happy in the warmest and tenderest manner. Charmed with his disinterested behaviour, I consented. His joy is not to be expressed. After a long conversation, I informed him that my supposed loss was a fiction. "I have it," said I, "in my power still to reward your merit; pardon me for having ever suspected your generosity." "You surprize me, madam," replied Sir Henry, "and is it really so?" "It is, indeed,

Sir," said I. "Well," continued the amiable Sir Henry, with a smile of inexpressible love, "it would have given me a pleasure if you had not undeceived me till after the completion of my happiness; you would then have been convinced of my sincerity." "I am already convinced of it," said I. "there needs no farther proof."

Sir Henry became very impatient for me to bestow my hand. As Sir Charles and his Lady were continually seconding him, I complied, and our marriage was celebrated the morning I attained my 24th year, three years after Mr Stanley's decease. I forgot to mention that my papa was informed of Sir Henry's address to me, and both he and Mrs Sidney assured me they greatly approved of them, and they were both at my nuptials. This was an addition to my happiness. My brother and his lady likewise honoured me with their presence: she is a most amiable and charming young lady; and I am so fortunate as to be admitted into the number of her intimates. Lady Pomfret whose friendship for me I hope nothing will alter, is a great admirer of her. My felicity is, if possible, augmented by becoming the mother of a charming boy, who stands smiling on me while I write. Thus blessed with one who is the fondest and most affectionate of husbands, and best of fathers, I may safely say I have never had a moment's uneasiness during the three years I have been united to my dear Sir Henry, excepting an uneasiness which can never fail of arising in my bosom, when I reflect on Fanny's situation. She rejoices at my present happiness, for we keep up a constant correspondence by letter; as Pembroke will not permit her to visit the metropolis, it is all we can do, for I cannot possibly think of hav-

ing the pleasure to see her at her own residence. She congratulates me on having escaped her distress, as Pembroke remains the same as ever.

When I reflect how nearly I was becoming the dupe of that perfidious man, it makes me shudder, and convinces me I never can sufficiently acknowledge the goodness of Divine Providence in preventing it. Although my papa at that time greatly thwarted my inclinations by encouraging Mr Stanley's proposals to me, yet I owe my present happiness to that very thing; for had my papa consented to my union with Mr Pembroke, though at that time I should have considered it as a great happiness, yet the sequel convinces me it would have been the most unfortunate circumstance of my life.

From this little narrative, then, let every young woman that has principle and resolution enough to prefer her duty to her inclination, rest assured, that however unpleasant appearances may be, yet the great Disposer of all events will one time or other render her happy, as obedience to our parents is a duty that has ever been so peculiarly pleasing to him.

### MATTER NOT ETERNAL.

THE ancient philosophers universally agreed, that nothing was, or could be created out of nothing; but, whether the world was eternal, or made in time, the original matter of things was eternal and self-existent. This original matter they distinguished from substance endued with properties, and considered it as a mere substratum, without either form or qualities, which is an evident absurdity or contradiction; and they

did not consider that supposing it possible for such primary matter to have always existed; it was impossible to change its state, or to add to it the necessary qualities; so that no power could create a world out of it, either in time or from all eternity.

They, however, supposed, that God, who was of a superior and distinct underived nature, created by his power the qualities or properties of all things, though he could not create the original matter that sustained them; by which method of reasoning they blended created properties with uncreated matter, which is an evident contradiction. For it is self-evident, that whatsoever is absolutely existent or unoriginated, must be immutable, and remain what it always was, it being impossible to alter it, or cause it to undergo any new mode of existence, or to superadd to it any properties or qualities; so that an unoriginated or primary matter must be independent of God, and not subject to his power or providence. Thus God's creating, and governing power of the universe, was absolutely excluded; but this consequence they did not foresee, though it was really intuitive.

Another absurdity was the supposing two un-originated and necessary existent beings, of such infinitely different natures as God and primary matter to exist; the one endued with all perfections, and the other a lifeless mass, an almost mere nothing. Hence it demonstrably follows, that all things must have been originally made or created by God out of nothing; or, from non-existence, were made to exist by his power and will.

It is impossible, indeed, for us, or perhaps any created being, to conceive the manner of such creation; yet it is as impossible not to suppose the thing itself, or the

existence of such a creative power, every other supposition being an absolute absurdity and contradiction. With regard to the production of things from non-existence, it is a necessary consequence to the agency of God, and exertion of his power; and this power and agency necessarily belong to the nature of God; and therefore the very supposition of a supreme, un-originated, intelligent agent, being, or God, whose existence is strictly demonstrable, implies a creative power. Thus have I endeavoured, by demonstrable principles of reason to prove that the world was originally created of God out of nothing, in order to silence the enemies of Revelation, who pretend that the account of the creation, as given by Moses, is absurd and ridiculous; whereas, in truth, the absurdity is in their own notions, and the boasted structure they erected has no other basis than the cobweb surface of a walking dream.

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*The Power of Sympathy. especially betwixt near Relations.*

**T**HERE are several examples in story of tender friendships formed betwixt men who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts give us all the reason in the world to believe there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be reduced into the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

An instance of this secret attraction, implanted by providence in the human soul, strongly appears in the memoirs of a certain French nobleman, whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a singularly amorous disposition, had led him through a vast variety of gal-

lantries and amours. He, in his youth, attended a Princess of France into Poland, where he was entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of one of the Piast Princes. However, his lady dying before the heat of his youth was abated, he, after her death, returned to his native country, where he continued for some years totally absorbed in love intrigues, till he having quite consumed all his paternal estate, his misfortunes obliged him to seek relief from the estate of his deceased wife in Poland. In this journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever when he met with the following adventure, which take in his own words,—“I had (says he) been in this condition four days, when the Countess of Venotki passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me, I remembered her, for I had seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew not me, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that, if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her majesty. The Countess had the goodness to take compassion on me, and ordering me to be put into a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house, till my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

“My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed. When the Countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was taller and much better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and

her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty, and I felt in my heart such emotions, at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex.\* The amiable creature on her part seemed affected at my sickness, and appeared to have so much care and concern for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to enquire after my health. I asked who she was, and was told that she was niece to the Countess of Venoski.

"I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines given me by the physicians. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me often as I grew better, and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any woman in my life, when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole, whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out, and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully, and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

"They both of them often asked me if I was in reality a German ;

which, when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice, that the young lady and gentleman having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture ; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance between that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it. Upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman she should have imagined I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprize, when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the young gentleman I thought to be her lover.—My heart beat, and I felt a secret which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features ; and at that moment I said to myself,—"Are not these my children ?" The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them, but restraining myself, I asked whose picture it was ? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping—Her tears confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, "Ah, my dear child, said I, yes, I am your father."—I could say no more.—The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears.—Throughout my life I never felt a joy equal to this ; and it must be acknowledged that Nature inspires more lively emotions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite.

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

*Question of page 217, Answered by A. M.*

From the principles of Hydro. the nearer any vessel is to the Earth's centre it will contain the more.

At the Earth's surface 3.13 cubic inches is the content of a spherical frustum, whose greatest circle's diameter is 10 yards

Put  $x$  = the height of the frustum where the Tub must stand. Then (per Hawney's Mensuration)  $x^3 \times 97200 \div 4.5236 = 2313.13$  cubic inches; which solved gives  $x = .04545$ , &c. of an inch. Consequently

from a known property of the circle,  $\frac{32400}{x} \times x - x = 5.625562$   
2  
miles the distance of the vessel's plain surface from the earth's center.

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

Barometrical and Thermometrical Observations made at Berwick, in May, 1787, by

OBSERVATEUR.

1787	Barom. at		Ther. at		1787	Barom. at		Ther. at	
May	Noon	Night	No	Nt	May	Noon	Night	No	Nt
1	29.9	29.82	46	44	16	30.23	30.25	54	46
2	29.7	29.7	61	56	17	30.2	30.18	55	46
3	29.6	29.5	62	54	18	30.2	30.28	60	49
4	29.82	30.02	64	55	19	30.32	30.36	60	48
5	30.3	30.38	58	48	20	30.36	30.3	61	50
6	30.36	30.35	58	54	21	30.18	30.12	62	58
7	30.36	30.3	65	60	22	30.	29.95	71	65
8	30.12	30.	70	56	23	29.82	29.63	71	64
9	29.82	29.82	61	50	24	29.42	29.4	64	55
10	29.8	29.64	62	48	25	29.5	29.43	61	51
11	29.6	29.64	57	45	26	29.29	29.41	58	50
12	29.7	29.7	54	49	27	29.64	29.43	61	51
13	29.74	29.82	50	48	28	29.02	29.21	61	51
14	30.	30.08	48	45	29	29.69	29.81	66	55
15	30.2	30.22	53	45	30	30.18	30.24	68	56
					31	30.2	30.12	77	64.

Note, at One o'Clock, P. M. the 31st, the Ther. stood at 80 degrees.

## P O E T R Y.

## V E R S E S

Written in the Convent of Montserrat,  
in Spain, September 4. 1785.

By T. C. Rickman.

WITH solemn step this awful pile I  
tread,  
Nor with indignant eye around me  
gaze;  
But look with rev'rence on the sacred  
dead,  
The bloody cross, and ever-burning  
blaze.

No idle prejudice my soul conceives,  
No horrid bigotry my bosom feels;  
I damn not him, who This, or That  
believes,  
Or care before what Saint the Good  
Man kneels.

Still to the great Jehovah! Lord of All!  
In different ways the pious heave the  
sigh;  
Regardless of the Mode, he hears their  
call,  
And dries in every land the tearful eye.

The honest mind, in every varied clime,  
Alike demands the approving smile of  
Heaven;  
Sincere repentance does away the crime,  
And mercy to the contrite heart is  
given.

Is not the God you worship boundless  
love?  
Say then, ye sects of every land, and  
name,  
How do you dare his dictates disapprove,  
And ever seek each other to defame?

Shall You, who boast a Saviour for your  
head,  
A Lord who suffer'd, died, and bled  
for all,  
Still in your actions contradict his creed,  
And wanting Candour—low as devils  
fall?

Hence ye profane! of whatsoever tribe,  
And perish all the systems that you  
teach;  
In vain you talk, if you have priestly  
pride,  
And wanting Charity—in vain you  
preach.

VOL. III.

What are your forms—ye Christians, Pa-  
gans, Turks?  
If vehicles to serve your God, 'tis  
well!

He heeds not what they are, if good  
your works;  
Or cares if psalms you sing, or beads  
you tell.

Serve then sincere, that Power who  
reigns above;  
O'er all alike extendeth boundless  
love;  
Then work His will, His promises you'll  
prove;  
—"For all that pure in heart sha'l  
see their God."

## CHARACTER OF INDEPENDENCE.

To a Friend.

WHO best, my friend, of human kind,  
May boast the independent mind?  
Let's search amongst the sons of man,  
And find this Phoenix if we can.  
Is it the courtier, proud of chains,  
Gilded by basely purchas'd gains?  
For oft, too oft, the reptile feeds  
On Virtue's and on Valour's needs.  
Is't he, whose zeal in Freedom's cause,  
Dares take up arms against the laws,  
As Interest, Envy, may engage,  
Or the blind monster, Party-rage?  
Is it the wretch who views his ore,  
Yet discontented sighs for more,  
Dragging a length of years in pain  
"Twixt fear of loss, and hope of gain?  
Is it the imp of Avarice,  
Or his wild heir, the dupe of Dice?  
Surely, not one of these, my friend,  
To Independence can pretend—  
Hence we infer 'tis not in courts  
His Independence man supports;  
'Tis in life's humbler scenes alone,  
That Independence holds her throne.—  
'Tis true, that in our humble cot  
We well may bless our happy lot,  
Free from Oppression's iron rod,  
Nor rais'd nor crush'd by power's nod;  
Shelter'd by sweet obscurity,—  
Unmix'd is our felicity.  
Well may we spurn the courtly train,  
Who meanly hug the slavish chain:  
Pain tortures pride, care clings to wealth,  
Content is ours, 'the mind's best health.'  
The miser's poor midst opulence,  
We rich in modest competence.

T t

But is the independent mind  
 To us alone, my friend, confin'd?  
 And shall we then at ease reclin'd,  
 Thus rashly censure all mankind?  
 Condemn the whole of human race,—  
 Save those within our narrow space?  
 Ah no!—self praise creates disgust,  
 And general censure is unjust.  
 E'en where the vices most abound,  
 True Independence may be found;  
 E'en in a court this Phoenix dwells,  
 And in the Patriot's bosom swells.  
 More independent far is he,  
 Who rob'd in high authority,  
 With firm integrity of soul  
 Rejects temptation's poison'd bowl;  
 Whom not the hypocritic smile  
 Nor tongue of flattery can beguile;  
 Whose honest pride disdains to fear  
 The malice he is doom'd to bear;  
 Who wrapt in Innocence pure robe,  
 Unstung by guilt's oppressive goad,  
 Ne'er lets vindictive thoughts arise  
 From undeserved calumnies;  
 Who pities crimes he scorns to share,—  
 Whose courage yields not to despair,  
 Tho' haply oft compell'd t' endure,  
 Ills human wisdom cannot cure:  
 Safe in his well-steer'd bark he rides,  
 'Midst Opposition's foaming tides,  
 And to his country's good adheres,  
 Which next his God he most reveres.—  
 Lives there to whom this praise is due?  
 Your portrait, say'st thou, is it true?  
 If so, we must our claim submit.  
 We must indeed—'tis drawn from Pitt;  
 In him this Phoenix, friend, we find,  
 The truly independent mind:  
 That praise he truly merits most,  
 We—but untempted virtues boast.

G. W.

## T H E J E S T.

## A S O N G.

LIFE's a Jest, if Gay says true;  
 A Jest, and all things shew it;  
 He thought so once, I thought so too,  
 But now, like him, I know it.

Then let's explore its various ways,  
 For that's the proper test, Sir;  
 See what to blame, and what to praise,  
 Thus we shall find the Jest, Sir.

To loggerheads when crown'd heads go,  
 To fight are subjects press'd, Sir;  
 But when they're slain and treasures low,  
 Then war appears a Jest, Sir.

From Policy, not Principle,  
 The nations gain some rest, Sir;  
 Each find they're not invincible,  
 So Peace is now the Jest, Sir.

The Lords dissentient oft unite,  
 And sign the long protest, Sir;  
 Thus some they please, and some they  
 spite,  
 Their Lordships love a Jest, Sir.

The Lover charm'd by soft looks dies,  
 Unless in marriage blest'd, Sir;  
 But soon the Wife shews by her eyes,  
 The Maiden did but Jest, Sir.

The Miser wakes to count his store,  
 And oft disturbs his rest, Sir,  
 He's in the midst of plenty poor,  
 Here riches are a Jest, Sir.

The Epicure at turtle feast,  
 Attends with eager zest, Sir;  
 And to enjoy becomes a beast,  
 Here man is sure a Jest, Sir.

When men of worth are worthless men,  
 To neighbours they're a pest, Sir,  
 They live by all despis'd, and when  
 They're dead become a Jest, Sir.

Yet some there are, exalted few!  
 Who shine above the rest, Sir,  
 To merit kind, to honour true,  
 'Tis these enjoy the Jest, Sir.

Then let us, friends, while here we live,  
 Think truth and candour best, Sirs;  
 Left we should make mankind believe  
 That friendship too's a Jest, Sirs.

A suitable Reflection upon the Eclipse  
of the Moon.

By a Country Smith.

THE Moon in silver glory shone,  
 Delightfull to the sight,  
 When suddenly a shade begun  
 To intercept her light.

How fast across her orb it spread,  
 How fast her light withdrew;  
 A livid circle ting'd with red,  
 Was all appear'd in view.

Whilst many with unmeaning eye,  
 Gaze on thy works in vain;  
 Assist me, Lord, that I may try  
 Instruction to obtain.

Fain would my thankful heart and lips,  
Unite in praise to Thee,  
And meditate on thy Eclipse  
In sad Gethsemane.

Thy people's guilt, a heavy load,  
When standing in their room,  
Depriv'd thee of the light of God,  
And fill'd thy soul with gloom.

How stupid we who can forget  
Beholding such a sight,  
Thy agonies and bloody sweat  
In that tremendous night.

How punctually eclipses move,  
Obedient to thy will !  
Thus shall thy faithfulness and love  
Thy promises fulfil.

Dark like the Moon without the Sun,  
We mourn thine absence Lord ;  
For light and comfort we have none,  
But what thy beams afford.

But lo the hour draws near apace !  
When changes shall be e'er !  
Then Saints shall see thee face to face,  
And be eclips'd no more !

---

#### FOR THE BERWICK MUSEUM.

HOW pleasing and august  
The prospect I behold,  
The east in royal purple drest,  
And trimm'd with flaming gold.

Yon skies in clearest blue,  
These banks in chearing green,  
While divers show'rs of ev'ry hue,  
Conspire to raise the scene.

For prospects such as this,  
Who would not sleep forgo,  
Excessive sleep, that bane of bliss  
To mortals here below.

From the wild-thyme and furs,  
How thick the odours rise,  
The busy bee's begun his buzz,  
The lark is in the skies.

The lark from her sweet throat,  
The thrush upon the spray,  
The tuneful tribes of ev'ry note,  
Are caroling the day.

Then should not man arise,  
To praise the sov'reign Lord,  
Who made the earth and sea and skies,  
By his creating word.

How wonderful his word,  
To that by monarchs us'd,  
So Canute shew'd that mighty lord,  
Whom parasites abus'd.

Jesus forbade the storm,  
The wind forbore to blow,  
The king forbade the sea in form,  
But still the sea did flow.

How vast the ocean seems,  
And smooth as polish'd glass,  
Yet in its womb it heaves and teems  
With fish of ev'ry class.

Upon its crystal face,  
The active sun-beams dart,  
And to some distant unknown race,  
A lunar light impart.

Time was when this gay scene  
Did not at all appear,  
No hill nor dale, nor flow'ry green,  
No songsters charm the ear.

'Twas all a formless void,  
Eternal nothing's reign,  
Till Jesus spoke then soon was spy'd  
Fair Nature's blooming train.

The morning-stars did sing  
At such display of power,  
The sons of God did praise their king,  
In the creating hour.

But we have more to sing,  
We have redeeming grace,  
Let's all prepare to meet our king,  
In his most holy place.

Spittle-Well, } INTEGRITAS  
Sunday Morning, }  
July 1st, 1787.

---

#### ON HYMEN.

SURE Hymen's mad, perverse, or blind,  
He blasts the hopes of human-kind,  
And robs them of their peace :  
A god ! a demon ! he exults,  
In what from discord, pain results,  
Their troubles to increase.

T t 2

That mankind marry we must grant ;  
But are they happy ? There's the want !  
They laud the single life :  
With Hymen's load too much oppress,  
Despise the wife they once carest,  
And feel dull care and strife.

He, demon like, his servile yoke  
With pleasure guilds ; 'tis all a joke !  
The garnish soon decays :  
The good and bad doth he combine,  
Th' unequal yoke they break or twine,  
By pulling diff'rent ways.

In ancient as in modern days  
Were cuckolds made, as Ovid says,  
By his infernal scheme :  
Had Venus been for Mars preserv'd,  
Sly Phœbus had not Vulcan serv'd  
In telling tales ; 'twas mean !  
Berwick. NUPTUS.

On seeing a Young Lady feeding her  
Horse.

THY hands fair — S — feed,  
With tend'rest care you stroke the  
steed,  
Nay oft its lips you kiss :  
Insensible ! 'twould sweeter feel  
Than —'s lips a grain of meal,  
And than her hand John's fist.

Capricious fair ! why throw away  
Such envied bliss on senseless clay,  
Whilst cruel is my meed :  
I but one half that bliss to know,  
This human shape would straight forego,  
And be with joy a steed.  
Berwick. CESARIO.

#### FOR THE BERWICK MUSEUM.

Tamen heu, serus adulteros  
Crines pulvere collines. Hor.

THIS is St. Cuthbert's fane, rear'd in  
a time  
When turba'nce and fierce intestine wars  
Vex'd England's troubled confines — It  
was here  
O stranger, that the lost Egwina, first  
(Gayly caparison'd) allur'd the eye  
Of gallant Piercy, and engag'd his heart  
And won his love : They pledg'd their  
mutual faith  
In wedlock, and in sweet conjugal ties  
Liv'd happiest of the happy — till an hour

All omen'd, from the adjacent moun-  
tains brought  
Young Edmund : Skill'd in ev'ry win-  
ning snare  
To fascinate the breast of heedless  
beauty —  
Egwina fell a victim to his art,  
And wrong'd the noble Piercy — Piercy  
knew,  
And warm'd by brave resentment, all  
in ire  
Dar'd Edmund to the field. They met,  
they fought  
Like fiercest lions striving for a prey  
Beside yon brawling rivulet, and stain'd  
Its lucid stream with gore. Egwina saw,  
She saw ; and guided by her guilty mind  
Frantic rush'd forth to part the war-  
riors,  
And deprecate their vengeance. Un-  
happy fair !  
The sword relentless, spares nor sex,  
nor age,  
And chaffis'd thy inconstancy : She fell,  
Crush'd by a husband's hand —  
Soon after drop'd her husband ; while  
her lover,  
Flew to the camp to ease his wounded  
mind,  
And seek his cure in battle. Thus I've  
told  
Their story to thee, Pilgrim : Go relate  
The moral lesson ; tell the changeful  
maid  
What punishment inconstancy pursues,  
And the sure ills that wait on guilty love —  
Ye British fair ! ye soother of our cares !  
First fix your hearts — and then bestow  
your hands.

Beaumont Banks, }  
July, 1787. }

P.

#### A W I S H.

#### A N A C R O S T I C.

Humbly inscribed to the frequently-  
present, seldom-acknowledged, often-  
denied lady. By her ladyship's most  
familiar acquaintance, W. N.

MAY I escape thy wiles and snares,  
In which thou caught'st my young-  
er years,  
See through the magic of thy power,  
That did enchant me ev'ry hour,  
And guided by pure reason's ray,  
Keep from each false pernicious way,  
Engag'd with duty ev'ry day. }

Tweedmouth, July, 1787.

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

July 5.

**S**OME letters received yesterday from Holland mention, that an entire stop is put to the coasting trade of that province—the embargo on the shipping being so strict, for fear of their carrying any article of provisions, ammunition, &c. to any of the refractory provinces as the Hollanders call them. The Burghers search also, indiscriminately, all vessels, of what nation soever, before they permit them to sail, in order that no conveyance might take place by that means:—and passengers of every description are examined with the most minute exactness, and none permitted to pass but with certificates under the Seal of the States of the Province of Holland only, positively disannulling all other authority whatever, without excepting even the States-General themselves.

*Wesel, July 10.* On Saturday the 7th instant, the General de Gaudi received a courier from Berlin, who arrived at nine o'clock. Immediately two couriers were dispatched; M. Lieutenant Van Hamelberg to Paris, and the Captain and Adjutant Inspector Van Elsiman towards the Hague. Another courier was afterwards sent to Cleves to the President of the Government of that city. All the colleges were assembled there, and an order was given to the peasants to deliver up horses and persons to attend them. About eleven o'clock all the officers were ordered to get ready their camp equipage, in order to be ready to

march. On Sunday the cannon of the magazine was carefully examined. Diligence is now used in preparing cartridges, and in sending couriers to all the regiments of Ham, Bulfield, Herford, Minden, and Embden, with orders for them to set out on their march. Two camps are laid out, one at Goch, and the other at Emerik; and we are assured that there are two regiments of cavalry on their march towards this city. The movements of different kinds making here are inexpressible; in the space of twenty-four hours, nineteen couriers have been sent off from hence, and an embargo is laid on all the Dutch vessels which happen to be here, in order to make use of them for the transporting of the ammunition of war. This day an inspection was made of the magazines of corn, wheat, barley, hay, and straw.

The letters received from the Continent give a more flattering account of the Stadtholders affairs, than any that have yet been received. The number of his forces in Guelderland and Zealand are much augmented; and to add to their strength, the men who have lately joined him are not raw in the profession of arms. In all, however, it seems the Prince still bears his faculties most meekly.

The Dutch having sent four ships of the line to the East Indies, is a circumstance worthy the consideration of Administration; and is a strong reason why our fleet should be strengthened in that quarter of the globe.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*The following is a Copy of Lord Sydney's Circular Letter to the several High Sheriffs of England, inclosing his Majesty's Proclamation for the Suppression of Vice and Immorality.*

(Circular.)

Whitehall, June 23. 1787.

"SIR,

"In consequence of the depredations which have been committed in every part of the kingdom, and which have of late been carried to such an extent, as to be even a disgrace to a civilized nation; his Majesty has thought it expedient, again to issue his Royal Proclamation, directing the strict execution of the laws which have been made, and are still in force against the profanation of the Lord's day, drunkenness, swearing, and cursing, and other disorderly practices.

"I transmit to you herewith, six copies of the said Proclamation; and I am commanded to signify to you his Majesty's pleasure, that you do take the most early opportunity of convening the Magistrates within your county, and enjoining them, in the strongest terms, to pursue the most effectual methods for putting the laws in execution, and for encouraging all officers and persons to exert their utmost diligence in their several stations, for the prevention of such dangerous offences.

"The inattention which seems of late to have been shewn in the granting of licences to public-houses and other places of entertainment, without paying the least regard to their situation, or even the characters of the persons who under-

take this management, is, amongst others, a matter which requires immediate consideration, not only for remedying the evil upon future occasions, but for diminishing the number of those public-houses, which do not evidently appear to be calculated for public utility and convenience.

"I am persuaded, that I need not call upon you for your active assistance in the pursuit of measures so evidently calculated for the public good, as you must be convinced that the exertions of all persons in authority are now become absolutely, and if possibly necessary, even for the preservation of the lives and properties of his Majesty's subjects.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"SYDNEY."

The following very curious instance of fertility, may be depended upon as a fact. A single grain of barley was put into a part of a garden, which was previously well dunged and prepared: it quickly shot forth a large tuft, composed of several stalks; these the gardener separated from the principal root, and transplanted one by one. Each of these branches formed, as the first grain did, a new tuft, with several stalks; each of these was separated from the main one, and transplanted as before. These plants, thus transplanted, produced respectively new shoots, which being multiplied in the manner above described successively for sixteen or eighteen months, the one single grain was found to produce above fifteen thousand ears of barley.

The rash proceedings of the Dutch patriots must, unless effectually opposed, end in the different provinces becoming *sees* to different powers. It is not possible to suppose, that foreign potentates will interfere but from interested motives. From England the Stadtholder hath a most unquestionable right to expect some degree of support. France will avail herself of the madness of the times in Holland, and probably become instrumental in detaching the provinces from each other. They will be governed by being divided. But such subjugation will inevitably prove destructive of that very thing, for which the Dutch patriots profess to contend. They oppose the Stadtholder for the sake of their dear *liberty*, and their opposition to him, if successful, will end in *slavery*.

The proofs of the liberality of this country are so multifarious, that to adduce them all would consume an age. A recent one, however, should be noticed, in justice to the generosity of Englishmen; There hath been a fire at Boston, in New England. From Boston originated the first opposition to Great Britain; and during the whole of the war with America, the Bostonians, shewed themselves the most inveterate enemies to this country. The Boston newspapers contained more foul scurrility than those of any other province throughout the continent. Notwithstanding this, the Bostonians are sufferers by a fire, and a subscription is opened in London for their relief. This is a glorious instance of obedience to that authority which commands us, "If thine *enemy* hunger, feed him; if he thirst give him *drink*."

To form Great Britain and the United Provinces into one Repub-

lic, was a very favourite project of Oliver Cromwell's. The following speech of his on that subject to the Dutch Ambassador is translated from the French of *Basnage—Annales des Provinces Unies*:

"We enjoy the same religion, nor can we do any thing more agreeable to the Deity, or better resist the enemies of our holy reformation, than by uniting ourselves strictly together. No personal interest engages me to propose the union of the two Republics; the avowed object of all my actions has been the glory of God, a sufficient test of my sincerity. Satisfied with being the instrument of Heaven in performing a work of such consequence to religion, I desire no individual advantage from it. Let the two nations constitute one and the same people. Let them be governed by one Sovereign Parliament, in which the United Provinces shall have their Deputies. I, in the same degree with every other subject, will obey this august tribunal; I will retain no authority but what they shall think proper to delegate to my hands." We have given the above curious fact, as it is little known in this country, and hardly mentioned by any of our historians.

The very great success of the Whale Fishery at Greenland and Davis's Straits, cannot fail of giving every well-wisher of the maritime interest of this country the most heart-felt satisfaction; and more so, when we reflect that this trade was but a few years since wholly engrossed by Holland, and is now become the second best nursery for seamen; as such there is no doubt, but government will consider an object worthy of every encouragement.

## B E R W I C K.

July 1.

It affords peculiar satisfaction to observe the decorum of the Sunday Scholars in the High Meeting House. The establishment of such schools is a striking display of that benevolence of disposition which has ever characterized the inhabitants of this country; and we hope the above school will not be the only one in this Town. It is really shocking to observe the number of children brought up in every species of vice and immorality, and to hear them utter the most horrible oaths and imprecations, as soon almost as they can articulate a syllable. Great praise therefore is certainly due to those who have promoted this laudable institution; which we hope, will in a great measure put a stop to those least excusable of all vices; and would the magistrates but exert that authority, which, in conscience they ought, and which our Sovereign commands them to exert, it is hardly credible what a reformation in the morals of the rising generation, might in a little time be effected. For however divided in political sentiments, or separated from each other by diversity of religious opinion, in this important undertaking, wherein the glory of God, and the good of mankind are so intimately concerned. Parents and masters ought to assist by example and precept, to ingraft upon the young heart a love of truth, and purity of action, and to recommend the social virtues; and to shew them that vice is the *universal bane*. The small town of Morpeth hath already five Sunday-schools. How worthy of imitation is this example.

The wife of a reputable shopkeeper at Oatley, in Yorkshire, a few days ago applied a mercurial preparation to the heads of three of her children, for the purpose of destroying lice;—when, melancholy to relate, one of the children died in the course of an hour after its application; the second died the next day; and the third now lies without the smallest hope of its recovery.—Those matrons who sometimes are under the necessity of having recourse to mercurial remedies, should be very cautious of whom they purchase them.

A slight shock of an earthquake was sensibly felt on the morning of the 6th inst. at Penrith, Threlkeld, Keswick, and several places in the neighbourhood of the mountains.

## BIRTH.

July 13. Lady Purves of Purves Hall, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

April 25. At the Island of Madeira, Dr W Gourlay, physician there, to Miss Catherine Van-Cortland, daughter of Major Philip Van Cortland of New York, North America.

July 10. Mr Paulin, School-master, to Miss Wood at Fishwick.  
18. Mr T. Pearson, Watch-maker, to Miss Wilson of Peelham.

## DEATHS.

July 2. Suddenly upon Lamberton Moor, Mr Robert Gillis, aged 36.

9. Mrs Kerr, at Akeld, aged 111, she retained her mental faculties to the last, and had a sweetness of manners, that gained her the esteem of all who knew her.

16. At Ford, Miss Ann Darling, aged 18.

Mrs Wheelis.

24. Mrs Trotter, Church-Street.

26. Mrs Knowles, after a lingering illness which she bore with great resignation.



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F O R A U G U S T , 1787.

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## THE HISTORY OF HOLY-ISLAND.

*Continued from page 294.*

**W**HETHER this people were more happy in their King or in this Bishop, it is difficult to say, for the King he did so excel in piety and prudence, that, as Beda writes, all the nations and provinces within Britain were at his devotion; and not the less his heart was never lifted up within him, but still he shewed himself courteous and affable, and of the poor most compassionate. Among examples of his liberality towards these, the same Beda related, that sitting at table on Easter-day, and Aidanus by him, when it was told that a number of poor men were at the gate expecting his alms, he commanded to carry the meat that was set before him unto them, and the platter of silver wherein it was to be broke in pieces, and distributed among them. Aidanus beholding it, took the King by the right hand, and kissing it, said, "*Nunquam marcescat hæc manus,*" never let this hand consume or wither; which, as he writeth, came

also to pass, for being killed in battle, and his arm and his hand cut off, the same was enclosed in a silver shrine, and remained for many years uncorrupted, in the church of St. Peter at Hambrough.

As to Aidanus, he was an example of abstinence, sobriety, chastity, charity, and all other episcopal virtues: for as he taught, so he lived, was idle at no time, nor did he admit any of his retinue to be so, but kept them in continual exercise, either reading scripture or learning the psalms of David by heart. If he was invited to any feast (as rarely he went) he made no stay, but after a little refreshment taken, got himself away. In preaching he was most diligent, travelling through the country, for the greater part on foot, and instructing the people wheresoever he came. In a word, he was deficient in no duty required of a good Pastor; and having governed the church in those parts most happily the space

of 17 years, he died in the Isle of Lindisfarne, the place he chose for his residence, where he was also buried.

#### EPISCOPUS II.

Finan, in the year 651, succeeded Aidan in this Bishopric; he was a Scotchman, and member of the same society with his predecessor. He built a church on the island, which according to the fashion which prevailed in Scotland in those days, was constructed of beams and planks of oak covered with reeds. Archbishop Theodore, some time after this building was compleated, dedicated it to St. Peter. Eadbert, a succeeding Bishop, improved or rather rebuilt the church, and covered it with lead. Pope Gregory commanded Finan to remove his See to York; but the mode of government established in the Eastern churches, was the only ecclesiastical rule which he had adopted, and consequently the Papal supremacy was denied, and the command disobeyed. This Bishop baptized two royal converts, Penda the Mercian King, and Sægbert King of the East Angles. He ordained Bishops to attend the initiated, who in consequence of the example of the Princes, and from the influence of their own doctrines, converted multitudes. Finan was Bishop ten years, and died in the year 661.

#### EPISCOPUS III.

He was succeeded by Colman, who also came to this See from Scotland: he held it only for three years, being disgusted at the part which King Oswy took, touching the affairs of church-government, in which he coincided with the Romish maxims. Thirty English, and all his countrymen who adhered to his tenets, left the island when he departed, and accompanied him to Scotland. He carried with him some of the re-

mains of Aidan, as holy relics, leaving the rest in the church of Holy-Island, which afterwards, it is said, were by the order of King Edmund, whilst on his northern expedition, removed to Glastonbury.

During the incumbency of Colman, a controversy concerning the celebration of Easter, the tonsure of Priests, and some other ceremonies of the church, which had long been agitated with great acrimony, was determined in favour of the Roman manner, in preference to that of the Eastern churches, by King Oswy, at a council held at Steanch Hall (now Whitby) monastery.

The mode of tonsure used by the continental churches, was to make bare the crown, leaving the remaining hair as a resemblance of our Saviour's crown of thorns. The Scotch church shorn the hair off from ear to ear. In the contest touching the celebration of Easter, the authority derived from St. Peter to his successors in the See of Rome was chiefly insisted on; and the idea of his keeping the keys of heaven, admitted by all the disputants, determined the King in his opinion.

#### EPISCOPUS IV.

Tuda then became Bishop, being the first of this See who adhered to the modes and principles of Rome: he was educated in the western parts of Scotland, and it is said came into England with Colmanus. He held the Bishopric a very short time, being carried off by a pestilence which then raged in Northumberland. Bede's remarks on the succession of Scotch Bishops ending in Tuda, are too honourable to be omitted observation here. Their frugality, simplicity of life, and parsimony appeared in the place of their residence, in which there was no-

thing unnecessary, or unadapted to the simplest accommodation: in the church only magnificence was permitted. Their possessions consisted chiefly in cattle, for money was no longer retained, than till a fit opportunity offered to distribute it to the poor. Places of entertainment for Princes and Potentates were unnecessary, for they were visited only for their doctrines and holy offices of the church. The King himself, when he came thither from his royal residence, had no other object in view than to partake of the rites of religion, and departed immediately after the service: if perchance he took refreshment, it was of the common fare of the Monks. The attention of these Pastors was on spiritual matters only; temporal affairs were deemed derogatory to their holy appointment; and thence arose the high veneration that was paid by all ranks of people to the religious habit. When any Ecclesiastic went from his monastery, it was to preach the word of salvation, and he was every where received with joy, as a messenger of the Divinity; on the road, the passengers bowed the head to receive the sign of the cross and his benediction, with pious reverence noting his precepts; as documents of the most salutary purport: the churches were crowded with a devout audience, and when a Monk was seen entering a village on his travels, the inhabitants flocked about him, entreating for his admonitions and prayers. On their visitations, riches and donations were not their pursuit; when a religious society received any augmentation of the revenues of the house, it was through compassion by the donor, and they accepted it as an additional store with which they were entrusted for the benefit of the poor.

#### EPISCOPUS V.

Chad was his successor, by the title of Bishop of York, at the nomination of King Alfred. He was a man of great humility, and without ambition. He received two consecrations, one during the vacancy of the See of Canterbury, and the other by Theodore at York. At the instance of Oswy and Alfred he resigned his Bishopric in favour of Wilfred.

#### EPISCOPUS VI.

Wilfred was the preceptor of King Alfred, he was a Northumbrian by birth, and received his education at Lindisfarn; being recommended by Queen Eanfleda to a nobleman called Cudda, who retired to this monastery, he attended him thither as his companion, and continued there from the 14th to the 18th year of his age. During this Prelate's episcopacy there happened great revolutions and changes in the See of Lindisfarn; the death of King Oswy was only a part of the calamities which fell upon Northumberland in his time: Egfrid not only obtained the throne of the deceased Sovereign, but by his powerful interest and efforts deposed Alfred, assuming the second scepter, and uniting the whole in one sovereignty. Wilfred was a proud aspiring man, and debased the pall of the prelate with ambition. He became obnoxious to Theodore, who determined to humble him, and in a short time got his deposition effected. Theodore had great interest with Egfrid, which he used on this occasion, to gratify his malice and resentment; and under that ordinary craft of Ecclesiastics, a specious pretence for the advancement of religion and the honour of the church, he obtained the royal mandate to divide the kingdom of Northumberland into two dioceses, on a presumption

that one Bishop had too much power and authority. This ancient diocese then underwent a severance, and the two parts were distinguished by the names of York and Lindisfarn: that of York comprehending the district of Deira, and Lindisfarn that of Bernicia. The adopted supremacy of Rome, gave opportunity for appeal, and Wilfred, burning with resentment and disappointed ambition, fled thither, where a chapter being readily obtained, he returned with the Pope's resolution in form for his restoration. Big with the supreme mandate, he obtruded himself abruptly on the royal presence; but to his great mortification, found the King exasperated at his insolence and impudent appeal: not being the vassal of the See of Rome, he professed his contempt of its commands, reproached Wilfred for having procured his credentials by bribery, and as a presumptuous offender against the royal dignity, he cast him into prison. St. Ebba, daughter of Edilfrid King of Northumberland, was Prioresse of Coldingham in Scotland. She with others cut off their noses, that their beauty might be no bait to the lustful Danes. His lamentable situation excited the intercession of the devout Ebba, aunt to the King, who obtained his liberty with an injunction, that he never afterwards should enter the kingdom of Northumberland. After his release, Wilfred became a member of the monastery of Glastonbury, under the then Abbot Berthwald, of the royal house of Mercians; but Egfrid's wrath and resentment was not subsided, he continued his persecution of him, even in his retreat, and obtained his expulsion from that house. He then fled to the court of Adelwack King of Suffex, whose subjects

were just receiving the light of conversion, and that King gave him a Bishopric called Selfey. Upon Egfrid's demise, the crown of Northumberland devolved upon Alfred; and Theodore declining in health and strength, as he approached the grave in the steps of old age, grew anxious to acquit or relieve his conscience of the severities he had exercised against Wilfred, sought to gain his friendship, and by his interest with the Crown and earnest solicitations, obtained his restoration to the See of York. Wilfred had no sooner reassumed his ecclesiastical dignity, than his ungovernable ambition and arrogance blazed out anew: the See of York, at his first assumption of the episcopal dignity, held in unity the kingdom of Northumberland; at his restoration it was dismembered by a triple severance, by the disunion of Lindisfarn and the new constitution of Hexham. Wilfred made injudicious pretensions and claims to effect a re-union, which so exasperated the King, and was a thing so inconsistent with the politics of the times, that he was again expelled, and obliged to fly the realm. He now sought refuge in the court of Mercia, where he won upon the ear of Etheldred, and gained from him the Bishopric of Leicester. Adversity is said to be the school of wisdom, but it proved not so with Wilfred; for in this new institution he conducted himself with that insolence and impropriety, that he soon incurred the displeasure of the Mercian King and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who brought him to trial before a synod, and deposed him.

*To be continued.*

## ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

*Continued from page 296.*

## HAGMANA.

THE Rev. Mr Lambe, Vicar of Norham, Editor of the poem of Flodden Fight, in his ingenious notes thereto, says, "We may find in the North the traces of some words left us by the Romans: For example; the month of December is called Hagmana, derived from the Greek Hagia mene, the holy moon."

## ISCA.

When the Shepherds call their Dogs, it is usual with them to cry *Isca, Isca*; which is evidently an abbreviation of *Lycisca*, the name of the Roman Shepherd Dog.

## HOCK-TIDE,

A time of scorning or triumphing; a festival of the common people held soon after Easter. The servants had liberty of divers sports and diversions, and in compensation for the loss of time in their service, the masters were intitled to a gratuity. It was held in commemoration of the day on which the Danes were massacred, A. D. 1002; and such were the licentious enormities committed therein, the servants deeming themselves, during this festival, under no law of subordination, that it was prohibited by the church in the fifteenth century, under pain of excommunication. The remains of this festival seem to be retained in our *fools day*, the 1st of April, when all sorts of ridiculous tricks are practised to render the person you meet with a scoff and jest: it may be presumed the persons who, from their connections and intercourse with the Danes, lamented the horrid

slaughter were thus scoffed and ridiculed; and those who were ignorant of the event, sent on fruitless errands to their dying friends, weltering in gore. Such was the savage barbarity of the times, and the ferocity of our progenitors. These errands are called *Steeple's Errands*, which Skinner construes *Lifeless Errands*.

## MAY-DAY,

It still retains some of its ancient sports. The young people of both sexes go out early in the morning of the 1st day of May, to gather the flowering thorns and the dew of the grails, which they bring home with music and acclamations; and having dressed a poll on the town-green with garlands, dance around it. The dew was considered as a grand cosmetic, and preserved the face from wrinkles, blotches, and the traces of old age: the happiest gift Flora could bestow on her votaries. It seems from these remains, that this festival was introduced by the Romans, who observed it in honour of Flora. What particular rites originally attended it with that people we shall not enquire: at present it is celebrated only with mirth, innocence, and love. The Druids, who were the priests of the God of nature, and celebrated every remarkable period in the change of seasons, left a memorial of their religious rites on this day, very different from those instituted in honour of the notorious divinity Flora; that is, a Bel-rein rural sacrifice. It is to be traced in the mountainous and uncultivated parts of Cumberland, among the Cheviots, and in many parts of Scotland. Mr Pennant gives a particular description in his *Tour in Scotland*: "On the first of May, in the Highlands of Scotland, the herdsman of every village

village hold their Beltein : they cut a square trench in the ground, leaving the turf in the middle : on that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk, and bring, besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whisky ; for each of the company must contribute something. The rites begin with spilling some of the caudle on the ground, by way of libation ; on that every one takes a cake of oatmeal, upon which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them ; each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulder, says, this I give to thee, preserve thou my horses ; this to thee, preserve thou my sheep, and so on. After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals : this I give to thee, O fox ! spare thou my lambs : this to thee, O hooded crow ! this to thee, eagle ! when the ceremony is over, they dine on the caudle," &c.

We retain something of this kind in the syllabub, prepared for the May feast, which is made of warm milk from the cow, sweet cake, and wine ; and a kind of divination is practised, by fishing with a ladle for a wedding ring, which is dropt into it for the purpose of prognosticating who shall be first married.

Mr Brand, in his *Observations on Bourne's XXV chap.* makes several quotations from a pamphlet, intitled, "The way to things by words, and to words by things." He says, "We gather from him that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on May-day ; the Column of May (whence our May-pole) was the great stan-

dard of justice in the By-commons or fields of May. Here it was that people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their Governors, their Barons, their Kings. The garland or crown when hung on the top of the May or Pole, was the great signal for convening the people. This was one of the ancientest customs, which from the remotest ages, has been by repetition from year to year perpetuated." "It was considered as the boundary day that divided the confines of winter and summer, allusively to which, there was instituted a sportful war between two parties ; the one in defence of the continuance of winter, the other for bringing in the summer. The youth were divided into troops, the one in winter livery, the other in the gay-habit of the spring. The mock battle was always fought booty, the spring was sure to obtain the victory, which they celebrated by carrying triumphantly green branches with May flowers, proclaiming and singing the song of joy, of which the burthen was in these or equivalent terms.

"We have brought the summer home."

*To be continued.*

## B O N M O T.

A Trial for lands being pleaded before the Chancellor, the Counsel on both sides set forth their limitations in questions by the plat ; and one Counsel pleaded, My lord, we lye on this side ; and the other said, My lord we lye on this side : "Nay, (says the Chancellor) if you lie on both sides, I'll believe neither of you."

*On the Merit of Illustrious Birth.*

**T**HERE is scarcely any truth of which the world has been more frequently reminded by the moralists, than the unreasonableness of that veneration which is paid to birth. They have been told, that virtue alone is true nobility; but though they have acknowledged the assertion to be founded on reason, they have continued, with uniform perseverance, in the same error. The luminous glory of an illustrious ancestor, seems to have diffused a brilliancy over a long line of descendants, too opaque of themselves to emit any original irradiations.

Gratitude, which first raises a benefactor to a distinguished rank in civil honours, is willing to continue its kindness to his immediate offspring. The distinction is rendered hereditary. This predilection for an ancestor soon leads to the accumulation of honours and possessions in his successors; and the incense originally offered, because it was deserved, is at last lavished at the shrine of opulence, independently of merit.

Subordination is, indeed, essential to society. The order of nobles, as hereditary guardians of the laws, is found an useful political establishment; and none seem so well adapted to supply it, as they who have been raised to eminence by their ancestors, and who possess a territorial patrimonium in the land which they are to protect. All that is contended for is, that the recommendation of birth may not set aside or depreciate real merit, the praise of learning, and the intrinsic value of virtuous exertions.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of mankind, that

some of the best books have been written, and some of the greatest achievements performed, by those whose origin was truly plebeian. The politest and genteelst books, whether the sentiments or the style be considered, have been produced by slaves, or the descendants of slaves. Horace, Plædrus, and Terence, wrote in a style which must have been the standard of a court, to an intercourse with which they were by no means entitled to by their extraction. The founders of the most distinguished families emerged from the middle and the lower classes, by the superior vigour of their natural abilities, or by extraordinary efforts, assisted by fortune. And unless the adventitious circumstances of wealth and civil honours can effect a change in the constituent principles of the mind and body, there is certainly no real superiority to be derived in a boasted pedigree of Tudors and Plantagenets.

And yet there have appeared flatterers who have indirectly suggested, that the minds of the nobility seem to be cast in a finer mould, and to have an elegance inherent in their original constitution. According to this hypothesis, we must go on to suppose, that the mind of a commoner exalted to the higher order of senators, catches this elegance by the contagion of invincible effluvia. On his creation, he undergoes a kind of new birth, and puts off the exuvia which encumbered and degraded him in the lower regions. Thus are all the occult perfections of noble blood to be infused by the mandate of a monarch. But no, said Maximilian to a man who asked to be ennobled by him, though I can give you riches and a title, I cannot make you noble.

X x

In truth, there is many a nobleman, according to the genuine idea of nobility, even at the loom, at the plough, and in the shop; and many more in the middle ranks of mixed society. This genuine idea contains in it generosity, courage, spirit, and benevolence, the qualities of a warm and open heart, totally unconnected with the accidental advantages of riches and honour; and many an English sailor has possessed more of the real hero than a lord of the admiralty.

If indeed there is any substantial difference in the quality of their blood, the advantage is probably on the side of the inferior classes. Their indigence and their manual employments require temperance and exercise, the best purifiers of the animal juices. But the indolence which wealth excites, and the pleasures which fashionable life admits without restraint, have a natural tendency to vitiate and enfeeble the body as well as the mind. And among the many privileges inherited by him who boasts nobility in his veins, he commonly receives the seeds of the most painful and impurest diseases. He displays indeed a coronet on his coat of arms, and he has a long pedigree to peruse with secret satisfaction; but he has often a gout or scrophula, which make him wish to exchange every drop derived from his Norman ancestors, for the pure tide that warms a peasant's bosom.

The spirit of freedom, moral, mental, and political, which prevails in England, precludes that unreasonable attachment to birth, which, in the countries of despotism, tends to elevate the noble to a rank superior to humanity. In our neighbour's land, the region of external elegance united with real manners, the implicit veneration

paid to birth, in the countries of despotism, tends to elevate the noble to a rank superior to humanity, and adds to the weight of legal oppression. A Frenchman of the plebeian order attends to a Count or a Marquis with all the silent submission of idolatry; on the contrary, there is no doubt but that an English gondolier would box with the best Lord in the land, if he were affronted by him, without the least regard for his star and ribbon. It would indeed be an additional pleasure to the natural delight of conquest, to have bruised a puny Lord. Even the more refined and polished do not idolise illustrious birth. In truth, wealth appears to be the object of more universal veneration. Noble blood and noble titles, without an estate to support them, meet with great compassion indeed, but with little respect; nor is the man who has raised himself to eminence, and who behaves well in it, neglected and despised, because he derives no lustre from his forefathers. In a commercial country, where gain is the general object, they who have been most successful in its pursuit will be revered by many, whatever was their origin. In France, where honour is pursued from the monarch to the cleanser of a jakes, the distinction of birth, even with extreme poverty, is enviable. The brother of a Marquis would rather starve on a beggarly pension, than pollute himself with a trade by which he might acquire the revenues of a German kingdom. In our land of good sense this folly is losing ground; and the younger brothers of noble houses, often think it no disgrace to rival the heir in a princely fortune acquired by honourable merchandise.

As the world becomes more ex-

lightened, the exorbitant value which has been placed on things not really valuable will decrease. Of all the effects of man's capricious admiration, there are few less rational than the preference of illustrious descent to personal merit, of diseased and degenerate nobility to health, to courage, to learning, and to virtue. Of all the objects of pursuit which are not in our own power, the want of distinguished birth may most easily be dispensed with, by those who possess a solid judgment of that which makes and keeps us happy. There may be some reason to repine at the want of wealth and fame: but he who has derived from his parent, health, vigour, and all the powers of perception, need not lament that he is unnoticed at the herald's office.

It has been observed, that virtue appears more amiable, when accompanied with beauty; it may be added, that it is more useful when recommended to the notice of mankind by the distinction of an honourable ancestry. It is then greatly to be wished, that the nobly born would endeavour to deserve the respect which the world pays them with alacrity, by employing their influence to benevolent purposes which can at all times be accomplished, even when the patriotic exertions of the field and cabinet are precluded.

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#### HISTORY OF

#### LORD WARTON.

*Continued from page 309.*

**I**N passing through the apartments of this superb palace, I was accosted by a gentleman, from

the magnificence of whose dress, and the respect paid him by the officers of the court, I judged was a man of the first distinction; after some conversation on different subjects, "You are a stranger, I perceive, (said he) will you do me the favour to partake of a small entertainment in the German style?" I hesitated not to accept so polite and friendly an offer, and, followed my new acquaintance, into a tavern, where I was infinitely surprised to find the collation, I expected to partake of, limited to about thirty bottles of wine, which were set out ready for our reception, "Come, (cried my conductor when he saw them) this is a noble sight; now let us drink till we lose the power, but not the inclination to drink more." When he uttered these words, joy flashed from his eyes, and a face already fiery-red, and pimpled in the highest degree, became of the highest crimson: he then filled a bumper in a glass which held at least a pint, and putting it first to his lips, and then into my hand, he absolutely obliged me to swallow it at one draught; he then again filled it for himself and drank it in an instant. By his beginning in so furious a manner, I was induced to hope that the fumes of the wine would soon inebriate my companion, and enable me to leave him; but vain were my hopes: so far from being intoxicated, he had scarcely began what he called drinking, before I had more than enough; and we drank each others health so often, having but one glass between us (which is one of the polite customs of a German tavern) that I entirely lost my senses and fell under the table; but how long I remained there, or what became of my companion, I know not; for one of my servants who had followed us, had me car-

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ried to the inn where I lodged ; and on coming to my senses the next day, I found myself in bed dreadfully bruised, my head so heavy and stupid, that it was three days before I was able to go out ; yet perfectly divested of every wish ever to partake of a German entertainment.

As soon as I was able to bear travelling, I pursued my way post to Vienna ; but when I arrived there, could hardly believe that I was in the capital of Germany ; for were it not for the suburbs, it would not be more than a little paltry town ; and even the palace of the Emperor is so mean and gothic in appearance, that it seems rather a clumsy proof of the antiquity of the House of Austria, than the residence of a great monarch. Vienna seemed to afford so little entertainment, that, had I not, thought it absolutely right to have it to say on my return home, that I had resided there some time, I should have quitted it directly, without the least regret ; and I even put a very disagreeable restraint upon my inclination, by my strict adherence to the invariable rule I made on my first setting out on my tour, to pass hastily through small towns and villages, and to lengthen my stay in all principal cities where I could meet with company, pleasure, and dissipation. When I went to the banker on whom my bills of exchange were drawn, I found him a polite, well bred man, and he earnestly requested me to frequent his house of an evening during my stay at Vienna, where, he assured me, I should meet the most agreeable and entertaining society this part of the world could afford ; there needed but little entreaty to induce me to accept his offer, as I knew him to be a person of consi-

derable consequence in his way, banker to the court, and visited (I was told) by persons of the first distinction, and one who enjoyed a large fortune in the most respectable manner. In the brilliant circle of this evening assembly, I soon distinguished a very pretty woman, called the Baroness, who had been a widow near a twelvemonth ; I paid my court to her with the most perfect assiduity and attention, and endeavoured by every method in my power to improve my acquaintance with her to the utmost advantage, always placing myself next her, applauding every thing she said, and making it a constant rule never to reply in contradiction however absurd her argument, or ridiculous the proposition ; she observed the impression her charms had made, and did not seem displeased with her conquest. One evening she suffered me to conduct her home, and I availed myself of this opportunity to discover my sentiments, and plead my passion so successfully that I obtained permission to wait on her at her own house ; here I was each day more favourably received, till at length she acknowledged her affection for me ; yet often in the midst of the most animating conversation, she would interrupt the tenderest vows of love, to prove the undisputed nobility of her ancestors, and it was very easy to see that my rank in life was a strong argument for my favourable reception, and raised me higher in her esteem than I should ever had reason to hope had I been but a plebeian. One day the beautiful German received me with such bewitching sweetness and apparent sensibility, that I threw myself on my knees before her, and besought her ardently to reward my love ; she smiled

on me with tenderness, but obliging me to rise, she walked from me with great dignity, and rung the bell (as I thought, very *mal à propos*) when the servant entered: "Bring hither immediately (said she) that large iron casket from the table in my closet, I want it directly; it contains (continued she, addressing herself to me) my Lord, all my titles, records, and pedigree."

I waited in silence, the result of this mysterious behaviour, which appeared to me to be perfectly incomprehensible. The precious casket soon made its appearance; it was fastened by several padlocks: the Baroness made a sign for the servant to withdraw; he was no sooner gone than she proceeded to open all the locks with a small key, curiously fastened to her girdle, and displayed a prodigious quantity of old parchment. "Behold (said she) the records of my family, from the first foundation of the German Empire—give yourself the trouble to read my pedigree, and it will prove the truth of my assertion, whilst seventeen quarters in my arms at once prove both the antiquity and nobility of my ancestors: now, my lord, shew me your titles and archives of your house; and if your birth is equal in every respect to my own, I am ready to give you every proof of my affection, but it can only be on that condition, since I should expire with confusion were I to discover that I had submitted to the frightful indignity of receiving to my arms a man of no rank, or even a peer newly created."

Whilst the illustrious lady was thus declaiming with all the pride of birth, it was with great difficulty I could suppress my inclination to laugh; I humbly represen-

ted to her, "that it was absolutely impossible I could produce to her my genealogy, as travellers did not in general encumber themselves with records and pedigrees, and that my love was much too impatient to wait for the accomplishment of my wishes 'till they could be sent me from England; that what ladies, in general, expected from their lovers, were secrecy and fidelity, virtues by no means comprised in the letters patent of nobility; and that this extreme niceness on such a subject, was not shewn by the greatest ladies either of the French or English court, as it was the heart alone that was to be consulted in such an attachment." Vain were my pleadings—she remained inexorable, and saw me act every extravagance of a fool and a madman, with the utmost composure. Vexed to the soul at finding I had not any more influence over her, but that pride made her fear it was derogatory from the grandeur of her origin, to listen to the dictates of love, without the most convincing proof of my dignity.—I retired, extremely enraged, and resolved, not only to abandon the proud Baroness, but fearing the other ladies of Germany might be equally absurd, and expect no man to make love to them without a certificate from the herald's office, I left Vienna and hastened to climb the Alps.

I descended into the Milanese, fatigued to death with the slow pace the horses had been obliged to go in so mountainous a country; but the air of Italy seemed to give me new life, and I reflected with pleasure, that I should no longer associate with the phlegmatic, ceremonious Germans, but promised myself a fund of amusement from the lively petulance of the Italians. Arrived at Milan, I eagerly en-

quired what was most worthy my observation in that city? they immediately entered into a long detail of the beauty of a great number of superb edifices, and amongst the rest, a cathedral built, they told me, of marble of different colours, not yet finished, ornamented with statues which have immortalized the name of the first artists in Italy. As these were trifles I never attended to, and if they really are what it is desirable for a man to be acquainted with, he may read as well an account of them, after his return to England, much more accurate than he can give; and in much less time than he can see them. I therefore declined very peremptorily to bestow the hours I had to spare on either churches or paintings; but eagerly enquired the time the opera was to begin, and went that evening to the theatre, where was to be represented an opera, written, I heard, by one Metastasio, who it seems is one of their most favourite poets: the music was likewise the composition of one of their most celebrated composers. In consequence of this information, I thought myself very fortunate, for I had heard such praises of the performers of Italy, that I expected to be quite enchanted; but to my very great disappointment, so far from being entertained, I was quite tired before the second act was finished; and except a few airs, I thought it the most detestable performance I had ever seen, and am fully convinced that not any person possessed of the smallest degree of understanding, can ever find any entertainment in their dull recitativo and repetitions without end; however, all the persons near whom I was placed, affected an infinite pleasure, and were hoarse with calling out Bravo! bravo!

whilst I kept a profound and contemptuous silence, except now and then yawning most dreadfully, in spite of every effort to prevent it, as it was with the greatest difficulty I kept from sleeping. When it was over (weary to death, and my ears aching with the fatigue of listening to the warbling quavers of a set of effeminate wretches, metamorphosed into kings, heroes, and conquerors) I rose from my seat, and said aloud in English (which I did not suppose any one there understood) "What cursed stuff it is! well worth the trouble, truly, to come so far to hear such a jargon of sounds!" when I had uttered these words, a man muffled in a long cloak, who was in the next box, looked at me in a very particular manner, and I learnt afterwards, that he perfectly understood the sense of my exclamation: this person walked behind me a few paces till we came into an unfrequented street, when he suddenly drew a poignard and stabbed me in the back in two or three places, telling me at the same time, "he gave it me to cure the defect in my ears;" this new method of teaching music was so dextrously applied, and by so masterly a hand, that I had not time to parry the blow, but fell senseless at his feet; when I came to myself, my groans drew the attention of some charitable persons who were passing; they took me up, carried me to the nearest inn, which proved to be that from which I came, and which I had preferred on account of its vicinity to the theatre; when I was able, I related to my host the accident which had befallen me; but when he heard the provocation I had given by my soliloquy, he assured me I had got off cheaply. "What! (said he) did not you know that the Ita-

hians are equally jealous of their music and their wives? with only this difference that they stab you for not liking the one, or for being too fond of the other.

*To be continued.*

*On the Folly and Wickedness of neglecting a Family and Children, for the pleasures of Dissipation.*

**T**HOUGH it may be true, as it has been asserted, that one age is not better than another, yet it is obvious to remark that the modes, if not the degrees of vice, have varied at different periods; and that, of modes equally criminal in themselves, some are particularly destructive. Whatever have been the manners of preceding times, in our country, I believe it will be readily allowed, that the middle ranks were never universally affected with the love of a dissipating life till the present age. Domestic industry and economy, or the qualities distinguished by the homely titles of thriftiness and good housewifery, were always, to the present century, deemed honourable. They are now, however, discarded in disgrace; and in their place have succeeded a passionate love of show without substance, a never-ceasing attention to dress, and an insatiable hunger and thirst after diversions public and private.

Whoever considers the natural effect of excessive indulgence, in relaxing and weakening the tone of the mind, will immediately perceive how pernicious it must be to human nature in general, and to each particular society. There can remain neither inclination, nor ability for exertion, when the strings which should give elasticity

are all loose or broken; and without exertion, what is man? Behold what he is in the womanish court of an oriental tyrant. Sunk in sloth, and prostrate in meanness, poor human nature, in such a situation, scarcely equals in spirit or ingenuity, the monkey and baboon.

But I mean not to enlarge on dissipation in general, but to consider its effects in the limited circle of private families; from which, however, it gradually extends its influence over the whole community, throughout all its departments, like the undulations of a pebble thrown into a pool.

Let us suppose a married couple in the middle ranks of life (and I select my instances from the middle ranks because they are the most numerous and important). Let us suppose them just setting out, as it is called, in the world. The first object is to form and extend connections. The ostensible motive is the advancement of the family interest; the real and most powerful motive, the love of various company, in a continual succession. Dinners and suppers, dancing and card playing, leave little time, and no inclination, for the sober business of the trade or profession. A neglected trade or profession cannot succeed; and the poor young people, after having spent the little and hard earned patrimony which, it may be, their affectionate parents bestowed on them, live the rest of their lives in some poor lodging in penury and servitude, or die of disappointment.

But, if, by uncommonly good fortune, they avoid bankruptcy or ruin, yet their love of dissipation never fails to poison that happiness which it pretends to sweeten. It prevents them from performing the most indispensable duties, and living the life of rational creatures.

All heads of families are presidents of little societies, which they are bound to regulate by precept and example. But how shall they be qualified to do this, who are seldom at home, and who, when they are there, are constantly engaged in vanity. Their own corruption descends, with additional malignity of influence, to the lowest menial servant, who has sought protection beneath their roof.

But let us consider them in the relation of parents. Nothing can be more inconsistent with the life of a lady who delights in the fashionable amusements, than the care of her new-born child. Her dress would be disconcerted, and her shape spoiled, were she to attempt to feed it herself with the food which nature has made convenient for it. She could not be absent from home. She must be liable to interruption at all hours. Her health also must fail under so constant a fatigue, added to the necessary toils of the ball and card-table. Her physician, for she takes care to keep the doctor on her side, declares, that from the delicate imbecility of her constitution, it would be highly improper for her to submit to the exhausting task of suckling an infant. The little one, therefore, whose heavenly smiles would repay every maternal care, is sent to the cottage, or the garret, of some hireling nurse. There, amidst poverty, hunger, and nastiness, it drags a precarious existence, with no attention, but the cold charity of a mercenary woman, who has often, at the same time, a child of her own to engross her maternal endearments. The mother, in the mean time, is engaged in the gay circle of an assembly, losing that money at cards, or spending it in dress and pleasures, which ought to pay her husband's creditors. Ah! little thinks

she how her poor infant, which ought to be fostered in her bosom, is bewailing, in the expressive language of tears, the neglect, and the harsh treatment it undergoes in the dreary haunts of want and misery. Many a severe menace, and many a hard blow does the sweet babe receive from the passionate and ignorant nurse, at which a mother's heart would bleed if it were not lost to sensibility. Poor innocents, unhappy orphans, deserted in your helpless state, by those who have brought you into a wretched world; may he who took the children up in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them, have pity on your woes, on those injuries which ye sorely suffer, but cannot have deserved!

Life, however, is not easily extinguished; and notwithstanding all the pains and inconveniencies which the child undergoes from want of food, from want of cleanliness, from want of those tender attentions which a mother can only pay, it does indeed survive; but what remains of its lot is even more miserable than that which has already passed. As it has always been absent from home, it is a stranger there. Its parents feel but little natural affection for it; for natural affection fixes itself in the heart most deeply at that period when the infant is hanging at the breast, and smiling, as it were, with gratitude in the face of her who supplies it with delicious nourishment from her own vital current. It takes still firmer possession of the heart when the child begins to prattle, and to play those little tricks, which none but a callous mind can behold without delight. But, alas! the little boy or girl are still considered as obstacles to pleasure at home. They pay a short and formal visit there, and are again dismissed to a

nurse, locked up with servants in a garret, or transferred to their grandmother. The last is a most enviable lot, in comparison with the former; in which they not only experience harsh words and hard blows, but learn vulgar ideas, vulgar language, and habits of every kind, which must one day be unlearned.

As soon as they can walk firmly, and talk plainly, they are removed to one of those convenient schools or academies, as they are called, where children, at a very early age, are received as into nurseries. In the subsequent course of their education they are constantly kept from home: or if they are indulged in a visit of a few days, they see little but what tends to mislead them. They receive no fatherly advice, and whatever learning they may acquire at their schools, they usually enter on the stage to act their part in the drama of life, without judgment, and without principles to regulate their conduct. There is usually added to their misfortune of being neglected and misled, that of being deprived of all share of their parent's possessions; who, in the gay circles of pleasure, not only spend their own property, but involve themselves and their paternal estates in debt, and in every species of distressing and disgraceful embarrassment. There is no part of the family and affairs of the dissipation which has not a tendency to ruin. They are themselves in a constant state of mortification and disappointment. Their object in pursuing a perpetual round of amusements, is to obtain perpetual pleasure; an object which human nature could never yet accomplish. They, of all others, are least likely to obtain it, who make pleasure a business, and in prosecution of it, neglect their most important and

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their daily duties. Nothing more the nature of deluded by a phantom, truest pleasure and moderate tumult, violent the fine spirit is otherwise to leave little but disagreeable assemblies, feasts, cards, dress, should be put they are, tempt. Ask those who vortex of fate are happy? They are engaged, what the work they are as a languor and a part of mankind compels others of them but their count abundantly to at least, their easiness. The satisfaction of from the poor tunes enable to distinction; but, slenderly founded only of a weak art.

With respect to the part of the dissipation, the quiet misery is tainly very elegant. Single men, however false lights of gination, suffice at least draw train. But the generation must when dissipation is universal among heads of families.

Selfish arguments may succeed when others fail ; and I therefore wish I could convince the generality of a certain truth ; that there is really more pleasure to be found at the family fire side, and in the regular performance of domestic duties, than in the never-ceasing pursuit after fashionable amusements. What is the delight of seeing an Italian or French dancer stand upon one leg, compared to that of beholding one's own smiling babes in the raptures of a game at play ? What is the delight of glittering at a ball, a play, a masquerade, compared to that of a home, in which are found plenty, tranquility, and love, uninterrupted by the extravagance, the folly, the pride, and the restlessness of that ignorant, empty, weak, and fickle, yet arbitrary tyrant, Fashion ?

Not that the moralist is severe. He prohibits no moderate and reasonable enjoyments. He is too well acquainted with human nature, and with life, so to moralize. He maintains only, that though dissipating pleasures may be allowed as a temporary relief, they are fatal to happiness and virtue, when they are suffered to engage the whole attention, or to become the chief employment.

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*Extracts from Captain Cook's Voyages.*

*Continued from page 184.*

*Remarkable account of a Human Sacrifice at Otaheite.*

**T**HE victim having been killed by a sudden and unexpected blow on the head, one of the attendants of the priests began the ceremony by bringing a young plantain tree, and laying it before the king : another approached,

bearing a small tuft of red feathers, twisted on some fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, with which he touched one of Otoo's feet, and afterwards retired with it to his companions. One of the priests, who was seated at the *morai*, now began a long prayer ; and at particular times, sent down young plantain-trees, which were placed upon the sacrifice. During this prayer, an islander, who stood by the officiating priest, held in his hands two bundles, in one of which, as we afterwards found, was the royal *maro* ; and the other, if we may be allowed the expression, was the ark of the *Eatua*. The prayer being finished, the priests at the *morai*, with their assistants, sat down by those who were upon the beach, carrying the two bundles with them. They here renewed their prayers ; during which the plantain trees were taken, one by one, at various times from off the dead body, which, being wrapped up in cocoa leaves and small branches, was now taken out of the canoe, and laid upon the beach. The priests placed themselves around it : some standing, and others sitting ; and one, or more of them repeated sentences for about ten minutes. The body was now stripped of the leaves and branches, and placed parallel with the sea-shore. Then one of the priests, standing at the feet of the corpse, pronounced a long prayer, in which he was occasionally joined by the others, each of them holding a tuft of red feathers in his hand. During this prayer, some hair was pulled off the head of the intended sacrifice, and the left eye was taken out ; both which being wrapped up in a green leaf, were presented to the king, who, however, did not touch them, but gave to the man who presented them, a tuft of red

feathers, which he had received from Towha. This, with the eye and hair, was taken to the priests.

Not long after, his majesty sent them another piece of feathers. In the course of this last ceremony, a king fisher making a noise in the trees, Ottoo turned to Captain Cook, saying, "That is the *Eatooa*," and seemed to consider it as a favourable prognostic. The corpse was then carried a little way, and laid under a tree; near which were fixed three thin pieces of wood, variously carved. The bundles of cloth were placed on a part of the *morai*; and the tufts of red feathers laid at the feet of the dead body, round which the priests stationed themselves; and the English gentlemen were now permitted to go as near as they pleased. He who seemed to be the chief priest spoke for about a quarter of an hour, with different tones and gestures; sometimes appearing to expostulate with the deceased; among which, he desired him to deliver Eimeo, Maheine its chief, the women, hogs, and other things of the island, into their hands; which was, indeed, the express object of the sacrifice. He then prayed near half an hour in a whining tone, and two other priests joined in the prayer, in the course of which a priest plucked some more hair from the head of the corpse, and put it upon one of the bundles. The chief priest now prayed alone, holding in his hand the feathers received from Towha. Having finished, he gave them to another priest, who prayed in like manner; then all the tufts of feathers were placed upon the bundles of cloth.

The dead body was now carried to the most conspicuous part of the *morai*, with the feathers and the two bundles of cloth, while the drums beat slowly. The

feathers against the p body at the priests having themselves round their prayer assistants du depth of two threw the v over with st they were co the grave, a upon which Cook, that i fire having b time, a lean produced, a his neck. singed off, a taken out, w fire, where consumed; b and liver, w being put on the carcase o rubbed over with the liver the priests, w the graves some time over the dog intervals, be drums; and loud shrill voi

This, they the *Eatooa* to that they had When the pri prayers, the &c. of the do *whatta*, or sc in height, o mains of two two pigs, w sacrificed. T dants now g which put an nies for the ing being arri tlemen were belonging to were entertain

the night. Having been informed that the religious rites were to be renewed the next morning, they would not quit the place while any thing remained to be seen. Some of them repaired to the scene of action early in the morning; and soon afterwards a pig was sacrificed, and laid upon the same scaffold with the others.

About eight o'clock, Otoo took our party again to the *morai*, where the priests, and a great multitude of people, were by this time assembled. The two bundles occupied the place where they had been deposited the preceding evening; the two drums were in the front of the *morai*, and the priests were stationed beyond them. The king placed himself between the drums, and desired Captain Cook to stand by him. The ceremony of this day began with bringing a young plantain-tree, and laying it at his majesty's feet. A prayer was then repeated by the priests, holding in their hands several tufts of red feathers, and also a plume of ostrich feathers, which the Commodore had presented to Otoo on his first arrival. When the priests had ended the prayer, they changed their station, and placed themselves between the English gentlemen and the *morai*. One of them began another prayer, which continued near half an hour. During this prayer, the tufts of red feathers were put, one by one, upon the ark of the *Eatooa*. Not long after, four pigs were produced, one of which was immediately killed, and the three others were taken to a neighbouring sty. One of the bundles was now untied; and it was found to contain the *maro*, with which the Otaheiteans invest their kings. When taken out of the cloth, it was spread on the ground, at full length, before the priests. It is a

girdle about fifteen feet in length and one foot and a quarter in breadth, and is probably put on in the same manner as the common *maro*, or piece of cloth, used by these islanders to wrap round the waist. It was ornamented with yellow and red feathers.

One end of it was bordered with eight pieces, about the size and figure of a horse-shoe, whose edges were fringed with black feathers. The other end was forked, having the points of various lengths. The feathers were ranged in two rows, in square compartments, and produced a pleasing effect. They had been first fixed upon some of the cloth of the island, and then sewed to the upper end of the pendant which Captain Wallis had left flying on shore, the first time of his arrival at Matavai. The priests pronounced a long prayer, relative to this part of the ceremony; and after it was ended, the badge of royalty was folded up with great care, and put into the cloth.

*To be continued.*

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## THE HISTORY OF ALCIDALIS AND ZELIDA.

*Continued from page 305.*

IN the condition the Duchess was in, and in the manner she spoke, though she had demanded of Rosalva the kingdom of Arragon, or though she had known of what importance it was she desired of her, she could not have refused her. She embraced her, and told her, that she received with much joy the gift she made her, upon condition she would never re-

voke it: That from that moment she would think she had two daughters, and that there was no difference between them, except that Zelida, should be always the favourite, but if she would take courage, she hoped she would live long enough to see, and be herself a witness of the effects of her promises. That gave great comfort to the mind Camilla, but did not at all diminish her trouble. She lived yet two days, at the end of which time she went out of the world, with as much joy as one would leave a prison, and left the whole court in sorrow, and the queen in an affliction one cannot represent. Thus Zelida, in less than three months, saw both her father and mother buried in the tomb of those whose succession they came to claim. And now behold her three hundred leagues distant from her native country, at the age of six years, dwelling in a strange country, and what she has yet more to fear, in the power of one from whom the stars threatened her with all the misfortunes of her life. But fortune is the best mother in the world, and no evil can happen to the infants she adopts. She took that orphan under her protection, and from so bad a beginning, undertakes to set two crowns on her head. Zelida was the most accomplished workmanship of heaven. As her life was to be full of wonders, so was her person too; and this history which is agreeable to truth in all other respects, fails only in what is said of her. Through the whole bounds the sun takes to surround the earth, he had not seen such an accomplished beauty as this. In the most beautiful body of the world, she had spirit not a to be imagined of our nature, and which appeared to be one of those which ought to govern no other than

those above made to age in speak a might h. greatest to happy stars cont on her best, and her so m was wh and she a tial perfo inclinatic fully, to have no nefs, and tural, tha strait or every on any strag had she and evil justice an ing her c so many her, the hidden-g persons were in l that she v the wor know wi tions, v the heart and the somethin very sou number beyond part of h can be to Thus l spectis she can take And for taken a you let n many re that I c drawn it

represented it so well if I had not drawn the copy from you.

With these arms Zelida must conquer the kingdom of Arragon, and there was no need of any other, since she had nothing to do but gain the heart of Alcidalis, whom all the forces of the world could not have overcome. She was received into the palace, with so great an affection and delight, that one might have drawn an augury from that, that she would one day enter as its mistress, and command it : The queen who thought she would never be comforted for the death of her mother, could not but be sad whenever she looked on her. And the king found not much difference between the affection he had for her, and what he had for his own son. Alcidalis and Zelida were come to an age wherein they use to paint out amours, and both were endowed with all the marks and graces the most excellent painter could give. They had a beauty so equal, though extremely different, and there shone out in them such extraordinary qualities, that nobody doubted but they were born for one another. And each of them had been in the world without an equal, had they not come at the same time. To say the truth, though they had the affection of all who saw them, they had not been loved enough if they had not been born one for the other, and if there had not been other souls than theirs, that had been capable of so great a passion as each of them deserved. Thus Cupid who was desirous to give signal proofs of his power, in two such extraordinary persons, brought it about so successfully, that each felt it long before they knew it; and he did not allow them to spend in ease that first season of life, when nature seems to have bridled the passions. Ze-

lida did not fail, at first sight, to make the same impressions on the heart of Alcidalis, as she was used to do on all others. And he likewise made spring up in the heart of Zelida an emotion she had never felt for any before. The queen according to the design she had laid in Arragon, had always taken care to bring up the prince with such art as might induce him to love her daughter. As soon as he could speak, they had accustomed him to call her his mistress. They took him every day to see her; and all who were in his presence never lost an opportunity to praise to him her beauty or gentility. But the inclination of Alcidalis did not at all agree with the will of the queen; and he who had sweetness and complaisance for every body, seemed only to be wanting in it to the young countess, and never seemed to be in so great constraint as when in company with her. Whether that his high spirit could not bear that they should have any designs for him, without informing him of it; or whether the stars that made him be born for Zelida, gave him a secret aversion for all that would take her place. As soon as she was entered into the palace, his mind seemed changed all of a sudden, and as the queen had given her a companion to her daughter. He never stirred from the apartment of the countess, and never thought himself so happy as in her presence. Cupid, to be better received in the heart, makes commonly his entry there, attended with joy and beauty, and does no evil or violence, till he thinks himself master of the place, and has made himself so powerful as not to fear being driven out. At first these two young infants found in themselves nothing extraordinary, but an extreme pleasure in seeing

one another. They found on looking on one another a certain joy and delight, which they had not been used to feel; and nobody but observed they were delighted with one another, as often as they were together. Zelida who had hitherto been a very sober infant, began to be more lively than usual. And Alcidalis was so gay and agreeable when he saw her, that one would have thought he reserved a particular humour and gaiety to appear in her presence. In the innocence in which they then were, they enjoyed for some years peaceably that pleasure, which was without doubt, the most happy state they saw a long time after. But their minds from day to day, acquiring new strength, their passion increased also, and Cupid at last became so powerful, that he made them feel, and be sensible of it. Alcidalis began to become more thoughtful than ordinary, and every time he saw not Zelida, he payed by an extraordinary melancholy for the pleasure of having seen her. There were now no more sports and diversions for him, but those that he took with her, nor any other pleasure than that of seeing her, and if any thing in her absence could please him, it was to speak and converse about her. That heart that from its infancy, was destined to subdue all the world; thought of nothing now but the conquest of Zelida, and if yet any thought of his former ambition returned, it was only with a design to make himself more worthy of her, and to lay at her feet as many crowns as she deserved. Every time he went from her presence, it seemed to him as if he fell from heaven to earth, and at the coming from her company, nothing was agreeable but solitude. There he

went over her words, and confided through all drew favourable conjectures towards himself, or all he had expected of times he had great timidity, having always remained himself, as he began to all the pleasures delighted him before he had more pleasure present, and regard to his to appear in. In fine, he she had been the world, and designed her. Cupid pierced as deep but he had no progress no much; when pride, he was known to be two years young of that passion fail to feel in tion, as often prince. She her beauty nary. She less, because for him; and she paid her were more to do, yet distress. Me great, brave and by confession, which duties. The which inclined

there by time, an impression, which nothing could ever efface, and found there an affection as beautiful, and as perfect as herself.

*To be continued.*

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*For the Berwick Museum.*

*Hints to those who are designed for the profession of Physic.*

IT is my design in this paper, to suggest a few hints of advice to young persons who are just entering on any of the liberal professions, not, indeed, with a presumptuous intention to direct them in a technical or scientific practice, but merely to give them some general ideas, which may render their views more liberal, and their minds more generous, or arm them with some useful precautions. I remember too well the impertinence of the sophist who read a lecture to Hannibal on the art of war, to think of instructing any persons in the peculiar or mechanical art and science which they have made the study of their lives. But there are certain universal truths which men, attached to a particular pursuit, sometimes overlook. There is also a certain enlargement of minds, which is lost in the narrow habits and confined views of those who take an active part in a lucrative profession. He who surveys life in an extensive prospect, may see a variety of magnificent objects which escape the eye, which is constantly fixed on a few single circumstances; and confined within a narrow circle. It is the business of the moralist to inspect every part of human life, to endeavour to correct its errors,

and promote all the excellence and happiness of which it is capable.

It has been justly remarked, that they who enter on the profession of medicine in any of its branches, have commonly depended for success, rather on the cultivation of the graces than the sciences. And it is certain, that many persons whose solid attainments were very moderate have run away with the greatest share of wealth and popularity, with few other recommendations than a fine person, a shewy dress, a singular equipage, and an undaunted effrontery.

But since internal satisfaction, a consciousness of having done all that was possible to prepare for a profession, and of having pretended to no more than we are able to perform, is a surer source of happiness, than the applause, and even the guineas of the ignorant multitude; I advise every pupil who values substantial happiness more than the phantom of it, to devote the first period of his life to a very serious pursuit of every part of knowledge which contributes to give him, not only a practical, but a theoretical skill in his profession; not only the contracted ideas of a mercenary practitioner, but the comprehensive sentiments of a student in philosophy.

The foundation should be laid in an education truly liberal. It is really lamentable to observe the extreme ignorance of those among medical practitioners, who are applied to in the first instance, and who constitute the most numerous class. They are taken from a writing school, or perhaps a grammar school, at the age of fourteen and bound apprentices. They have usually acquired a good hand-writing; but their knowledge of the classics is seldom worth mentioning; and upon the whole,

their education may be said to be about equal to that of a pauper in a parish charity school. Their business is to stand behind the counter, and compound medicines by the prescriptions of the doctor. They are, indeed, often so enigmatical, that nothing less than the sagacity of an Oedipus can resolve their difficulties. The poor lad, if he has time, will toil at his dictionary, where, however, he often toils in vain; but if he has not time, which is usually the case, he takes the most expeditious method of doing business. He is ashamed to confess his ignorance, and therefore puts up any medicine his conjecture suggests; the phial is wrapt up, dispatched with all expedition, and the patient poisoned.

After having spent seven years in a shop pounding drugs and spreading plasters; and after having acquired a little paltry portion of mechanical knowledge, by constant habit, he is dismissed as complete; and goes into the country a bold professor of chirurgery and pharmacy. With a smart dress, an unblushing countenance, and a voluble tongue, he is sure of success, and bids defiance to all the learning in the world. In his own opinion he is another Hippocrates or Heberden; and, indeed, he is an object of real wonder to the country people; for he collects a few hard words from his dictionary, which he utters with great gravity among gossips and farmers, who considers him as a very learned man, as well as prodigiously clever in his profession. Those who could bear witness against his skill, are all secured and silenced in the church-yard.

I assert, that a knowledge of the Greek as well as Latin is really necessary to the apothecary, if he would perform his business with that accuracy which is certainly

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required in so important an employment. A boy destined to this employment should by no means leave his school till the age of sixteen or seventeen. The knowledge of the learned languages, acquired before that time is merely elementary; it is only of use as it leads to farther improvement in the languages. It cannot qualify for any profession, much less for the apothecaries, the names of whose instruments, medicines, and operations, are, for the most part, either wholly Greek, or of Greek extraction.

But, indeed, if he wishes to raise his profession above the level of an empiric, or a farrier, he should acquire a liberal education for his own sake, independently of its use in a mercenary view; for the sake of polishing his mind, and elevating his sentiments. With a liberal education and an extensive practice, he is in fact a physician, though called an apothecary; and though he should neither have purchased a diploma, nor have earned a regular degree by spending his time, money, and health in an English university, he is a Gentleman: and the peculiar utility of his employments, when judiciously and humanely conducted, entitle him to the company and conversation of all who deserve that distinction.

There never was an age in which they who intend to support the dignified character of graduated physicians, had better opportunities for improvement in physiology. Lectures, as well as books, in anatomy, chemistry, and every part of science and natural philosophy, never more abounded. Let the student devote himself to these with long and serious application, and depend more upon them, than on the caprice of fashion, or any singularity in his  
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chariot or livery. A popular physician in a great capital, and indeed any where, is a very important member of society, considered merely in a political view. The lives, limbs, health, and spirits of a very great part of the subjects of a kingdom depend upon his skill and honesty. A man who undertakes this office, and recommends himself by address and artifice, without qualifying himself with every preparatory knowledge, and who abuses the confidence of those who fly to him as to a guardian angel, in the deepest distress, has very little claim to the title of an honest man, and deserves to be stigmatized and punished with the worst of villains and the vilest of sharpers.

It has been observed and regretted, that some individuals in this liberal profession have exhibited such an attention to interest, as is incompatible with the common feelings of humanity. Such persons are their own enemies; for no gratification of sordid avarice can equal the delicious sensations of him, who delights in exercising his skill, in diffusing joy through the haunts of misery, and in relieving the sick, the maimed, the halt, and the blind.

There is, indeed, something godlike in the medical profession, when it is humanely and disinterestedly exercised. Every one, it is true, ought to pay that regard to interest which prudence, and a love of his own family, demand; but he who also delights in relieving, from the satisfactions of sympathy and a sense of duty, may be said to resemble the great model of every perfection, Jesus Christ, who went about doing good, and healing all manner of sickness and diseases among the people.

*On the Pleasures of a Garden.*

**N**OT he alone is to be esteemed a benefactor to mankind who makes an useful discovery; but he also who can point out and recommend an innocent pleasure. Of this kind are the pleasures arising from the observation of nature, and they are highly agreeable to every taste uncorrupted by vicious indulgence.

There will always be many in a rich and civilized country, who, as they are born to the enjoyment of competent estates, engage not in business either civil or professional. But the restless mind must either find or make an object. Pleasure, therefore, becomes, to the unemployed, a serious pursuit. Whatever is its essence, and whatever the declaimer may urge against it, pleasure will be sought by all who possess the liberty of election. It becomes then incumbent on the moralist, not only to urge the performance of duty, but to exhibit objects that please without enervating the mind, and gratify desire without corrupting the principles.

Rural scenes, of almost every kind, are delightful to the mind of man. The verdant plain, the flowery mead, the meandering stream, the playful lamb, the warbling of birds, are all capable of exciting emotions gently agreeable. But the misfortune is, that the greater part are hurried on in the career of life with too great rapidity to be able to give attention to that which solicits no passion. The darkest habitation in the dirtiest street of the metropolis, where money can be earned, has greater charms with many, than the groves of Hagley.

Yet the patron of refined pleasure, the elegant Epicurus, fixed the seat of his enjoyment in a garden. He was of opinion, that a tranquil spot, furnished with the united sweets of art and nature, was best adapted to delicate repose. And even the severer philosophers of antiquity were wont to discourse in the shade of a spreading tree, in some cultivated plantation.

It is obvious, on intuition, that nature often intended solely to please the eye in her vegetable productions. She decorates the flowret that springs beneath our feet, in all the perfection of external beauty. She has clothed the garden with a constant succession of various hues. Even the leaves of the tree undergo a pleasing vicissitude. The fresh verdure which they exhibit in the spring, the various shades which they assume in summer, the yellow and russet tinge of autumn, and the nakedness of winter, afford a constant pleasure to a lively imagination. From the snow-drop to the moss-rose, the flower-garden displays an infinite variety of shape and colour. The taste of the florist has been ridiculed as trifling; yet surely without reason. Did nature bring forth the tulip and the lily, the rose and the honeysuckle, to be neglected by the haughty pretender to superior reason? To omit a single social duty for the cultivation of polyanthus, were ridiculous as well as criminal; but to pass by the beauties lavished before us, without observing them, is no less ingratitude than stupidity. A bad heart finds little amusement but in a communication with the active world, where scope is given for the indulgence of malignant passions; but an amiable disposition is commonly known by a

taste for the beauties of the animal and the vegetable creation.

The northern countries of Europe are by no means well adapted to the true enjoyment of rural scenery. Our vernal seasons, which the poets celebrate in all the luxuriance of description, are commonly rendered cold and uncomfortable by the long continuance of an easterly wind. Our poets borrowed their ideas of a spring from the poets of Italy, who collected theirs from nature. A genial day in April, is among us the subject of general congratulation. And, while the lilac blossoms, and the laburnum drops its golden clusters, the shivering possessor of them is constrained to seek warmth at the side of his chimney. Yet from the temperature of our climate we derive a beauty unknown in the gardens of a warmer country. Few objects are more pleasing than the smooth lawn; but the soft verdure which constitutes its beauty, is not to be found in more southern climates. It is certainly true, that the rarity of our truly vernal weather, like that of other delights, increases the pleasure of it; and it is probable, for this reason, that an Englishman, notwithstanding his complaints against his atmosphere, enjoys the pleasures of a garden in their full perfection. A fine day, says Sir William Temple, is a kind of sensual pleasure; but surely it would cease to be such if every day were fine.

A practical attention to a garden, is by some esteemed a degrading employment. It is true, indeed, that pastoral and agricultural manners, if we may form a judgment from the dignified descriptions of Virgil, are greatly degenerated. The employment of shepherds and husbandmen

now become mean and sordid. The work of the garden is usually left to a peasant. Nor is it unreasonable to assign the labour, which wearies without amusement, to those who are sufficiently amused by the prospect of their wages. But the operations of grafting, of inoculating, of pruning, of transplanting, are curious experiments in natural philosophy; and that they are pleasing as well as curious, those can testify, who remember what they felt on seeing their attempts in the amusement of practical gardening attended with success.

Among the employments suitable to old age, Cicero has enumerated the superintendence of a garden. It requires no great exertion of mind or body; and its satisfactions are of that kind which please without violent agitation. Its beneficial influence on health is an additional reason for an attention to it at an age when infirmities abound.

In almost every description of the seats of the blessed, ideas of a garden seem to have predominated. The word *Paradise* itself is synonymous with garden. The fields of *Elysium*, that sweet region of poetry, are adorned with all that imagination can conceive to be delightful. Some of the most pleasing passages of Milton, are those in which he represents the happy Pair engaged in cultivating their blissful abode. Poets have always been delighted with the beauties of a garden. Lucan is represented by Juvenal as reposing in his garden. Virgil's *Georgics* prove him to have been captivated with rural scenes; though, to the surprise of his readers, he has not assigned a book to the subject of a garden. Qui Shennstone made it his study; but, with all his taste and fondness for it, he

was not happy in it. The captivating scenes which he created at the *Leasowes*, afforded him, it is said, little pleasure in the absence of spectators. The truth is, he made the embellishment of his grounds, which should have been the amusement of his life, the business of it; and involved himself in such troubles, by the expences it occasioned, as necessarily excluded tranquil enjoyment.

It is the lot of few, in comparison, to possess territories like his, extensive, and sufficiently well adapted to constitute an ornamented farm. Still fewer are capable of supporting the expence of preserving it in good condition. But let not the rich suppose they have appropriated the pleasures of a garden. The possessor of an acre, or a smaller portion, may receive a real pleasure, from observing the progress of vegetation, even in a plantation of culinary plants. A very limited tract properly attended to, will furnish ample employment for an individual. Nor let it be thought a mean care; for the same hand that raised the cedar, formed the hyssop on the wall. Even the orchard, cultivated solely for advantage, exhibits beauties unequalled in the shrubbery; nor can the greenhouse produce an appearance to exceed the blossom of the apple and the almond.

Amusement reigns, says Dr. Young, man's great demand. Happy were it, if the amusement of managing a garden were more generally relished. It would surely be more conducive to health, and the preservation of our faculties to extreme old age, were that time, which is now devoted to the dice, and to the card table, spent in the open air, and in active employment.

*Reflections on the Communication and Keeping of Secrets.*

TO reveal the secret of another is a fault in which injustice and imprudence are united. It is to dispose of that which is not your own property, and to betray your trust; an injury, which is the more criminal, as it is irreparable. If you dissipate a sum committed to your keeping as a trustee, it is possible that you may one day be able to make restitution; but a secret, once revealed, can never be brought back into that friendly darkness, which veiled it from the public eye.

Whether silence has or has not been promised, the obligation to secrecy is the same, if the nature of the circumstances communicated requires it. To hear it out is to engage not to discover it.

To recommend discretion to a confidant who is prudent and circumspect, is an unnecessary precaution; he knows how to be silent, without particular instruction: and to recommend it to a fool is also superfluous, for his promise is no security: if he had not promised, he would have thought himself under no obligation to silence; and if by accident he keeps the secret, it is because his memory has failed him, or an opportunity to reveal it has not offered; but if, unfortunately, he has promised to be discreet, neither memory nor opportunity can be wanting. After his promise is given he weighs and examines it, which he neglected to do before; he begins to think he has gone too far, and wishes to recall his word. How heavy a burthen is a secret to a fool! He is in no danger of forgetting what has been entrusted to his care; for is it possible that he should, without thinking of it, carry about

so insupportable a weight! He imagines that every one sees the intolerable oppression of his mind, that the inmost recesses of his breast are discovered, and the secret read on his heart. To prevent the vexation of having it found out in spite of his attempts to hide it, he resolves to betray his trust, having first informed his new confidant, that what he is about to discover is of the utmost importance.

It is certainly the safest way to keep the secret yourself; but if it lies heavy upon you, and you cannot rest till it is communicated, with what reason can you complain, that another, by the same means, frees himself from the like perplexity?

Laura takes me aside with a mysterious air, and whispers me, that she is very soon to be married to a gentleman of the first fortune and consequence; but she charges me not to mention it, as he is so odd a man that he would certainly break off the match, if he knew that she had spoken of it. The moment she has left me, twenty other confidants gather round me to tell me what I know as well as they. Laura presently discovers that it is the common news of the day; and I am, however wrongfully, confounded with a set of blabs and tatlers.

Be, however, constantly on your guard; for although you are indeed an only confidant you may find yourself in danger from the cunning curiosity of those, who, pretending to share the confidence of your friend, may draw from you a certain knowledge of what before they only suspected. This is a common stratagem; a snare, which, though laid every day, is every day successful.

But though it should be true, that what is confided to you is also

entrusted to others, it is no reason why you should betray the secret. You are still bound to keep it with inviolable fidelity, and even to conceal your knowledge of it from those with whom it has been deposited by the principal : for it is possible, that your appearing to be ignorant to these very persons, may be a circumstance of great importance. But you say, "the secret has been revealed already by another : " and what inference would you draw from thence ? Does the infidelity of another authorize you to be unfaithful ? You have accepted a trust, and none but the person who reposed it can discharge you from it. He alone, who has communicated the secret to you, has a right to dispense with your obligation to silence. Even a breach of friendship cannot annul this obligation : a man is not acquitted of debts by quarrelling with his creditor. What a detestable perfidy is it, to employ those arms against a man as an enemy which he entrusted with us as a friend ! And, though the tender ties of friendship are broken, are you therefore absolved from those of justice and honour ? It is to no purpose to alledge, that, by betraying your secret, the ungrateful wretch whom you detest has merited your hatred ; and that therefore to disclose his, is but to retaliate the injury ! How preposterous is the revenge which you meditate ! To punish treachery, you would yourself become a traitor !

The secret of others should be lodged, if the expression may be allowed, in some concealed recess of the memory, where the mind never enters. We must, if possible, hide it from ourselves, lest we should be tempted to apply it to some sinister purpose. To use this knowledge either to the pre-

judice of the person who communicated it, or to our own private advantage, would be to trade with a sum of which we are not the proprietors ; a breach of trust, which the desire of revenge, in itself criminal, certainly can never justify !

You know Horatius possesses a lucrative post, and perhaps you imagine he obtained it by his address and capacity : it was, nevertheless, the price of treachery. His friend Philoctetes solicited for this place upon its becoming vacant. Certain measures had been intimated to him, by which he would be sure to disappoint his competitors. Elevated at the near approach of his good fortune, he communicates the secret to Horatius, that he might participate in his pleasure. The next morning Horatius was in possession of the post. " I will use," said he to Philoctetes, (who, in spite of circumstances, yet doubted of his perfidy) " I will readily use all the interest which I shall gain by my new rank, to serve you ; but do not take it amiss ; this place was just the thing I wanted, and I have procured it for myself. Would not you have done the same ? " — " No, traitor," replied Philoctetes, " if you had made me your confidant."

## ON THE SUN.

THE Sun has been justly styled the soul of the universe, as it not only produces all the necessities of life, but has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man. He can never be satiated then, one would think, with the glorious scenes which the eye discovers, when the radiant orb sheds his lustre abroad ; nor can imagi-

nation ever cease to contemplate with pleasure, his wonderful use, and essential importance, in the creation.

How striking the scene when we first observe the fiery rays which he scatters among the clouds, as harbingers of his approach. As the illumination increases, the earth seems all in a glow, and we expect the glorious orb, long before he discovers he himself above the horizon. We imagine, every moment, that we see him. At length he appears. His rays dart, like lightning, over the face of Nature, and darkness vanishes at the sight. Man glories in his habitation, and beholds it embellished with renovated beauty. The lawn is refreshed by the coolness of the night, and the light of the morning displays its increasing verdure. The dew-bespangled flowers, that enamel its surface, glitter in the sun-beams, and, like rubies and emeralds, dart their colours on the eye. The cheerful birds unite in choirs, and hail, in concert, the Parent of Life. At this enchanting moment, not one is silent. All Nature is enlivened by his presence, and gladdened by his gifts. Millions of glittering insects awake into existence, and flutter in his rays. The bleating flocks, and lowing herds, salute the welcome blessing. The hills, the valleys, and the woods, resound with rural harmony. All that is vocal unites in the general choir; and all that has breath exults in the enlivening influence. In man, in particular, the assemblage of so many pleasing objects imparts a glowing sensation, that seems to penetrate the soul. Who, indeed, can withstand the rapture of this short interval of enchantment? Who can behold with indifference a scene, at once so magnificent, so beautiful, and so de-

lightful?—But I am aware that, in my morning-walk, I have already expatiated on this scene; a scene, however, productive of a pleasure that will ever bear repetition, and of a variety that never can be exhausted.

A complete account of the nature and properties of this glorious orb would lead me into enquiries too extensive for the limits of this paper—into a view, not only of the solar system, that is, of our earth, and the other planets, which, with the comets, revolve at stated periods round the sun; but it would lead me to the contemplation also of all the visible nocturnal heavens, that is, of the fixed stars, which astronomers suppose to be so many other suns, illuminating and pervading an infinity of other systems, throughout the immensity of space.

That radiant orb, with which, as a part of the planetary system to which our globe belongs, we are so intimately connected, is defined, with respect to us, to be that great luminary which enlightens the world, and whose presence constitutes the day. In the infancy of astronomy it was reckoned among the planets; but it is now numbered among the fixed stars. It appears bright and large in comparison with them; because we keep constantly near the Sun, and are at an immense distance from the stars: for a spectator, placed as near to any star as we are to the sun, would see that star as large and bright as the Sun appears to us; and a spectator as far distant from the Sun as we are from the stars, would see the Sun as small as we see a star, divested of all its circumvolving planets; and, in numbering the stars, he would reckon it among them.

The figure of the Sun is a spheroid, higher under the equator than about the poles. His diameter is computed to be 763,000 miles. His solid bulk is 64 millions of times as big as the moon's, and a million of times bigger than the earth's. His distance from the earth, in round numbers, is about 95 millions of miles; a distance so prodigious, that a cannon-ball, which is known to move at the rate of about eight miles in a minute, would be something more than twenty-two years in going from the earth to the Sun. This account of the diameter, magnitude, and distance of the Sun, is deduced from the determinations of the most eminent astronomers in Europe, who were sent out to the most convenient parts of the earth, for the purpose of observing the transits of Venus over the Sun, that happened in the years 1761 and 1769.

The Sun was generally considered by the Ancients as a globe of pure fire; but from a number of maculæ, or dark spots, which, by means of a telescope, may be seen on different parts of his surface, it appears that this opinion was ill-founded. The spots consist, in general of a nucleus, or central part, which appears much darker than the rest, and seems to be surrounded by a mist or smoke; and they are so changeable in their situation and figure, as frequently to vary during the time of observation. Some of the largest of them, which are found to exceed the bulk of the whole earth, are often to be seen for three months together; and, when they disappear, they have been supposed to be converted into faculæ, or luminous spots, which appear much brighter than the rest of the Sun. About the time that the solar spots were first discovered by Galileo,

forty or fifty of them might frequently be seen on the Sun at one time; but, at present, we can observe more than thirty; there have been periods of five or eight years in which none could be seen.

Various have been the opinions concerning the nature, origin, and situation of the Solar spots. It has been imagined, that maculæ are occasioned by some and opaque matter thrown out from volcanos or burning mountains of immense magnitude; and that when the eruption is nearly ended and the smoke dissipated, the fiercest flames are exposed, and appear like faculæ or luminous spots. M. de la Hire imagined the Sun to be in a continual state of fusion, and that the spots which we observe, are only the eminences of large masses of opaque matter which, by the irregular agitation of the fluid, sometimes swim upon the surface, and sometimes sink and disappear. Others have supposed them to be occasioned by a number of planets circulating round the Sun, at a small distance from his surface. But Dr. Alexander Wilson, professor of astronomy, in the university of Glasgow, by attending particularly to the different phases presented by the umbra, or shady zone, of a spot of an extraordinary size, that appeared upon the Sun in November 1769, during its progress over the solar disk, was led to form a new and singular conjecture concerning the nature of these appearances; which he seems afterwards to have confirmed and established by repeated observations. The results of these observations are, that the solar maculæ are cavities in the body of the Sun; that the nucleus, as the middle or dark part has been usually called, is the bottom of the excavation; and

that the umbra, or shady zone, usually surrounding it, is the shelving sides of the cavity. Dr. Wilson appears not only to have very satisfactorily ascertained the reality of these immense excavations in the body of the Sun, but to have pointed out a method of measuring the depth of them. He estimates, in particular, that the nucleus, or bottom of the large spot abovementioned, was not less than a semi diameter of the earth, or about 4000 miles below the level of the Sun's surface; while its other dimensions were of a much larger extent. From his observations, it may be farther inferred, that the body of the Sun, in the depth of the nucleus, either emits no light, or emits so little as to appear dark, when seen at the same time, and compared with that resplendent, and probably, in some degree, fluid substance that covers his surface. This manner of considering these phenomena naturally gives rise to many curious speculations and inquiries. It is natural to inquire, for instance, by what great commotion this refulgent matter is thrown up on all sides, so as to expose to our view the darker part of the Sun's body, which was before covered by it? What is the nature of this shining matter? And why, when the excavation is formed in it, is the lustre of this shining substance, which forms the shelving sides of the cavity, so far diminished, as to give the whole the appearance of a shady zone, or darkish atmosphere, surrounding the denuded part of the Sun's body? But for a more ample detail of Dr. Wilson's admirable observations on the whole subject, we must refer our readers to the Philosophical Transactions, vol. lxiv. part i. art. 1. and to vol. lxiv. part ii. art. 1. page 337, &c.

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The motion of the macule is from east to west, and as they are observed to move quicker when they are near the central regions, than when they are near the limb, it follows that the Sun must be a spherical body, and that he revolves on his axis in a contrary direction, or from west to east. The time in which he performs this revolution, as observed by Cassini, is 25 days, 14 hours, and 8 minutes.

Besides the solar spots, the zodiacal light is a singular phenomena which accompanies the Sun, and is usually attributed to his atmosphere. It begins to appear a little before sun-rise, and seems at first like a faint whitish zone of light, resembling the milky-way, with its borders ill-terminated, and scarcely to be distinguished from the twilight, which is seen commencing near the horizon. It is then but little elevated, and its figure nearly agrees with that of a flat lenticular spheroid, seen in profile. As it rises above the horizon, it becomes brighter and larger to a certain point, after which the approach of day renders it gradually less apparent, till it becomes quite invisible.

From this philosophical account of the Sun, and the principal phenomena that he exhibits, the next and most obvious inquiry is into his pervading energy and essential importance in the creation, and particularly to our globe. But nothing can equal what Thomson has said upon this subject, in his beautiful Hymn to the Sun. I refer my readers, therefore to this, not only as a poetical illustration, but as the noblest account that has ever been given, of the dignity, use, and beauty of this resplendent orb.

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THE SPANISH CURATE and  
VEXATIOUS LAWYER.*A Comic Story.*

**B**ARTOLUS, a tricking, vexatious Spanish lawyer, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, named Jacintha; whom he treated, from the mean passion of jealousy with which he was possessed, with a harshness bordering on cruelty. He thought a close, private, retired life, best became a woman; that windows open, and cool terraces were too inviting; and that the best companions for a good wife were her husband, good thoughts, and old chaste stories. He often wished it was in his power to have Jacintha inclosed in a case of crystal glass, that he might shew her safely to his clients, for an additional fee, as a wonder. His covetousness denied her common necessities; but he promised her every thing when he had acquired a handsome competence; however, he had not in his own mind, determined what that competence was, nor in what time it might probably be attained. When any of his neighbours, except Lopez the curate, and Diego the sexton, the only two whom he stiled his friends, called upon him, he desired his wife to go into a closet, which was kept empty for that purpose; and so much he lamented his unavoidable absence when at the bar, that he provided for her, as a companion, a Moorish woman, though a deep rooted aversion subsisteth, even to this day, between a Moor and a Spaniard. Jacintha knew his disease, and, though she had not skill enough to administer a cure, she took care by no inflammatories to heighten it; yet she could not but disapprove of her husband's distrust, and she imagi-

ned to be engaged in her own house, or mewed in a closet, a very improper trial of her virtue; nor could she conceive any cause but covetousness in Bartolus, that she was not set off handsomely, like other wives, with a coach and proper attendants. She knew how to wear rich clothes, to converse with gentlemen, to ride abroad, laugh and be merry as well as the best of them; and she was fully convinced, that she could suffer daily temptations without suffering any degradation of her honour, or taint upon her virtue; but she loved peace, and served like a slave for it; yet sometimes, when touched to the quick by the imperious severity of her tyrant, she would say to him, to what end, husband, do you thus confine and conceal me? Why have I virtuous inclinations, and a chaste behaviour, without their uses? If you think me chaste and fair, let me go fearless forth; and do not pen me up in this nasty kennel. Here is a thing too, a foil I suppose to set off my beauty, or rather a Duenna to mark down my looks; this is all my retinue, my chambermaid, my housemaid, my friend; and I imagine, next to this dirty tawny, the roguish curate, and Diego the sexton, you will bring me the devil for a companion? The only answer Jacintha received to her remonstrances, from Bartolus, was, Peace; what would you have, woman? No more such words, good wife.

The cruel usage of Bartolus to his wife, became a topic of public conversation, and Don Octavio, Milanes, Angelo, and Leandro, with three more noble Spaniards, entered into a confederacy, and vowed to deliver Jacintha from her present state of bondage. Leandro being a handsome man, and of graceful carriage, was thought the

most fit person to be a principal in this adventure ; but the greatest difficulty was, to find out the means of gaining an interview with Jacintha. Leandro desires his friends to leave that to him. There is, said he, a poor, thin thief, Lopez, the curate, an intimate, indeed the only man Bartolus vouchsafes to call by the name of friend, with him I will work cunningly and home. They all thought he was setting out in a crazy vessel, and that the expedition would be a disgraceful one : however they wished him a prosperous voyage, and promised all the daily assistance in their power.

When Leandro paid his first visit to Lopez, he was complaining bitterly to Diego, the sexton, of the badness of the times. "Sad times, Diego," said he, "for poor curates, and poor sextons too ! We pray and preach to no purpose ; and, what is worse, our thin stipends make us to be reputed arrant dunces. You rise and ring the matin bell to get a good stomach, but if things continue much longer in their present state, we are likely to starve, or eat the ropes with reverence. I believe my parishioners have forgot their duty to society. Not a single christening, Diego, within these ten weeks ! the wars, the seas, usury, and the lawyers undo us. Then our labourers eat nothing but herbs ; and yet they will not die the air is so pure ; so that nothing, master sexton, is got by burials ; and to have a thin stipend, and an everlasting parish, good lord, what a torment ! A good stout plague now, or half a dozen fantastical influenzas, which would find full employment for our good friends the doctors ; or a few agues, gout, and dead palsies, would be some help in this dreadful time of scarcity. We must

remove, Diego, into a putrid air, some more contagious climate, which produces wills, and funeral sermons, and feasts that would make our hearts full glad." "Alas, (said Diego) it is all very strange, I have almost forgot to dig.—Bless me ! what a thundering knock : a marriage, or a will to make : patience friend, I am coming."

Leandro entering, presented a letter to Lopez, who read the contents aloud, which were as follow :

"My dear friend, Lopez ; since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet received no answer to them ; and although to great a forgetfulness might occasion an omission in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you is most prevalent with me ; therefore I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore received from you, and do recommend my son, the bearer to you, requesting that you would assist him to complete his studies, till such time as I shall arrive at home. This kindness shall compensate for your neglect of me ; and so heaven preserve you.

Yours,

ALONZO TIVERIA :

It is good, very good, said Lopez ; but the devil a one do I know of this name—desire to serve me—better and better.—Diego, whispering, bid him take heed of a bite ; for he thought he had a plaguy cozening countenance. No, no, man, returned Lopez, a very promising countenance ; they who have nothing to lose, fear nothing : all he can pilfer from me is my learning, and that he may put into a nut-shell. The following curious dialogue now ensued, which

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we have penned down from Leandro's own mouth.

*Lop.* From whence, I pray you, came this letter?

*Lean.* From Nova Hispania, Sir, and from an old friend of yours.

*Lop.* Alonzo Tiveria! a very ancient friend I take it; and yet till this hour I never heard his name. It is well, very well; Alonzo Tiveria!

*Lean.* The same, Sir.

*Lop.* And now in the Indies; he may be there, or any where, for aught I know to the contrary.

*Lean.* You look as if you had forgot my father.

*Lop.* No, no; I look as if I would remember him; for what I never remembered I cannot forget.

*Lean.* Recollect, Sir, you were students both at one time in Salamanca; I have heard him say you were chums there.

*Lop.* It may be so; but we students sometimes over-reach our memories. Prithce, Diego, do you remember this same Alonzo Tiveria; thou hast been with me more than twenty years.

*Dieg.* Nova Hispania, and Signior Tiveria? do you hear, friend, have you letters for me?

*Lean.* Not a letter; but I was charged to give my father's love to the old honest sexton, Diego; are you that person, Sir?

*Dieg.* So then, I too have a friend, and know him not. My name, it is true, is Diego; but if I either remember you or your father, or Nova Hispania, or any kindred that you have—

*Lean.* It should seem then that I am deceived; yet I am well informed you, Sir, are Lopez, the curate here; and you the sexton Diego. The letter tells as much. But perhaps they are dead, and you of the same names succeed them. You have done honestly in declaring the truth; and I might

otherwise have been led into an error; for to that person, who was my father's friend, I have charge of money to deliver, a hundred ducats; a small gratuity; but since, master curate, you are not the person—

*Lop.* Good Sir, have patience; let me think a little.

*Dieg.* Let me consider too; as honest, a noble friend; one who sends so lovingly; stay a little, a grave old gentleman is passing before my memory.

*Lean.* He is old indeed.

*Dieg.* With a goodly white beard. It must be he, Signior Alonzo, matter.

*Lop.* I begin to recollect; he has been absent about twenty years or more.

*Lean.* About five-and-twenty, Sir.

*Lop.* You say true; it is now just twenty-five. A fine well-made man, and a good soldier. He married—let me see—

*Lean.* The famous daughter of De Castró.

*Dieg.* The very same.

*Lop.* Now I remember, as well as if I had seen him yesterday. How could I forget so good a companion? We had one soul. He dwelt here; just by at a—

*Lean.* Handsome farm, Sir; you say most true.

*Lop.* Alonzo Tiveria! Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, I know your mother too; a handsome gentlewoman; married very young. I married them. Whose eyes are those, Diego? Is he not Alonzo's perfect likeness?

*Dieg.* Yes, yes; and I have dandled, and danced him, and swung him in the bell ropes a thousand times.

*Lop.* He was, indeed, a wonderful fine child; and time that consumes us has made him still sweeter; but, Sir, how faster it

with the good old gentleman? Does he not intend to bless his country soon? When shall we have the pleasure of seeing him?

*Lean.* Oh, very shortly, Sir; and till his return he has sent me over to your charge. My inclinations leads at present to the study of the law, and his request is, that you would place me with one expert in the knowledge and practice of that deep science. I have three hundred ducats to advance; and more to defray all necessary expences; but by all means, to prevent interruptions, I must dine with the gentleman.

*Lop.* Pray be seated, Sir; you are heartily welcome. The law you say, is to be your profession; a very fortunate choice, I assure you; for we have a most able advocate, one Bartolus, a master in that art, and my near neighbour; to whom we will recommend you, only take a little refreshment. Come, Diego, make haste, bring forth some ale, and what estates are in the house, and give me leave to say once more, you are heartily welcome.

After Leandro had refreshed himself with a mouthful of hard dried tongue, and a cup of meagre ale, he set out for the house of Bartolus, accompanied with Lopez and Diego. They found the avaricious lawyer full of business; and having told him they had brought that young man to be his pupil, he made a number of objections to their proposals. He was a poor man—a private one too—his house a little cottage, scarce large enough to hold himself. He was very scrupulous in a matter of this kind—should his consent be given to receive the young man, he must content himself with an out part of the house—lodgings he had not—study should be remote from company—he himself would bring

him his dinner—a little fire he should make sometimes to refresh him—sometimes lights too; but a student should learn to be frugal—he liked his looks—seemingly very bashful—and his love to study ought to be nourished—but he hoped he was no wanton, and would keep within his confines.

Leandro fully understood the purport of these intimations, and in reply observed, that the least corner in his house would satisfy him; he should rest content with his wise instructions, and a few books; and that he did not covet any other companions than his grave presence, and the means to attain a thorough knowledge of the grounds of the law: that, to show his love for learning and his master, he had now three hundred ducats at his command, which should be augmented as he increased in knowledge; and that the expences for his diet he would defray at any stipulated time. Bartolus thanked his neighbours for their diligence to serve him, and promised Lopez, that he would take Leandro in and settle him. "Come (said Lopez) now our business is done, let us be jogging." In their return, "here is money (continued he) got with ease. We will spend it jovially, friend Diego, and drink to the fool the provider. May many more fools, say I, follow his example! Such friends in Nova Hispania do well: let them come from any part of the Indies, or any other quarter of the world, if they bring money in plenty, I can know them instantly; nay, I will be akin to them, and as long as their ducats last I will honour and prefer them." "And I (said Diego) will now change my trade; no more warthing, it is better to live by the living, let the dead stink; to be always digging for them, is a poor stinking business."

*To be continued.*

*Anecdote of the late Dr. Young.*

THIS eminent writer was remarkable for the urbanity of his manners, and the cheerfulness of his temper, prior to a most disastrous family contingency, which threw a shade on all the subsequent part of his life. He was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies in going up the water to Vauxhall Gardens; and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him were several officers in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came alongside of the boat where the Doctor was with the ladies. The Doctor, who was not much conceited with his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of them instantly asked him why he had put his flute in his pocket? For the same reason, said he, that I took it out, to please myself. The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not immediately pull out his flute and continue his music, he would immediately throw him into the Thames. The Doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult with the best grace he could, and continued his tune all the way up the river. During the evening, however, he observed the same officer, and making up to him, said with great coolness, It was, Sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony of our company that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black as well as a red coat, I expect you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*. The Doctor further argued, in a very peremptory manner, that the business should be altogether settled by swords.

To all these conditions the officer implicitly consented. The duellists accordingly met the next morning, at the hour and place appointed, but the moment the officer took his ground, and drew his sword, the Doctor presented to his head a large horse pistol. What, said the officer, do you intend to assassinate me. No, said the Doctor, but you shall this instant put up your sword and dance a minuet, or otherwise you are a dead man. Some short altercation ensued, but the Doctor appeared so serious and determined, that the officer could not help complying. Now, Sir, said the Doctor, you forced me to play yesterday against my will, and I have obliged you to dance this day against yours. We are again on an equal footing, and whatever other satisfaction you demand, I am ready. The officer forthwith embraced the parson, acknowledged his impertinence, and begged that for the future they might live on terms of the sincerest friendship, which they did ever after.

*Anecdote of Erasmus.*

ERASMUS having heard that the reformation was going on in England, came to London: Chancellor More, hearing of it, sent one to find him out. When he came to the Chancellor, he was treated by him with all the civility that a man of his learning and fame could expect. Some days after this the Chancellor said to Erasmus, that he wondered a man of his learning and judgment should disturb the peace of the church; and discoursing upon the real presence, Erasmus put him so to it, that he had no other reason to give

but the authority of the church, and said to Erasmus, *Credo quod habes et habes*; believe the real presence is there (because the church has said it) and it will be there, whether you believe it or not. Erasmus, before he left London, took his leave of my lord Chancellor, who lent him his best saddle horse to carry him to Dover. Erasmus was always a facetious man, not out of any ill design, but that he might have an opportunity to pay the Chancellor in his own coin, took the horse over to Holland with him. The Chancellor wrote a letter to Erasmus, admiring that he should have returned his civility after such a manner. Erasmus writes, "My lord, I received yours: In answer, with respect to your lordship's horse, as you said to me when we were disputing about the real presence, *Credo quod habes et habes*; believe you have your horse (although he be in my possession) and you have him."

#### A N E C D O T E S.

A Gentleman at Enfield, being much in debt, was obliged to keep close in house; a Bailiff, who had been promised a great reward to take that gentleman, having made several attempts in vain to snap him, at last resolved upon one that he thought could not fail; so pretending himself in despair, came by the gentleman's parlour window, (which was next the street, and where he sat writing every day) and pulling out of his pocket a halter, made a noose, and seemed as if he intended to hang himself therewith; a grindstone being before the door, upon which he got up, and threw the

rope over a bough of a tree, and fastened it, and then put his head in, concluding the gentleman would whip out, and so he should arrest him. But as the Devil would have it, the grindstone, which stood firm like a rock for him to get up, tumbled as soon as ever the halter was about his neck. The innocent unwary gentleman, seeing what pass'd, sally'd out, to cut the rope and save the man; but the bailiff's follower lying in ambuscade snap'd the gentleman, as soon as ever he peep'd out, and carried him off, and let his master hang, who carried the jest too far. And when the gentleman told the Bailiff's follower, that his master would soon be dead if he did not cut him down. "Let him be damn'd," said he, "I have got my prize, and I shall have the reward, and my master's place too."

A humerous fellow, a carpenter, being subpoena'd as a witness, on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was very apt to browbeat the witnesses, asked, "What distance he was from the place when the assault happened?" The carpenter answered, "Just four feet five inches and an half." "How came you to be so very exact?" said the counsellor. "Because I expected some fool would ask me," answered the witness, "and so I measured it."

When the brave Sir George Rooke was making his will, some friends who were present expressed their surprize that he had not more to leave, "Why, (said the worthy man) I do not leave much; but what I do leave was honestly acquired, for it never cost a sailor a tear, nor my country a farthing."

To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.

Barometrical and Thermometrical Observations made at Berwick,  
in June, 1787, by

OBSERVATEUR.

1787	Barom. at		Ther. at		1787	Barom. at		Ther. at	
June	Noon	Night	No	Nt	June	Noon	Night	No	Nt
1	30.3	29.92	68	58	16	29.7	29.7	70	57
2	30.1	29.86	66	53	17	29.81	29.8 <sup>8</sup>	64	55
3	29.91	29.86	68	52	18	29.8	29.75	63	54
4	29.81	29.51	72	56	19	29.72	29.72	64	53
5	29.56	29.72	66	46	20	29.70	29.8	58	57
6	29.82	29.85	58	46	21	29.81	29.72	66	55
7	29.91	29.98	56	44	22	29.68	29.68	59	54
8	29.96	29.95	62	61	23	29.7	29.91	72	62
9	30.13	30.61	75	63	24	29.93	29.74	71	59
10	30.34	30.36	66	56	25	29.42	29.45	72	60
11	30.3	30.25	71	60	26	29.55	29.58	70	59
12	30.18	30.16	74	63	27	29.42	29.45	54	56
13	30.2	29.98	67	56	28	29.73	29.82	67	60
14	29.82	29.68	57	54	29	29.83	29.86	67	61
15	29.65	29.71	62	54	30	30.4	30.1	72	63

*A Question.*

Two tetraedons the difference of whose areas is 18, and the sum of the squares of their areas is 450. *Quere*, the altitude of each?

ROBERT SHORT.

C—m.

*A Question.*

YOUTH doth the charming Stella grace,

And love laughs in her eye,

Those rosy cheeks, that lovely face,

The clearest crimson dye,

Nature has ne'er a motive spar'd

To render her all neat,

Her age and fortune being squar'd,\*

Twelve thousand is complete,

The sum of both their squares thus stand,†

In pleasing numbers shine;

Query, her age and fortune, and

Then Stella shall be thine.

STREPHON.

\* Means the Rectangle.

† 640225.

## P O E T R Y.

An Elegy on the Death of Miss ANN  
DARLING, who died July 16th, 1787,  
in the 18th Year of her Age.

HEARD ye the passing bell, whose so-  
lemn sound,  
How awful tolls, the summons of the  
dead;

With fullen note the fatal knell resounds,  
That calls fair Nancy to her earthly bed.

Ye virgin train, with sacred awe attend  
The hallow'd place, in thoughtful mood  
draw near;

Oh! view your once lov'd, happy,  
blooming friend,  
Lye silent slumb'ring on the sable bier.

How chang'd! oh! mark, behold how  
alter'd lies

The breast, that once with youth's  
warm tide beat high,  
In her's, read your own fate, in time be  
wise;

Learn from her bright example how to  
die.

Are your dear forms with youth's soft  
graces dress'd,

Are they gay ting'd with beauties bright-  
est bloom,

E'en once was hers, by you, by all con-  
fess'd,

'Till death untimely swept her to the  
tomb.

Her sparkling eyes, (how innocent, how  
meek)

At whose rebuke vice shrunk abash'd  
and pale;

Like vernal roses blush'd her modest  
cheek,

Like them as comely, and like them as  
frail.

Oh! how adorn'd the softest breasts to  
move,

Rough passions stern, instruction there  
might find;

How skill'd to win from all the gen'ral  
love,

E'en form'd to bless the friend or hus-  
band kind.

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The silent grave enclose her dear re-  
mains,

In firm repose the clay-cold slumb'rer  
lies;

Oh! sing her dirge, ye fair, in melting  
strains,

Mute is her tongue, and clos'd her ra-  
diant eyes.

In the last conflict, virtue lent her aid,  
Her misty eyes, religion wip'd with care,  
Assurance blest, supports the pain-worn  
mald,

To reach the skies, hope call'd the saint  
so fair.

She lives enroll'd, with heav'nly angels  
bright,

Whose hallow'd hymns, their Maker's  
glories raise,

Now shines resplendent in the blaze of  
light,

And swells with raptur'd voice the note  
of praise.

J.

## DAMON AND PHILLIS.

A Tale for the Ladies.

More particularly inscribed to those of  
Kelfo and its Environs.

Ah Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia  
cepit! —

Omnia vincit Amor. Et nos cedamus  
Amori.

Virg. Ec. 1st, & 10th.

YE Belles! who on your native plains,  
Are so severe to simple swains;

Ye beaux! whom ev'ry breath can move,  
Who never think, who seldom love,

Attend; and I'll relate a story,  
Of what was but transfact for ye.

Young Damon oft had vow'd and pray'd,  
And much he wrote, and more he said,

And whin'd; yet with a buckish air,  
Attack'd the heart of ev'ry fair;

But so it fell, he never yet,  
Could once knock off a lucky hit,

Which made the shepherd curse his fate,  
And really grow disconsolate.

3 B

He chanc'd (so will'd the mighty  
 pow'rs,  
 That watch a beau's most irksome hours)  
 To spy fair Phillis in the church,  
 And faith his heart was in the lurch !  
 Arch Cupid had prepar'd a gun,  
 Where fell the love-sick Damon in,  
 He saw, he sigh'd, he look'd, he lov'd,  
 Before he never so was mov'd.  
 In fine, to cut the matter short,  
 To Phillis' charms he pays his court ;  
 And versed in the nicest fashion,  
 Most boldly stammers out his passion ;  
 And prays, and writes, and leers, and  
 fobs,  
 And does a thousand little jobs,  
 That would to some mere trifles seem,  
 But mighty feats, God knows, to him !  
 But mark the warring worlds above !  
 'The fell effects of Damon's love !  
 Fair Venus flood the lover's friend,  
 And kindly did his suit defend :  
 But Phillis was Diana's care,  
 Who gave strict orders to her sphere,  
 To shove at Venus when she met her,  
 So she and Hermes both beset her.  
 Pert Mistress Luna quickly goes,  
 And treads on Erycina's toes ;  
 While Hermes was quite unpolite,  
 And fell to laugh with all his might !  
 'The Cyprian Queen, tho' always mild,  
 And just as gentle as a child,  
 Yet nettled at the rude salute,  
 Turn'd Mistress Luna round about ;  
 (Which was, if learned men have skill,  
 'The source of Damon's future ill)  
 Pull'd Hermes sharply by the hair,  
 With such a jerk as made him stare ;  
 ('A jerk that in our hemisphere,  
 Had razed summer from the year)  
 And vow'd the matter was below her,  
 And such another huff would blow her ;  
 So smil'd disdain, and with her doves,  
 Descended to the Paphian groves.

Now, let us view young Damon's  
 case,  
 And all, in proper order, place :  
 He apes the beau, and acts the lover ;  
 And plays a hundred tricks to move  
 her,  
 And mingles heart-subduing sighs,  
 And tells the cruel nymph he dies !  
 In killing accents the replies,  
 And mocks his sheepish similes.  
 Such treatment nearly broke his heart,  
 And made the loving swain depart ;  
 But potent time's unceasing course,  
 Somewhat impeded Cupid's force,  
 And so abated Damon's grief,  
 And thus, some lovers get relief.

He, now, on weighty matters bent,  
 To Tueda's fairest village went :  
 And weary always so to wail,  
 Had Cupid duck'd in pots of ale,  
 To teach the urchin to behave him,  
 To people that so well could brave him.  
 The archer did not like the bath,  
 But rose, and spat, and gasp'd for  
 breath,  
 Yet close he kept his rising wrath ;  
 For love is never at a stand,  
 But always has some shift in hand.  
 Well—Damon never spar'd a tester !  
 For when in zenith mounted Hesper,  
 He but began him home to hie,  
 With Vafer in his company.  
 Now note the cruelty of love !  
 Ye striplings ne'er his anger move !  
 While they, right cheerful, side by side,  
 Fast by the rolling river ride,  
 The fairy takes his sharpest dart,  
 And pricks and goads the shepherd's  
 heart,  
 Indeed I can't describe the smart ;  
 But such it was, he quits the rein,  
 And roars and skips about the plain,  
 And o'er the bank him headlong flings,  
 ('Tis clearly known that love has wings ;  
 And sure he to desponding swains,  
 May lend his wings, as well as pains)  
 And plunged in the passing stream,  
 And prov'd that love was not a dream !  
 Stream !—no it was an icy pool,  
 Full apt the hottest heart to cool.  
 Old Vafer heard the lover's cry,  
 Who swore most bloodily to die ;  
 For let good Christian folks remember,  
 'Twas on a night of dire December !  
 This Vafer runs with all his might,  
 (For Vafer is a cunning wight)  
 And splash'd, and cuff'd, and tugg'd, and  
 swore  
 He never saw true love before.  
 But now, with blows, and cold and wet,  
 Our champions were so forset,  
 That Damon, in each deadly shove,  
 Forgot the very name of love ;  
 And Vafer, with a fainting heart,  
 Began to curse the medler's part.  
 Now think, oh sad ! they had been lost,  
 (And got a lodge in h—l at most,  
 Where Damon would have sigh'd in  
 bow'rs,  
 And liv'd on bitter herbs and flow'rs :  
 But as to Vafer, heav'n preserve him !  
 I shall not say what place would serve  
 him !)  
 Had not their bawling brought assistance,  
 For Damon, now, made no resistance,  
 But soundly drubb'd, was hauled out,  
 And then began to skulk about.

Poor Vafer lost his Sunday's wig,  
And rav'd, and chaff'd, and talked big;  
And had he not been put to bed,  
He sure had broken Damon's head!  
For, hark ye, ladies, silent sit,  
The fellow ne'er before was bit!

Now I might make you weep, and tell  
How Damon pop'd into a well,  
And lying there was fought in vain,  
'Till Phoebus left the Eastern main;  
That there the youth had in his head,  
The whim to do a fatal deed,  
That Phillis might some pity show,  
And on his fate a tear bestow;  
But still he thought, as well as I,  
That it was heathenish to die,  
With ne'er a christen'd witness by;  
And men, he knew, perverted sense,  
And all ascrib'd to accident.

This I might say, and more than this,  
And leave you still enough to guess;  
But well I know, how grief controlls,  
The tender tenure of your souls!  
And really now methinks I hear ye,  
Ask with a sneer if I am weary;  
And say—"why not a creature knows,  
This limping verse from halting prose!"

PHILANDER.

Kells, 1787.

FOR THE BERWICK MUSEUM.

ON Towyes verdant banks at eve,  
The lovely Dora lay,  
The zephyrs whisper'd o'er her head,  
And fan'd the dying day.

Reclin'd beneath a woodgreen shade,  
Where oft she saw the youth,  
Who kiss'd and told her tales of love,  
And vow'd eternal truth.

Love bade her tender bosom heave,  
Her heart oppress'd with woe,  
Cou'd sob out Henry's name but twice,  
When tears began to flow.

Alone she sigh'd, alone she wept,  
Where they were wont to stray,  
But Towey's banks no longer please,  
Since Henry went away.

Steal silent on, she said, ye stream,  
And gently glide along,  
Cease, yet a while, ye birds to sing,  
Forgetful of your song.

Bleat on, ye flocks, once his delight,  
Come down, ye birds that soar,  
Ye birds of night, ye may come forth,  
For Henry is no more.

Breathe soft, ye winds, and fighting gales,  
And cease ye woods to wave;  
Ye lonely shepherd, cease your pipe,  
For Henry's in his grave.

Ye cooing turtle dove begin,  
Make every grove complain,  
Let echo tell the woodland nymphs,  
That Henry is slain.

Thou cuckoo once that cheer'd the vale,  
Thy simple song is fled,  
Nor shall thy voice return with spring,  
For Henry is dead.

The pride of all the plain he was,  
The kindest youth was he,  
And now he's gone, I'll write at length,  
His name on ev'ry tree.

To me he vow'd eternal truth,  
Ye woods and groves, ye know,  
Ye flowery banks, ye too can tell,  
For oft I've told you so.

Bright shone the sun, the valley smil'd,  
That day our vows were given,  
"Come gentle gale," we both did say,  
"And waft them up to heaven."

He's gone! the gallant youth is gone!  
His loss I e'er shall mourn,  
And soon the storm of war may cease;  
But he will ne'er return.

L. M. of P.

THE TARTAN ROSE.

—Velut inter ignes  
Luna minores.

THIS Tartan Rose of various dyes,  
Was cull'd with all the choice of taste,  
Shall long attract admiring eyes,  
And sparkle on my Mira's breast.

Gay Flora's sweets shall linger here,  
While other beauties droop and die:  
Thou favour'd Rose no blasts shalt fear,  
But bask in smiles from Mira's eye.

As all the charms of shade and hue,  
Have join'd to make thy blossoms fair,  
Blest Rose, how blest a bower hath thou,  
For all the virtues centre there!

When time in wint'ry clouds shall lour,  
This flower shall claim Minerva's care:  
Thou precious Rose in that blest hour,  
From vulgar fate thy poet spare.  
Cheviot Hills, 1787.

3 B 2

*The Disappointed Lover's Soliloquy.*

WHERE Tweda slowly winds the level  
plain,  
And verdure spoiles around th' untu-  
tor'd swain;  
Where waving woodlands form a plea-  
sing shade,  
By the unpolish'd hand of Nature made;  
There fair Jessena pensive walk'd alone,  
And thus to the wide waters made her  
moan.  
Ah! lovely Thyrsis, why so cruel grown?  
Why thus repay my kindness with a  
frown?  
Should wild ambition with her glitt'ring  
train,  
E'er tempt a shepherd from the British  
plain?  
Urge you to leave these woods and  
happy vales,  
And flocks to wander thro' the ramb-  
ling dales,  
And thy Jessena, worse than widow here,  
Mid clouds of sorrow to protract the  
year?  
Riches and honours may amuse the  
great,  
And call the ambitious from their na-  
tive seat.  
But why should these a shepherd's bosom  
prove,  
Who knew no more ambition than to  
love?  
Yon sun now loit'ring on the verge of  
day,  
These fishes dancing in the sunny ray,  
The lark, the linnet, nightingale, and  
dove,  
And all the tenants of the leafy grove,  
Have witnessed the solemn vows you  
swore,  
And now they're witness to your faith  
no more,  
Was it to leave me that you try'd  
each art,  
To gain the empire o'er my yielding  
heart?  
Made your false bosom heave with hol-  
low sighs,  
And pour'd the living torrents from  
your eyes:  
Was it for this I saw thy mournful air?  
And thought with yours no love there  
might compare?

But what avails it tho' you cross the  
main,  
And ride in triumph thro' the Indian  
plain?  
With whip and lance the tawny foe  
subdue,  
And rob him of his wealth and freedom  
too?  
Will you be happier in this mad career,  
Than with your Jesse on the vallies here?  
While peace, prosperity, and freedom  
smile,  
And all that's precious girts the British  
isle?  
Or will you find, wherever you may  
rove,  
In life's contracted span, so true a love?  
That long has felt the dear and gen'rous  
flame,  
And still with rapture echoes to thy  
name.

A. B. C.

Banks of Tweed, near Kelfo, 1787.

## A S O N G.

IN vain, alas! when love invades,  
Young Damon seeks for peace,  
Nor days, nor nights, nor hills, nor shades,  
His galling pains decrease.

There was a time when nature shone  
Around him clear and bright;  
But now, alas! all beauty's grown  
Insipid to his sight.

Did Della know, did she but guess,  
How Damon she oppress;  
She'd pine with grief, or him carest,  
So good and kind's her breast.

Since Damon's poor, he's not so base,  
As with for Della's heart;  
Therefore, blind love, thy darts erase,  
And from his breast depart.

Ye long forsaken letters, hail,  
Th' infected darts and draw;  
Or thou, dame Fortune, Damon's fail,  
With presip'rous zephyrs blow.

AMATOR.

Berwick.

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

*Paris, August 6.*

**T**HIS day the King held a *Bed of Justice* at Versailles: The different Members of the Parliament and of the Council arrived at half an hour after ten, and he mounted the throne about eleven; after a short speech, in which he expressed his regret at the necessity of any taxes, and his determined will that his edicts should be registered, he withdrew. After great opposition from several Members, the two edicts for the territorial and stamp act were registered, and the Assembly then broke up.

*Aug. 7.* This day the Parliament of Paris sat, and entered on their journals a formal protest against the edict for the stamp tax, specifying,—“That it had been registered the day before by the express command of the King, against the approbation and consent of the Parliament; that it neither ought nor should have any force; and the first person who presumed to carry the edict into execution, should be adjudged a traitor, and condemned to the gallows.”

The populace when the protest was known, seemed transported with excessive joy. They huzzaed—the *fathers of the people*, and long live Parliament, were echoed through the courts and the hall. How this affair will end I cannot positively ascertain, but in all probability they will share the same fate as their predecessors in the late reign, if they do not submit.

*Pondicherry.* About the first of December last Tippoo Sultan defeated the army of Nizamly and the Mabrattas, who were united together near the river Gombona, about eighty Costes from Edorabad. It appears that he surprised them, and that the General of Souba, who commanded the van

of the army, was gained by the Nabob and betrayed his master; however that may be, Tippoo Sultan had obtained a complete victory; has taken between seven and eight thousand horses, three thousand camels, kettle drums, standards, elephants, 20,000 loaded oxen, the *Bazard*, &c. Tippoo Sultan has written himself to the Governor of this city to acquaint him of his victory, and adds, that in the course of one year he will be at the gates of Edorabad and Ponon. It is probable he will oblige his enemies to make peace with him, and the Nabobships of Adonis, the Condanir, Nizampatam and its dependencies to be yielded up to him. The English constantly keep a camp at Chivaron, two leagues from Cangiaron; and in order to strengthen it, they have diminished one half of their garrisons of the Carnatic, of Tanjore and Madure. General Campbell, Governor of Madras, is gone to visit this camp about a month ago, and has sent a strong detachment to Stategady, one of the entrances into the Carnatic in the North.

*Amsterdam, Aug 8* The Council of State came to a resolution last Thursday, that the Prince who has been already suspended in Holland from his quality of Captain General, be also suspended of his office of Stadtholder, and commission as Captain General. And Rotterdam, Leyden, and Alkmaer, have this day declared the Prince of Orange suspended as Stadtholder, Captain and Admiral General, and that all titles and emoluments do from henceforth cease.

The Parliament of Paris have brought against Monsieur Callonne—one hundred and thirty articles of Impeachment!

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*London, August 1.*

OUR Cabinet have already sent their ultimatum to France—that we shall support the establishment of the Stadtholder, as in 1747. Prussia will not treat on the subject of Holland, unless England is an arbitrator in the dispute. This France has refused, declaring that the moment the King of Prussia enters Holland, she will march a much larger force to the support of her party there. The ultimatum of France is expected very eagerly by our Court—who are determined to abide by their last—which declares, we will support the Stadtholder with the whole force of this country.

16. A very particular circumstance occurred at Windsor. His Majesty after parading the terrace with the Duke of York, rested his arm on the Sun dial, which is near the end of the walk. The Duke did the same, and continued in conversation with some gentlemen, with whom they had for some time before been walking. During this parley, a centinel upon duty there walked up to the King, and desired his Majesty to remove from the dial, as it was under his particular charge. His Majesty removed accordingly, observing at the same time, that the man's rigid adherence to his orders was highly commendable; and a few hours after he was graciously pleased to recommend him to the Colonel of the Regiment, as an object worthy of promotion, and one who ought to be provided for in as eligible a manner as the service would admit.

17. The Pitt East Indiaman arrived at her moorings at Blackwall.

In her coming up the river, the following curious accident took place. A monkey, who had been frightened by an officer belonging to the ship, got into his cabin, and unpacking one of his boxes took out a piece of silk, and threw it into a Custom-house officer's boat, which was at that moment alongside the ship. The officer received the present with great alacrity. The above curious circumstance may be depended upon as a fact.

A dreadful accident happened some days ago near the coal pits at Wednesbury, in the county of Stafford. The brewhouse of Mr Blackmore, which had been built near the surface of an old pit that had been filled up, suddenly gave way, and buried in its ruins two young women and a young child. The dwelling-house very narrowly escaped, and cannot be inhabited again with safety. Not ten days ago an accident happened near Bilston, in the same county; the coal pit, that is, the foul air within it, took fire killed one man on the spot, and burned another in so terrible a manner, that his life is despaired of.

20. A special Court of Directors was held at the India House for the purpose of taking into consideration the conduct of the Captain and Officers of the ship Hartwell, unfortunately lost in her passage to China at Bona Vista, one of the Cape de Verd Islands; and after an examination into all the particulars, which lasted several hours, came to a resolution to dismiss the Captain and Chief Mate, and suspend the second Mate from the service.

A few days ago Her Majesty received a very extraordinary letter, mentioning a very warm passion which the writer had conceived for her eldest daughter; and hoping, if their Majesties approved of the idea of his marrying her—he and the *Princess Royal* would be—a *very happy couple*!

After this, the man appeared at St. James's, and begged leave to be introduced in form—as, from not having an answer, he conceived his proposal was acceded to. Silence gives consent! This was not then attended to by the people to whom he spoke.

On the Thursday evening, he went down to Kew, where his person being then known, he was seized, and confined, till proper Magistrates could examine into the matter.

On Friday morning early, Sir Sampson Wright went down to Kew, where, after proper enquiry—it appeared the man as might be expected, was a *Lunatic*—but really much in love.

His name is Stone. He was ordered into proper custody; and it is presumed will in a short time join the conversation of Margaret Nicholson.

A circular letter from Mr Rose, Secretary of the Treasury, has been sent to the chief Magistrates of all the sea-ports in this kingdom, for the consideration of the Merchants, of which the following is an extract.

1. Whether it would best answer the purposes of commerce, to make a total abolition of fees paid to the officers of the customs, and replace their emolument by an annual fund, estimated at £30,000, which would require a duty of ninepence per ton to be paid by all vessels, at each clearance outwards?

2. Whether it would be best to abolish all fees, except on imports; a fund of 75,000l. to be raised, which would require a duty of five-pence per ton.

*Extract of a letter from the Hague, August 16.*

“It is now reported here, that the States of Holland have sent instructions to Amsterdam, for the further corps of auxiliaries, intended for Utrecht, to hold themselves in readiness, but not to march till further orders. The French, English, and Prussian Ambassadors have conferences daily, and we hope something is on the tapis which we may have to congratulate the whole Union upon in a few days.”

A curious instance of *modern* bankruptcy lately appeared before the Commissioners. A tradesman failed for *six thousand pounds*—and after he had surrendered, and his affairs were examined, which he said were greatly in his favour, and would produce a considerable dividend, it appeared, that after paying the expences of the commission, and other incidental fees, the sum to be divided among the whole of the creditors, was *two pounds fourteen shillings*!

Letters from Egypt inform us, that notwithstanding the many accounts received from the Capitan Pacha, matters are likely to return to their old course. When that commander was recalled by an order from the Porte, he sent for all the troops dispatched against the rebels to return to Cairo; upon this the rebel Beys again entered High Egypt with an army of 7000 Arabs, and have already put to flight Hassan Bey Gaddari, the only officer whom the Capitan Pacha left to oppose them; and it is supposed they will soon make themselves again masters of Grand Cairo.

## B E R W I C K.

*August 1.*

We think it our duty to acquaint the Merchants and others concerned in shipping, that, from and after the 30th day of September next, no Register can be granted for any ship or vessel, without express orders from the Hon. the Commissioners of the Customs for that purpose, unless such ship or vessel come under the following description: 1st. Vessels just launched from the stocks. 2d. Vessels that have been already registered, and the property of which has been transferred from one port to another. 3d. Vessels in which some alteration with respect to rigging, has been made since the time that a register has been granted. 4th. Vessels, the registers for which have been lost or mislaid, due proof being made thereof, and security being given to deliver up the former register in case it should be found.

The Sunday Schools, and their success, are continually gratifying Mr Raikes, their amiable and worthy founder, more and more. In the Midland Counties, their establishment proceeds very rapidly.

The following is a relation of a very melancholy circumstance. On the 21st of this instant, a son of the Rev. Mr Smith of Ilderton, near Wooler, fell into a pond, and lay in it a considerable time before he was discovered; when he was taken out, he seemed to all appearance dead, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and his eyes greatly distorted. Mr Smith placed him almost erect, on the side of a bank near the pond, and placing his mouth to the boys, blew in it with considerable force, holding

the boy's nose tight, and in a short time the boy gave a groan; and by continuing the same application, in a few minutes the boy opened his eyes, and threw up a great quantity of water. He is now in a fair way of recovery.

23. Early this morning the house of Joseph Verdy, at Goosehill, near Morpeth, a poor labouring man, was broke into and robbed of all the wearing apparel and every thing of consequence in the house.

The following melancholy accident happened last week at Raby Castle, the seat of the Earl of Darlington. His Lordship's eldest son, Viscount Barnard, invited his relations and friends to celebrate his birth day. Among the former were Sir Frederic Vane, and his youngest brother, who during the time of the glass going jovially round, was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing, and broke two blood vessels. The faculty recommended to him the Bath waters, for which he immediately set out, but was taken so ill in going through Knightsbridge on Sunday last, that he was carried to a lodging-house, where he now lies in a very dangerous state.

## DEATHS.

*Aug. 13.* At his seat at Lilburn, in Northumberland, John Collingwood, Esq.

Mr Joseph Mack, merchant, aged 36.

At the Greenfes, Mr James Hall.

A few days ago, at Ednam-House, in Kelfo, Mrs Dickson, relict of James Dickson, Esq; of Ednam.

26. Mrs Isabella Nisbet, wife of Mr John Nisbet, merchant in Stromness.

30. Mr Naylor, Silver-Smith.

# BERWICK M

OR,

M O N T H

LITERARY INTELL

BEING A VIEW OF THE  
HISTORY, POLITICS, AND  
OF THE TIME

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MONTHLY LITERARY INTI

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F O R S E P T E M B

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THE HISTORY OF HOLY

*Continued from page 34:*

HE was now 70 years of age, and yet his powers were so little debilitated, and his passions remained so warm, that he again journeyed to Rome, and in spite of the character of a turbulent and contentious Prelate, which he carried with him, obtained a decree for his restoration. He returned a second time with the powers of Rome in his favour, and at a more favourable season to obtain the rewards of his labour. The Archbishop found it convenient at that time to adhere to the mandate of supremacy; the Mercian King had fallen into a state of enthusiasm, and assumed the habit of a Monk; the King of Northumberland was under the attacks of a dangerous disease, and feeling compunctions for the sufferings Wilfred had undergone, became reconciled to him. Appearances were now much in the Prelate's favour, and the propitious hour seemed to await him, but fate snatched off Alfred before a restoration was a council of the riv date of K cessor, wh he gained ham, a sn of his fort E

When cia and l Eata was He was o who lived in the Ab the year receive the farn, whi years, the ing his tir ham was of the Se for the ne fell into dore, and as Metrog churches. erful ady

dance of resentment when his pride was wounded. He caused the convention of a chapter of Bishops to be held on the Banks of Aln, A. D. 684, when Eata was deposed. On this event Cuthbert was elected to Lindisfarn, and Eata was translated to Hexham; Theodore not presuming to carry his resentment to so high a pitch, as entirely degrade him.

#### EPISCOPUS VIII.

Cuthbert, from whose piety and exemplary life the church derived great honour as well as riches, calls for particular attention. The cloister of Mailross was honoured with his initiation to a religious life, the pious Eata was his preceptor, and induced him to become a member of the house of Lindisfarn. St. Cuthbert, as it is generally agreed, was born of mean parents, though some make him descended from the blood royal of Ireland; but the first seems the most probable, as he followed the occupation of a shepherd. Once upon a time when the saint was preaching in a certain village to a crowded audience, the alarm was given that there was one of the cottages on fire, this drew a number of people from the sermon to extinguish it, which was just what Satan proposed; the more water they threw on it, the more fiercely seemed to burn, and all efforts to put it out seemed ineffectual. The saint missing so many of his auditors, enquired the cause, when leaving off his preaching and re-appearing to the scene of action, he perceived it was all illusion, and ordered a few drops of holy water to be sprinkled on it; on which the devil sneaked off, and the fire disappeared. The same author repeats some other ludicrous tales of the like nature. A happy vision which had been revealed to Cuthbert, whilst he tended his

flocks on the mountains, first warmed his mind with that religious fervour which prompted him to a monastic life. He was received into the fraternity of Mailross at an early age, possessing a graceful person, an emphatic and clear expression, poignant wit and eloquence, and engaging manners: with such natural advantages, it is not to be wondered that his doctrines were persuasive, or rather irresistible. For twelve years he governed the priory of Lindisfarn, where he lived an exemplary life for piety and self-denial, and never ceased his exhortations to religion and virtue, frequently taking journeys into the desert and mountainous parts of the country, to instruct and convert the most barbarous of the inhabitants. At length conceiving that the luxury or ease of a monastic life afforded too selfish enjoyments, to allow his spirit due attendance on contemplations and the service of the Deity, he retired from Lindisfarn, and commenced the life of an Anchorite, in the largest of the Farne Islands, laying opposite to Bambrough, and within sight of Lindisfarn, being distant from thence about two leagues. He built a cell with a small oratory, and surrounded it with a wall, which cut off the view of every object but heaven. He could not have chosen a place better adapted to a life of mortification and severity than this island; the ancient description of it is horrible, seated near a stormy coast, surrounded by rocks, over which the sea breaks incessantly with great tumult, destitute of fresh water, without tree for shelter, or fruit bearing shrub, or where withal to sustain human life; and worse than all, said to be possessed by devils. But the happy and miraculous change which took place, on St. Cuthbert's taking up

his solitary residence there, is too singular to escape observation: the flinty rock bubbled with fountains of fresh water, the once barren soil with prolific abundance brought forth grain, trees and shrubs bearing fruit decked the smiling shores, the troubled waters clapped their hands for joy, the plains assumed a mantle of green embroidered with flowers, the evil spirits were bound in eternal darkness, and angels of light communed with the Anchorite. Such are the records of the religious of those ages.

*Credis huic quod dicat?*

Bede's account of this growing corn, like the miracles of those days, is reconciled by the simple rules of nature. "He desired to have wheat brought him, and tools to till the ground, and when he had prepared the land with infinite labour, and sown it in due season, in the summer there appeared neither blade or ear: when he was again visited by his brethren, he required of them barley for seed, and having sowed it in the same field out of all sowing season, and without hope of fruit, there grew up an abundant crop, &c."

In this dreary solitude St. Cuthbert remained several years, during which time he had a variety of combats with the devil, the print of whose feet is, it is said, to be seen in many places. If any persons out of devotion came to visit him, he retired to his cell, and discoursed with them only through his window. Once indeed to oblige a lady, the Abbess of Coldingham, he paid her a visit at the Isle of Coquet, where going down to the sea shore, as was his custom every night, two sea monsters presented themselves kneeling before him, as if to demand his benediction, which having received, they returned to the deep.

This life of severity excited the

reverence and admiration of those ages of ignorance. Whether enthusiasm alone could determine the human mind to such undertakings, or there was a degree of pride mixed in the influenza, I cannot determine. The vices of those times, I presume, were not attended with such degrees of despair as are unknown to us; the inducements must have been more complicated than the outward countenance of piety expressed. How different the manners of the religious of the same church in modern times. "An ambitious or hypocritical religious, who makes a profession of humility, whilst he is puffed up with pride; a man meanly clad, and who only seeks after riches; a pretender to devotion, who gives himself out as a servant of God, while he is no more than a slave to his passions, is a monster both in church and state."—"Every intriguing Monk or Friar, who thrusts himself into families, for the purpose of prying into secrets, regulating marriages or wills, is as despicable as he is dangerous."—These are the liberal sentiments of the immortal Ganganelli, Pope Clement XIV, whose works have placed the Romish church in a more amiable point of view, than it has appeared in several past ages.

I have frequently ruminated on man's several affections, and this severity of St. Cuthbert's restores to my memory some distant ideas. I have always considered Friendship as comprehending the most excellent feelings of the human heart: how a social and generous-minded man could live without the enjoyment of friendship, and totally withdraw himself from all attachments with the world, is to me truly a severity little to be comprehended. I presume the Saint must have held the very ar-

gument Mr Hume adopts to account for the austerities of superstitious men. "Nor is it satisfactory to say, that the practice of morality is more difficult than that of superstition; and is therefore rejected. For, not to mention the excessive penances of the Brachman's and Talaponis; it is certain, that the Rhamadan of the Turks, during which the poor wretches, for many days, often in the hottest months of the year, and in some of the hottest climates in the world, remain without eating or drinking from the rising to the setting sun; this Rhamadan, I say, must be more severe than the practice of any moral duty, even to the most vicious and depraved of mankind. The four Lents of the Muscovites, and the austerities of some Roman Catholics, appear more disagreeable than meekness and benevolence.

"Perhaps, the following account may be received as a true solution of the difficulty. The duties which a man performs as a friend or parent, seem merely owing to his benefactor or children; nor can he be wanting to these duties, without breaking through all the ties of nature and morality. A strong inclination may prompt him to the performance: a sentiment of order and moral obligation joins its force to these natural ties; and the whole man is truly virtuous, is drawn to his duty, without any effort or endeavour. Even with regard to the virtues, which are more austere, and more founded on reflection, such as public spirit, filial duty, temperance, or integrity; the moral obligation in our apprehension, removes all pretension to religious merit; and the virtuous conduct is deemed no more, than what we owe to society and to

ourselves. In all this, a superstitious man finds nothing, which he has properly performed for the sake of his Deity, or which can peculiarly recommend him to the divine favour and protection. He considers not, that the most genuine method of serving the Divinity, is by promoting the happiness of his creatures. He still looks out for some more immediate service of the Supreme Being, in order to allay those terrors, with which he is haunted. And any practice, recommended to him, which either serves to no purpose in life, or offers the strongest violence to his natural inclinations; that practice he will the more readily embrace, on account of those very circumstances, which should make him absolutely reject it. It seems the more purely religious, because it proceeds from no mixture of any other motive or consideration. And if, for its sake, he sacrifices much of his ease and quiet, his claim of merit appears still to rise upon him, in proportion to the zeal and devotion which he discovers. In restoring a loan, or paying a debt, his divinity is in no wise beholden to him; because these acts of justice are what he was bound to perform, and what many would have performed, were there no God in the universe. But if he fast a day, or give himself a sound whipping; this has a direct reference, in his opinion, to the service of God. No other motive could engage him to such austerities. By these distinguished marks of devotion, he has now acquired the divine favour; and may expect, in recompence, protection and safety in this world, and eternal happiness in the next."

*To be continued.*

*Continued from page 344.*

PAROCHIAL PERAMBULATION

**W**AS a practice introduced by and adopted from the Romans, who held an annual feast of Terminalia; they were singularly observant of the bounds of their property, and there, as the most solemn mode of distinction made of distinction, made their places of sepulchre, and erected altars. In later ages, the companies who went on the perambulation were attended by the parish priest, and at every boundary mark, which was distinguished by a stone cross, a prayer was put up for a fruitful season, and protection against the evils of pestilence and dearth. This custom and prayer have lately been disused, since we grew afraid of appearing religious, lest we should be accused of superstition.

MIDSUMMER.

The ceremonies of the eve and day of Midsummer were various, and worthy attention. In all these festivals, it was the custom to keep the wake, as it was called, or watch, 'till after midnight, and to begin the sports and ceremonies of the day in the first hour of the morning.

The summer solstice was the grand festival and jubilee of the Druids, and all those who retained any of the Ammonian rites, of which we trace several in the religious ceremonies of the Saxons. This day was celebrated with peculiar magnificence and solemnity, when the adored luminary was at his greatest altitude. It has been alledged by some, that the Elysian rites, in celebrating the return of Proserpine, gave part of

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Scotland,

the mountains and higher grounds with lighted torches, like the Sicilian women of old in search of Proserpine.—The prophetess in Mona, at the approach of the Romans, ran about with dishevelled hair in a frantic mode with lighted torches, performing various rites to execrate the enemy. It was a custom not many years ago in this county, for the villagers to run with burning firebrands round their fields, and then in a forcible manner taking the ashes from some neighbouring fire, they used to exclaim, "We have won the flower (alias flour) of the wake." Morelin conceives we trace the ancient Cerealia in this ceremony. It is not to be wondered, that the Druid rites should in course of time be mixed with the Roman. Mr Borlace, speaking of this custom in Wales, says, "He takes it to be the remains of Druid superstition." Morelin is of opinion, the custom of leaping over the fires is a vestige of the ordeal, and those performing these feats were shewing tokens of innocence and virtue, by being neither burnt or sullied. The act of leaping through the flames was certainly a religious one, and was meant as a kind of purification, and not merely a sport and display of agility. Mr Penant mentions another remarkable custom in Scotland, of which he was an eye-witness: they take the new baptized infant, and wave it three or four times gently over a flame, saying thrice, "Let the fire consume thee now or never;" this seems to be the direct act of purification in passing the fire of Molock. Like other heathenish customs appropriated to festivals of the christian church, these are adopted on the day of St. John, or

rather used on the same anniversary, and the name of that saint assumed to give them new sanctity. Mr Brand quotes several passages from Gebelin's *Allegories Orientales*: "Can any one (says he) overlook here the St. John fires, kindled about midnight, on the very moment of the solstice, by the greatest part both of ancient and modern nations? A religious ceremony, which goes backward thus to the most remote antiquity, and which was observed for the prosperity of States, and to dispel every kind of evil" Divinations were also used on the vigil of this day: "Men and women were accustomed to gather together in the evening by the sea-side, or in some certain houses, and there adorn a girl, who was her parent's first begotten child, after the manner of a bride. Then they feasted, and leaped after the manner of bacchanals, and danced and shouted as they were wont to do on their holidays; after this they poured into a narrow necked vessel, some of the sea water, and put also into it certain things belonging to each of them; then, as if the devil gifted the girl with the faculty of telling future things, they would enquire with a loud voice, about the good or evil fortune that should attend them; upon this the girl would take out of the vessel the first thing that came to hand, and shew it and give it to the owner, who, upon receiving it, was so foolish as to foolish as to imagin himself wiser, as to the good or evil fortune that should attend him."

Another custom used on this day, is to dress out stools with a cushion of flowers.

*To be continued.*

*To the Editor of the Berwick  
Museum.*

MR EDITOR,

I Never thought that I should write any thing to be printed ; but having lately seen your Museum, which was sent into the kitchen, with a great bundle of Gazettes and old Newspapers; I find that you are willing to admit any correspondent, and therefore I hope you will not reject me. If you publish my letter, it may encourage others, in the same condition with myself, to tell their stories, which may be perhaps as useful as those of great ladies.

I am a poor girl. I was bred at a charity-school, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The chief of our subscribers having passed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country. She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. She was resolved for her part, to spoil no more girls; those who were to live by their hands should neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse. She was for a short time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen without a desire of conviction to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily, and in less than a year the whole parish was convinced, that the nation would be ruined if the children of the poor were taught to read and write. Our school was now dissolved.—I could not live at home; and while I was considering to what I should be-

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take me, one of the girls, who had gone from our school to London, came down in a silk gown, and told her acquaintance how well she lived, what fine things she saw, and what great wages she received. I resolved to try my fortune, and took my passage in the next Berwick Smack for London. I had no snares laid for me at my arrival, but came safe to a sister of my school mistress, who undertook to get me a place. She knew only the families of mean tradesmen; and I, having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first mistress was wife of a working watch-maker, who earned every week more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty, but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on Sunday, and spend half the wages of the week on Richmond-Hill; on Monday he commonly lay half in bed, and spent the other half in merriment; Tuesday and Wednesday consumed the rest of his money; and three days every week were passed in extremity of want, by us who were left at home, while my master lived on trust at an alehouse. You may be sure, that of the sufferers, the maid suffered the most, and I left them, after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning, to set the journey-men to work; my master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night. I was obliged to wait on my master at night, and on my mistress in the morning. He seldom came

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home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore intreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linen-draper's, who had six children. My mistress, when I first entered the house, informed me, that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry. I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation. That which was not gratified, always resented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plumbs to the child. I could not keep six children quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous, and was therefore dismissed as a girl honest, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty shop of remnants and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book, and was therefore often called, at a busy time, to serve the customers, and expected that I should now be happy, in proportion as I was useful. But my mistress appropriated every day, part of the profit to some private use, and as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted so much, that my master began to wonder how he sold so much, and gained so little. She pretended to assist his enquiries, and began very gravely to hope, that "Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light-fingered." You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

The rest of my story I will tell you in another letter, and only beg to be informed, for which of

the places, except perhaps the last, I was disqualified, by my skill in reading and writing,

I am, Sir, your very humble  
servant,

BETTY BROOM.

*On Buffoonery in Conversation.*

IT is sweet, says the agreeable poet of Venusium, to lay aside our wisdom, and to indulge, on a proper occasion, a species of temporary folly. He, indeed, must be outrageously severe, who would prohibit any pleasing mode of passing our leisure hours, while it is consistent with innocence, and the nature of a being eminently distinguished by the fine faculties of reason, fancy, memory, and reflection. Charming is the social hour when solidity of judgment is enlivened by brilliancy of wit, and the lively fallies of imagination by a sweet interchange of pensive gravity. Ease, freedom, and the unstudied effusion of the sentiments which naturally arise in cultivated minds, form a very delightful recreation; and dismiss the mind to its serious employments with new alacrity. Those among the ancients, who were most celebrated for their wisdom, were remarkable for a cheerful and equable gaiety, and often diverted themselves in their intervals of severer meditation, with jests and drollery. Who more cheerful than the gentle Socrates? Who more delighted than the dignified Cicero? But at the same time, they were equally capable of maintaining a legitimate conversation in all its gravity and elegance. The conversations of Socrates, breathe a wisdom approaching to divine; and Cicero's book *de Oratore*, is one of the no-

blatant monuments of polished urbanity, as are many of his philosophical pieces of speculative wisdom.

But there prevails, at present, a taste for low and noisy mirth, which totally precludes all delicacy of sentiment, all exercise of reason and invention, and almost degrades us to the level of those ludicrous animals, whom nature has rendered so wonderfully expert in the art of mimicry. Many persons, who imagine themselves remarkably endowed with humour, and the power of delighting whatever company they design to bless with their presence, are apt to give their tongues a licence to wander without the reins of judgment, to affect uncommon expressions, attitudes, grimaces, and modes of address and behaviour; and to imagine, that oddity is humour, eccentricity wit, downright nonsense prodigiously droll, and rudeness infinitely entertaining. If the company are as foolish as the pretended wit; or, indeed, if they are very polite and good-natured, they seldom refuse the easy tribute of a laugh, either real or affected; and the joker, animated by his fancied encouragement, proceeds, in his extravagant sallies, till his assumed folly approaches very near to real idiotism. In the mean time as he draws the attention of the company on himself, and engrosses all the time and talk, he not only lowers himself, but prevents others from rising; relaxes the tone of his own mind, and of all around, to a state of imbecility, and at once prevents the opportunity and the power of uttering a single idea worth remembrance. Noise and laughter are but meagre food for the mind; and however pleased people may appear, they commonly retire from the company in which these

have formed, with easy vacuity agreeable

It very these facetious more expect coming *pr* than any th terance.

and sit down wigs on o back part of They take practical j pick your kerchief, f your chair make you they consid Yorick's, a humour, e talents for roar. It r with truth make fools pear ambit order which mon, but is of fashion, guise; I n fessed and amusement indeed be many of th sent age, their own p

Now, th thing crimi as it tends, nued, to w the mind, to any thin conversatio fording im pleasure, it ed that it v restrained. for I do no why any r musing the interval of

terly forbidden. Man is an animal that delights in variety; mirth and mimicry, jest and jollity, *quips and cranks and wanton wiles, and laughter holding both his sides*, are certainly no less allowable as the means of relaxation, than cards, backgammon, billiards, and the bottle. He is wise who requires moderation in all these indulgencies; but he who inveighs against any of them in the gross, and without exception, has taken a false estimate of human nature, and is not to be considered as a moralist, but as a declaimer. If any one rule will admit of universal application, it is that which directs us to observe the golden mean.

I could never admire the wisdom of certain self-elected legislators of graceful behaviour, who seem to forbid us to laugh, with much greater strictness than they would have prohibited the violation of the decalogue. To be remarkable for laughing, is not only ungraceful, but a sign of folly. But God has distinguished man by the power of risibility, and there is no reason why he should not exercise it on proper occasions; and, perhaps, there would be no occasion more proper, than when a disciplined fop shews by his behaviour, that he prefers the varnish of external grace to honour and to honesty.

Wit, it has been said, does not naturally excite laughter. But this observation, though true in part, is not universally true; for wit, united with humour, possesses such a command of the risible muscles, that he must be a stoic, or a very ill-natured man, who is able to resist the impulse. I should, indeed, have no favourable opinion of that man's heart or disposition, who could be present at a truly comic scene, without laying aside his severity, and shaking his

sides with as much glee as the ingenuous child of nature. And if it is a weakness not to be able to refrain from laughter at a ludicrous object, it is a weakness of all others the most pardonable; and it is surely better to be weak than malignant. But in truth, the weakness consists only in laughing immoderately, or frequently without an adequate object.

In every convivial meeting of elegant and polished company, the Muses and the Graces should be of the party. The first honours and attention should be paid to them; but let not *Comus* and *Jocus* be forbidden to follow in their train, and under their command. The entertainment will be thus heightened and varied, and good sense and decorum derive new lustre from good humour. We would, indeed restrain that excessive and rude mirth which originates in levity and folly, and becomes what is called buffoonery; but far be it from us to banish that sprightliness which naturally results from the gaiety of innocence. Joy, while we are blessed with health and ease, and what the stoics call *Euroia*, or the well flowing of the stream of life, is gratitude and obedience.

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*Hints to those who are designed for the Profession of the Law.*

**T**HERE is no order in the community more contemptible than that of those practitioners in the law, who, without one liberal principle of justice or equity, possess a skill in little but quibbles, and in those points by which villainy is taught to proceed with impunity, cunning enabled to elude the spirit by misrepresenting the letter, and truth perplexed, ob-

secured and lost in the mazes of chicanery. It is indeed surprising, that many who call themselves men of honour, and who profess to have had a liberal education, should allow themselves in the practice of their profession, to assert palpable falsehood in order to confound the clearest evidence; and defend, with all the appearance of sincere conviction, what they know to be indefensible. It is not an admissible apology to assert, that their profession requires such an abasement: for a similar justification might be offered by the sharper or the highwayman. There are, undoubtedly certain laws of honour and truth established in the heart of every honest man, of which no regard for lucre, and no jesuitical pretence of professional necessity, can justify the infringement.

There seems, indeed, to be a very unfortunate error in many among the students of the law, who value abilities and technical knowledge at a high rate, but entertain no great esteem for goodness of heart, and integrity of conduct. While the world allows them abilities and knowledge, they depend with security on success, though they should be notoriously mercenary in public, and debauched in private life. Indeed, they have had living examples to prove, that however bad the morals of the man, if the impudence and eloquence of the lawyer are approved, he may have what briefs he pleases, and even be advanced to the dignity of a Lord Chancellor. An infamous character, blasted with imputations of the most atrocious kind in the walks of private and domestic life, may be introduced, by his known effrontery, and his supposed abilities, to that dignified seat, where law is to be con-

ducted by equity, and where the conscience of the judge is the chief controul.

Whatever be the abilities of a man, yet if he be notoriously irregular and intemperate in the violation of those laws which are prior to all human laws, he ought not to be promoted to any offices of trust and honour, particularly in the law. If the governing part of a nation were sincere in its profession of a belief in the national religion, men who are remarkable for breaking the laws of that religion, would be at least neglected if not disgraced. The advancement of bad men to the highest offices in the law, is a disgrace to the government, and an injury to the people, whom it greatly corrupts; not only by the example, but by leading them to suppose, that the governors of the nation, whom they naturally imagine wiser than themselves, consider religion and morality merely as engines of state.

Though, therefore, the student may see men of infamous characters advanced and encouraged, let him not be deluded. If he is wise, he will still pay his greatest attention to the cultivation of a pure and honest heart; this will furnish him with more satisfaction than was ever derived to a bad man from the insignia and emoluments of office, and the fees bestowed by popular favour. Whatever practice or preferment can be acquired consistently with this, accept with gratitude. But if the public, or the rulers of the nation, still prefer the bold pretender, whose appearance and abilities arise from that audacity which accompanies a bad and unfeeling heart, despise all that they can bestow, and remember that this life is short, and that there is another; that this world is the place of pro-

bation; and the next of reward. Remember that a pure heart, a clear conscience, an independent spirit, and a soul that spurns the lucre which is to be gained by unmanly servility, are infinitely superior (considered only as they tend to promote happiness) to the possession of the seals, with their usual appendages, a peerage and a pension.

With respect to the modes of preparation for this profession, I see, with regret, that an illiberal method prevails, which consists in confining the future advocate, like a clerk in a merchant's counting-house, to the desk of some practising lawyer, and teaching him the ordinary business almost mechanically. There he sits, and copies a great number of dry formalities, such as, if he attended to them, could not enlarge his mind; such, indeed, as, without a remarkable dulness of disposition, he cannot attend to. After labouring for several years in a manual employment, as sedentary, and scarcely more liberal than that of the weaver or the watchmaker, he comes forth a formidable barrister; formidable, indeed, in some respects, as he has probably acquired a good deal of that low and dirty practice, and that narrow and confined mode of thinking, which a liberal mind would despise too much to be able to acquire. He is, as it were, a spider, and can spin cobwebs in the dark and foul recesses of the heart, to catch those diminutive objects, which a more generous animal would not deign to ensnare.

The true method of arriving at an eligible species of eminence in the study of the law is, to enlarge the capacity of the mind by a most comprehensive and classical education; and then to furnish it with

some portion of every species of human knowledge. A general and enlarged philosophy, moral, natural, and theological, ought to form the firm basis of the future superstructure. On this should be added history, ancient and modern; general jurisprudence, and a particular acquaintance with the spirit of laws in all the civilized nations of antiquity. Long and accurate observation of men and manners ought to be added; and the virtues of exemplary benevolence and humanity should complete the fabric. Such should be the preparation;—what it is, we have already seen. But sometimes even the toil of the writing-desk, as well as every other serious preparation, is omitted, and the student called to the bar, puts a large wig over his powdered hair and pig-tail, and starts up a pleader, ready to undertake any cause either of property, or of life.

Whoever has read the works of Cicero, will remember how great a share of learning he requires in his orator, who was, indeed a pleader or advocate; but not such a pleader, or such an advocate, as many of those who have disgraced the modern courts of judicature. The great statesmen of Rome supported the character of lawyers with a peculiar dignity, unknown to modern institutions. Adorned with philosophy, as well as law, they descended to the courts to defend their clients; not with the hope of a paltry fee, but induced by the pure motives of friendship and humanity; by a desire of doing good, and a regard for justice. Men, it is true, must live by their professions; and therefore the disinterestedness of the ancients, who had other resources, cannot be universally imitated. But, surely,

in an age that pretends to peculiar illumination and philanthropy, and in a people who have long professed a most humane religion, it is wonderful to find men, who assume so important a profession, ready to defend any side for pay; and debasing their characters by an affectation of extreme libertinism, of infidelity, and of every kind of profligacy, which tends to harden the heart, and to deaden the feelings of humanity, no less than to stifle the sentiments of true honour.

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*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

SIR,

THE ridiculous, surprising, and often cruel effects of enthusiasm, when not strictly kept under the government of reason, cannot be more clearly demonstrated, than from the history of the sect called Karmathians, which we have a pretty full account of in the History of the Arabians, by the Abbe de Marigny, therefore the following extracts from that History may perhaps deserve a place in your Museum.

“The following year (898 of the Christian Æra) they (the Mussulman army) were forced to take the field, to stop the progress of a sect of enthusiasts, who had alarmed all Arabia: They were called Karmathians, from the name of the founder of their religion and doctrine. This man at first contented himself with propagating his tenets; but they that succeeded him, finding their disciples very numerous, prevailed on them to take up arms, and endeavoured to make conquests. Before I give

an account of their exploits, it may not be improper to describe the person and doctrine of the founder of this sect.

Karmath, for so the impostor was called, was born in a village near Cusah, called Hamadan Karmaz, whence he took his name: Others say he was so named, because he was little and deformed, according to the signification of the Arabian word Karmath. He published a doctrine tending to the overthrow of Mussulmanism; and as the new preacher made an affected shew of great austerity of life, he gained a great number of disciples, and made an amazing progress in Arabia.

But notwithstanding his pretended austerity, his doctrine was far from being so strict as that of Mahomet, except only in regard to prayer, which he ordained to be made fifty times a day, whereas the prophet commanded only five prayers a day: The rest of his tenets may be brought into a narrow compass, for he allegorized all the precepts of the Mussulman law. According to his doctrine, even prayer was but a symbol of the obedience which they owed to the Iman or chief of the sect. Fasting was a symbol of the secrecy that ought to be observed, in respect to such as were not of the sect: And fidelity to their chief was typified by the precept against fornication and adultery. Besides, he permitted his disciples to eat all that was prohibited by the Mussulman law, and freed them from many very troublesome things; for example, from frequent ablutions, which he suppressed, and other legal ceremonies of that kind: In a word, instead of requiring the tenth part of all goods for the use of the poor, he demanded only the fif-

tieth, which he directed should be applied to the maintenance of the linen. This was the title he assumed, and which he ordered his followers to bestow on such as should succeed him in the sovereign power, as well spiritual as temporal.

This sect made its first appearance about the 888th year of the Christian Era, but for a time it passed almost unnoticed. Karmath preached only in villages, and other places in the neighbourhood of great cities, and deferred making a more public appearance, till he had gained a sufficient number of disciples. As coadjutors to his mission, he was provided of twelve men, whom he had instructed, and who likewise dispersed themselves in the little towns, and other bye places.

The doctrine of Karmath was forthwith embraced with great zeal by the slaves, and all such as were forced to labour. They took, in a literal sense, what he told them of the necessity of praying fifty times a day; and as this was much more easy than their daily task, they left their work, under pretext of going to prayers. The masters were a long time before they could discover whence the negligence of their slaves proceeded; but at last a great lord in the country having observed that his lands were not cultivated, sharply reprimanded the overseer of his labourers: And he having alledged in his justification, that for some time they had quitted their work against his will, on pretence of going to prayers, the lord asked what could be the cause of so ill timed a devotion; and having been informed that a new apostle named Karmath, had principally occasioned this disorder, he sent his servants to apprehend him; and having confined him in

a room in his castle, he put the key under his pillow, well-pleased that he had got into his power a man, whose doctrine was calculated to introduce idleness, under colour of piety. He declared to several of his friends, who were that day at his house, that he would himself inflict a due punishment on the new apostle, and that on the next day he would cause his head to be cut off.

The daughter of this nobleman took compassion on Karmath; she artfully stole the key of the room in which he was confined, and having released the prisoner, she put it again in the place whence she took it, unperceived of her father: The next morning this lord going to cause the new doctor to be executed, he was greatly amazed to find no person in the room, of which he himself had kept the key.

The escape of this impostor made a great noise, and by means of his artful management, contributed greatly to the success of his pretended mission: However, he dared no longer to remain in a place where he had run so great a risk; he therefore departed, and went to remote parts with his disciples, where he boasted that his enemies had endeavoured to apprehend him, but that God had been pleased, on this occasion, to give him a manifest proof of his protection, by miraculously freeing him from their hands.

Such was the account he gave of that event to his disciples; he even assured them, that for the future no person would dare to make the least attempt upon him; Inasmuch, that this adventure was not only a matter for exulting, but also served considerably to augment the number of his followers. We are not told what kind of end this impostor came to; but

it is certain, that after his death the sect was headed by enterprising men, who finding their party very numerous, instructed their disciples in military discipline, began to plunder and lay waste, and even to make conquests.

In 899, the Karmathians continued their inroads over great part of Arabia, and at last came and exercised their ravages even in Arabian Irak, being at that time under command of a leader, equally cruel and brave, who gave quarter to no Mussulman. This general was called Abu Said Habbah; he had already attained so great a degree of power, that he assumed the title of prince of the Karmathians. Being as able a man as their founder, but a much greater warrior, he had accustomed his followers to labour, fatigue, sobriety, and obedience, which he made a proper use of, in order to gain possession of some territories wherein he proposed to establish himself, after the manner of many other rebels, who, by dint of care and pains, had procured themselves to be acknowledged as sovereigns.

Mothaded having been informed of the terror and devastations caused by these enthusiasts in his dominions, sent out against them a body of troops, under the command of Abbas ben Amrou, one of his chief officers. This campaign proved unsuccessful to the Mussulmen. In vain did Abbas put in practice every military artifice to surprise the Karmathians: He had to do with an experienced general, and with troops amongst whom the strictest discipline had been introduced, insomuch that nothing was left to come to a regular engagement.

And, in a short time, a pitched battle was fought, in which the Mussulmen and Karmathians vied

with each other in proofs of valour. Abbas, without doubt of the success of his arms, was much mortified at the loss of his troops and the success of the Karmathians: He sent out a general to fight with the soldiers, but he was killed in the battle. The Karmathians, seeing this, were more encouraged, and the rest of the year was spent in a violent contest.

So soon after the death of the Mussulman general, he expanded his power further with his army, and to a neighbouring country. He was well known of the country with fear, and his hands, closely connected with the treatment of what was the sequel, expected the cruelty of he was intended to was desired conference.

The general and soon after he was killed by the Karmathians; for he had him his life, and he was to perform his duty.

Abbas had the Karmathians these terms, inform the Karmathians to the

of the Desert, and accustomed to live on a small matter. I have not taken from thy master any of his forts or cities. The troops he sent out against me have been defeated, because my soldiers are used to labour, and to live hard; his, on the contrary, require all the comforts and conveniencies of life; when they make war in this barren country, where they want all things, they disband, and then I give no quarter to such as fall into my hands. Thou mayest therefore represent to the Caliph, that a war carried on against me will always prove destructive and useless to him; and that, if he is wise, he will leave me unmolested."

Abbas having promised to give a faithful account to the Caliph of all that had been told him, Abu Said set him at liberty. Abbas performed his promise; and in consequence of the report he made, Mothaded, by the advice of his ministers, resolved to make no further attempts on the Karmathians, whilst they should remain on the ground they had chosen, and in which it was indeed difficult to gain any great advantage over them.

In the year 902, they again began to plunder and ravage the Mussulman dominions, but they were then defeated, and their chief leader taken and executed.

In 903, they again rebelled and made themselves masters of several towns in Syria, but they were at last defeated, and many of them, together with their chief leader taken and executed.

In 905 and 906, they ravaged several parts of the Mussulman dominions, levied heavy contributions on Damascus itself, and obtained several victories, in which they gave no quarter. They then marched and intercepted a caravan to Mecca, which they plun-

dered, after having put every man belonging to it to death, and made slaves of the women. But they were soon after overtaken by the Mussulman army, totally defeated, and their chief leader killed.

In 913, their chief leader Abu Said, who had set himself up as sovereign in the city of Hejar, the chief city of Arabia Petrea, was assassinated by one of his slaves, and in his room was chosen his eldest son, on condition, that on account of his weakly constitution, he should surrender the command to Abu Thaher, his younger brother, so soon as the latter should be of due age.

Abu Thaher having, in 917, attained the age of about nineteen, did not wait till his brother resigned his authority: He seized it, and gave out that he was inspired by heaven, and that God had revealed to him the most hidden things. By these means he seduced the most ignorant of his sect; and as enthusiasm is a very catching distemper, the Karmathians soon looked on Abu Thaher as a prophet: And at last he was proclaimed as sole prince and chief of that sect.

In 923, he gained an implicit obedience from them, by often telling them of the future grandeur of the nation, and of the great conquests which heaven had appointed him to make. Each Karmathian offered to risque his life and fortune in the service of the new prince and prophet. These offers were very agreeable to Abu Thaher, who did not think fit to let them cool; he marched out at the head of those determined men, and laid siege to Basorah. This enterprise proved successful; the city was taken by assault: He caused almost all the inhabitants to be massacred, and then gave up

the place to be pillaged for fifteen days.

In 924, elated by this success, Abu Thaher entered on new designs. Amongst others, he attacked a caravan returning from Mecca. It was numerous, and consisted of many persons of note, who were conducted by a Mussulman of distinction named Abdallah. The Karmathian falling with his troops on the caravan, slew part of them, dispersed the rest, and seized all that the pilgrims were possessed of. Abdallah their chief having been taken prisoner, Thaher proposed to make use of his captive, in order to come to some terms with the court of Bagdat. With that view he took great care of Abdallah, and treated him with the utmost civility. He also sent the chief men of the sect to visit him, and did all that lay in his power to gain his friendship.

*To be continued.*

*Extracts from Cook's Voyages.*

*Continued from page 356.*

THE other bundle was next opened at one end; but our party were not permitted to appear near enough to examine its mysterious contents. The intelligence they obtained respecting it, was, that the Eatooa was concealed in it. This sacred repository is composed of the twisted fibres of the husk of the cocoa-nut; and its figure is roundish, with one end considerably thicker than the other. The pig that had been killed, was by this time cleaned, and its intrails taken out. These happened to have many of those convulsive motions, which frequently appear, in different parts, when an animal is

killed; and this was considered as a very favourable omen to the intended expedition. After being exposed for some time, the entrails were carried and laid down before the priests. While one of them prayed, another closely inspected the entrails, and continued turning them gently with a stick. Having been sufficiently examined, they were thrown into the fire. The sacrificed pig, and its liver, heart, &c. were now put upon the scaffold where the dog had been deposited; and then all the feathers, except the ostrich plume, being enclosed in the ark, an end was put to the whole solemnity.

Four double canoes remained upon the beach all the morning, before the place of sacrifice. A small platform, covered with palm-leaves, fastened in mysterious knots, was fixed on the fore part of each of these canoes; and this also is called a morai. Some plantains, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, fish, and other articles, lay upon each of these naval morais. The natives said, that they belonged to the Eatooa, and that they were to attend the fleet that was to be sent out against Eimeo.

The unfortunate victim, offered on this occasion, was, to appearance, a middle-aged man, and was one of the lowest class of the people. But it did not appear that they had fixed upon him on account of his having committed any particular crime that deserved death. It is certain, however, that they usually select such guilty persons for their sacrifices, or else vagabonds, who have no visible way of procuring an honest livelihood. Our gentlemen having examined the appearance of the body of the unhappy sufferer, now offered up to the object of these people's worship, observed, that it was bloody about the head and

face, and much bruised upon the right temple, which denoted the manner in which he had been killed. And they were informed, that he had been knocked on the head with a stone.

The wretches who are destined to suffer on these occasions, are never previously apprized of their fate. Whenever any one of the principal chiefs deems a human sacrifice necessary, on any great emergency, he fixes upon the victim, and then dispatches one of his trusty servants, who fall upon him suddenly, and either stone him to death, or beat out his brains with a club. The sovereign is next acquainted with it, whose presence is said to be absolutely requisite at the solemn rites that follow; and, indeed, on the late occasion, Otoo bore a capital part. The solemnity itself is termed Poore Eree, or the prayer of the chief; and the victim is called Taatataboo, or consecrated man.

The morai, where the late sacrifice was offered, is always appropriated for the burial of the king of the whole island, and likewise of his family, and some other person of distinguished rank. It differs little, except in extent, from the common morais. There are several reliques scattered about the place; such as small stones raised in various parts of the pavement, some with bits of cloth fastened round them, others entirely covered with it; and, upon the side of the large pile, fronting the area, are a great number of pieces of carved wood, in which their gods are supposed to reside occasionally. There is a heap of stones at one end of the large scaffold, with a sort of platform on one side. On this they deposit all the skulls of the human sacrifices, which they take up after they

have remained under ground for some months. Just above them, many of the carved pieces of wood are placed; and here the maro and the other bundle, which was supposed to contain the god Ooro, were laid, during the celebration of the late solemn rites.

It is probable, that this barbarous custom of offering human victims, prevails in all, or most of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, however distant from each other some of them may be. And though we should suppose, that not more than one person is sacrificed at one time, either at Otaheite, or other islands, yet these occasions, in all probability, occur so frequently as to make a terrible havock of the human species; for Captain Cook reckoned no less than forty-nine skulls, of former victims, lying before the morai, at Attahooroo; and as none of those skulls appeared to have suffered any considerable change, or decay, from the weather, it may be inferred, that but a short time had elapsed since these victims had been offered. This horrid practice, though no consideration whatever can make it cease to be detestable, might, perhaps, be thought less detrimental in some respects, if it contributed to impress any awe for the Deity, or veneration for religion, upon the minds of the spectators. But this was so far from being the case on the late occasion, that though a vast multitude of people had assembled at the morai, they shewed very little reverence for what was transacting. And Omai happening to arrive, after the ceremony had begun, many of the islanders thronged round him, and were engaged for the remaining part of the time, in making him recount some of his adventures; to which they listened with great eagerness and attention, regardless

of the solemn dances which their priests were then performing. The priests were, however, very candid in the answers which they gave to any interrogatories that were put to them, with regard to this inhuman institution. And, particularly, on being asked, what was the design of it, they replied, that it was an ancient custom, and was highly agreeable to their god, who came and fed upon the sacrifices; in consequence of which, he granted their petitions. It was then objected, that he certainly did not feed on these, as he was neither observed to do it, nor were the bodies of the sacrificed animals soon consumed; and that as to the corpse of a human victim, they prevented his feeding on that, by interring it. In answer to these objections, they gave it as their opinion, that he came in the night, invisibly, and fed on the soul, or immaterial part, which these people say remains about the place of sacrifice, till the carcase of the victim is totally wasted by putrefaction.

*To be continued.*

## ON FORTUNE.

**W**HATEVER difference there may appear to be in men's fortunes, there is still a certain compensation of good and ill in all, that makes them equal; let nature give ever so many advantages, it is not she alone, but fortune in conjunction with her, that makes a man happy. Fortune is to merit, as light is to objects. We should use fortune as we do health, enjoy it when good; bear with it when ill; and use no desperate remedies till necessity calls for them. The contempt of for-

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more fortunate properties, than to have a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest. There are more qualifications required to become a good fortune, than to get one. In the scale of pleasures, the lowest are sensual delights; which are succeeded, by the more enlarged views and gay portraiture of a lively imagination; and these give way to the more sublime pleasures of reason, and discover the causes and designs, the frame, connection, and symmetry of things. We are beholden to nature for worth and parts, but it is to fortune that we owe the opportunities of exerting them. There is a certain air in the countenance, and confidence in the behaviour, of a man of fortune, which men of narrow circumstances cannot assume. A man of fortune without true merit, is an insect, whose estate, like a microscope, is necessary to render visible. Success above desert, is to fools an occasion of misthinking; and good fortune above desert, is to the unwise, an occasion of misdoing. Fortune, though so unlike to wisdom, often acts wisely. Fortune, in the table of Cebes, is represented as a beautiful woman standing on a globe, and of a caressing countenance, but withal deaf and blind; about her stand throngs of suitors, upon whose heads she showers down her gifts promiscuously; viz. scepters, swords, diadems, and halts, glory and infamy, riches, and poverty: she is blind and deaf, to shew her inability to discern; and she stands upon a globe to shew she is inconsistent. Many are the complaints of the fickleness of fortune. That which produces the greatest part of the delusions of mankind, is a false hope, which people indulge with so sanguine a flattery to themselves, that their hearts are bent

upon fantastical advantages, which they had no reason to believe should ever have arisen to them; this makes them mourn with real affliction for imaginary losses. There are some men who in their own favour resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable; and then reckon on that probability as what must certainly happen. Though youth is the time least capable of any reflection, it is the only season in which women can advance their fortunes. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own property, or labour, lays up for himself disappointments. There are but two means in the world of gaining by other men, viz. by being agreeable, or considerable; and he that hopes to have any thing from a superior, and has no pretensions to either of these, must not call himself unfortunate if he be neglected. It is certain that a great part of what we call good or ill fortune arises out of right or wrong measures and schemes of life. Misfortune and imprudence are much the same thing. Though prudence and imprudence do, in general, produce our good or ill fortune, yet there are some unforeseen accidents which often pervert the finest schemes of human wisdom; the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and prudence sometimes prevents fortune. He that follows closely the dictates of human prudence, and acts with a scrupulous caution, never meets with those unforeseen successes, which are often the effect of a sanguine temper, or more happy rashness.

Galba dreamt that he saw Fortune standing at his door, and saying, that she was tired, and unless he would take her in, she

should fall a prey to the first that met her.

The Saxons used to decide their controversies by drawing lots.

## ON FUTURITY.

**T**HOUGH some foolishly think that the future consequences of virtue and vice are doubtful, yet as it is to the last degree credible they will be as religion teaches us, this credibility is an obligation, in point of prudence, to abstain from all evil, and live in a conscientious practice of what is good; especially when it is considered, that nothing can be more certain than that the conduct in this life, necessary to secure future happiness, is the only one that can produce any solid, substantial, or true felicity in this world; so that our highest duty, and most important self-interest, are inseparably connected: and, if we appeal to our own observations, who in this life appear more cheerful, more satisfied, or happier, than the virtuous and the innocent? Infidelity owes its rise more to the depravity of our inclinations than to the want of capacity to examine the objects of faith; and he that lives so as to deserve the happiness promised to the good in a future state, will easily believe, wish, and hope for that to be true, which it is for their interest should be so: and if any one would have courage enough to act up to the principles of reason, and doctrines of the Christian religion, he would find every pleasure, comfort, and blessing in this life highly improved by such a conduct; and the happiness in a future state would rather appear as the consequence of our happiness here, than an end only to be secured by a severe

and melancholy life of mortification and self-denial; for nothing is so delightful as conscious innocence, nothing so comfortable as unaffected piety.

"O! be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song." What can convey a more lovely idea of the being of a God, or of the state of mind in which we ought to approach his Divine Majesty than this advice of the royal psalmist?

Arguments drawn from future rewards and punishments, are things too remote for the consideration of stubborn, sanguine youth; these are affected by such only as propose immediate pleasure or pain. The strongest persuasive to the children of Israel was a land flowing with milk and honey. As the greatest part of mankind are more affected by things which strike the senses, than by excellencies that can be discerned by reason and thought, they form very erroneous judgments, when they compare the one with the other.

### *To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

SIR,

**A**MONGST the men of literature and genius who figure in your Museum, give me leave to place the late Sir Richard Steele.

He was born about the year 1676, in Ireland, in which kingdom one branch of the family was possessed of a considerable estate in the county of Wexford. His father, a counsellor at law, in Dublin, was private secretary to James duke of Ormond, but he was of English extraction, and his son, while very young being carried to London, he put him to school

at the Charter house, whence he was moved to Merton college, Oxford, where he was admitted a post-master in 1692. His inclination and genius being turned to polite literature, he commenced author during his residence in the university, and actually finished a Comedy, which, however, he thought fit to suppress, as unworthy of his genius. Mr Steele was well beloved and respected by the whole society, and had a good interest with them after he left the university, which he did without taking any degree, in the full resolution to enter into the army. This step was highly displeasing to his friends; but the ardour of his passion for a military life, rendered him deaf to every other proposal. Not being able to procure a better station, he entered as a private gentleman in the horse guards, notwithstanding he thereby lost his succession to his Irish estate. However, as he had a flow of good nature, a generous openness and frankness of temper, and a sparkling vivacity of wit, these qualities rendered him the delight of the military, and procured him an ensign's commission in the guards. In the mean time, having made choice of a profession, which set him free from all the ordinary restraints in youth, he spared not to indulge his inclination in the wildest excesses. Yet his gaities and revels did not pass without some cool hours of reflection, and in these it was he drew up his little treatise, entitled, "The Christian Hero" with a design, if we may believe himself, to be a check upon his passions. For this use and purpose it had lain some time by him, when he printed it in 1701, with a dedication to Lord Cutts, who had appointed him his secretary, and procured him a company in Lord

Lucas's regiment of fusileers. The whole plan and tenor of this author's book was such a flat contradiction to the general course of his life, that it became a subject of much mirth and raillery; but these shafts had no effect; he persevered invariably in the same contradiction, and though he had no power to change his heart, yet his pen was never prostituted to his follies. Under the influence of that good sense, he wrote his comedy called the *Funeral*. This play procured him the regard of King William, who resolved to give him some essential marks of his favour; and though upon that prince's death his hopes were disappointed, yet in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, he was appointed to the profitable place of Gazetteer. He owed this post to the friendship of Lord Halifax and the Earl of Sunderland, to whom he had been recommended by his school-fellow, Mr Addison. That gentleman also lent him a helping hand in promoting the comedy called *The Tender Husband*, which was acted in 1704 with great success; but his next play, the *Lying Lover*, found a very different fate. Upon this rebuff from the stage, he turned the same humorous current into another channel, and early in the year 1709, he began to publish *The Tatler*, which admirable paper was undertaken in concert with Dr Swift. His reputation was perfectly established by this work, and during the course of it, he was made a commissioner of the stamp-duties in 1710. Upon the change of the ministry the same year, he sided with the Duke of Marlborough, who had several years entertained a friendship for him; and upon his grace's dismissal from all employments in 1711, Mr Steele addressed a letter

of thanks to him for the services done to his country. However, as our author still continued to hold his place in the Stamp Office, under the new administration, he forbore entering with his pen upon political subjects. But adhering more closely to Mr Addison, he dropt the Tatler; and afterwards by the assistance chiefly of that steady friend, he carried on the same plan under the title of the Spectator. The success of this paper was equal to that of the former; which encouraged him before the close of it, to proceed upon the same design in the character of the Guardian. This was opened in the beginning of the year 1712, and was laid down in October following, but in the course of it, his thoughts took a strange turn to politics, and he engaged with great warmth against the ministry, and being determined to prosecute his views that way by procuring a seat in the House of Commons; he immediately removed all obstacles thereto. For that purpose he took care to prevent a forcible dismissal from his post in the Stamp Office, by a timely resignation of it to the Earl of Oxford; and at the same time gave up a pension, which had been till this time paid him by the queen, as a servant to the late prince George of Denmark. After this he wrote the famous Guardian, upon the demolition of Dunkirk, which was published August 7, 1713, and the parliament being dissolved the next day, the Guardian was soon followed by several other warm political tracts against the administration. Upon the meeting of the new parliament, Mr Steele having been returned a member for the borough of Stockbridge in Dorsetshire, took his seat accordingly in the House of Commons, but was expelled thence

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received from several of the nobility and gentry, the most distinguishing marks of respect. In 1718 he buried his second wife who had brought him a handsome fortune, and a good estate in Wales; but neither that, nor the ample additions lately made to his income, were sufficient to answer his demands. The thoughtless variety of his spirit often reduced him to little shifts of wit for its support; and the project of the *Fishpool* this year, owed its birth chiefly to the projector's necessities. The following year he opposed the remarkable peerage bill in the House of Commons, and during the course of this opposition to the court, his licence for acting plays was revoked, and his patent rendered ineffectual, at the instance of the lord chamberlain. He did his utmost to prevent so great a loss, and finding every direct avenue of approach to his royal master effectually barred against him by his powerful adversary, he had recourse to the method of applying to the public, in hopes that his complaints would reach the ear of his sovereign, though in an indirect course, by that channel. In this spirit he formed the plan of a periodical paper, to be published twice a week, under the title of the *Theatre*, the first number of which came out on the 2d of January, 1719-20. In the mean time, the misfortune of being out of favour at court, like other misfortunes, drew after it a train of more. During the course of this paper, in which he assumed the feigned name of Sir John Edgar, he was outrageously attacked by Mr Dennis, the noted critic, in a very abusive pamphlet, entitled, *The Character and Conduct of Sir John Edgar*. To this insult our author made a proper reply in the *Theatre*.

While he was struggling with all his might to save himself from ruin, he found time to turn his pen against the mischievous South-Sea scheme, which had nearly brought the nation to ruin in 1720—and the next year he was restored to his office and authority in the playhouse of Drurylane. Of this it was not long before he made an additional advantage, by bringing his celebrated comedy, called the *Conscious Lovers*, upon the stage, where it was acted with prodigious success; so that the receipt there had been very considerable, besides the profit accruing by the sale of the copy, and a purse of five hundred pounds given to him by the king, to whom he dedicated it. Yet notwithstanding these ample recruits, about the year following, being reduced to the utmost extremity, he sold his share in the playhouse, and soon after commenced a law-suit with the managers, which, in 1726, was determined to his disadvantage. Having now again, for the last time, brought his fortune, by the most heedless profusion, into a desperate condition, he was rendered altogether incapable of retrieving the loss, by being seized with a paralytic disorder, which greatly impaired his understanding. In these unhappy circumstances he retired to his seat at Llanganor, near Carmarthen in Wales, where he paid the last debt to nature, on the 21st of September, 1724, and was privately interred, according to his own desire, in the church of Carmarthen. Among his papers were found the manuscripts of two plays, one called *The Gentleman*, founded upon the *Eunuch* of Terence, and the other entitled, *The School of Action*, both nearly finished.

Richard had by his second wife, Elizabeth, being the only one then living, was married young, in 1731, to the honourable John Trevor, then one of the Welsh Judges, and afterwards Baron Trevor, of Bromham. Sir Richard was a man of undissembled and extensive benevolence, a friend to the friendless, and as far as his circumstances would permit, the father of every orphan. His works are chaste and manly. He was a stranger to the most distant appearance of envy and malevolence, never jealous of any man's growing reputation, and as far from arrogating any praise to himself from his conjunction with Mr Addison, that he was the first who desired him to distinguish his papers. His greatest error was want of economy: however, he was certainly the most agreeable, and (if we be allowed the expression) the most innocent rake that ever trod the round of indulgence.

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*A Dissertation on the Rise, Union,  
Power, &c. of Music.*

SECTION I.  
*The Design.*

**B**LEST pair of Syrens, pledges  
of Heaven's joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious Sisters,  
Voice and Verse,  
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd  
pow'r employ!

So said the sublime Milton, who  
knew and felt their force: But  
those whom nature had thus join-  
ed together, man, by his false re-  
finements, hath most unnaturally  
put asunder.

The purpose of the following  
dissertation, therefore, is to trace  
the rise, union, and progression of  
Poetry and Music, as they are

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both united : Beyond these, man has the added power of articulate speech : The same force of association and fancy which gives him higher degrees and a wider variety of passion, gives rise to this additional power of expressing those passions which he feels.

Among the savages who are in the lowest scale of the human kind, these several modes of expressing their passions are found altogether suited to their wretched state. Their gestures are uncouth and horrid : Their voice is thrown out in howls and roarings : Their language is like the gabbling of geese.

But if we ascend a step or two higher in the scale of savage life, we shall find this chaos of gesture, voice, and speech, rising into an agreeable order and proportion. The natural love of a measured melody, which time and experience produce, throws the voice into song, the gesture into dance, the speech into verse or numbers. The addition of musical instruments comes of course : They are but imitations of the human voice, or of other natural sounds, produced gradually by frequent trial and experiment.

Such is the generation and natural alliance of these three sister-graces, music, dance, and poem, which we find moving hand in hand among the savage tribes of every climate.

For the truth of the fact, we may appeal to most of the travellers who describe the scenes of uncultivated nature : All these agree in telling us, that melody, dance, and song, make up the ruling pastime, adorn the feasts, compose the religion, fix the manners, strengthen the policy, and even form the future paradise, of savage man. That having few wants, and consequently much leisure,

the barbarous tribes addict themselves to these alluring arts with a wonderful degree of passion, unless where their manners are corrupted by an incidental commerce with the off-scum of civilized nations. By these attractive and powerful arts they celebrate their public solemnities ; by these they lament their private and public calamities, the death of friends, or the loss of warriors : By these united, they express their joy on their marriages, harvests, huntings, victories ; praise the great actions of their gods and heroes ; excite each other to war and brave exploits, or to suffer death and torments with unshaken constancy.

These are the circumstances most common to the savage tribes : Besides these, there are many peculiar modes, which arise from their different climates, situations, opinions, manners. Among some tribes the joyous passions, among some the gentle, among others the ferocious, predominate and take place. To give all the varieties of these savage and festal solemnities, were an endless labour. Let the following account suffice, as a general image of the rest ; which is singled out, not only because it is the most circumstantial, but likewise for the particular relation which it will be found to bear to a following part of this inquiry.

The Iroquois, Hurons, and some less considerable tribes are free and independent savages, who inhabit the northern continent of America ; and extend their settlements from the back of the British Colonies to the borders of the Great Lakes, along the skirts of Louisiana, and down the river Ohio, towards the Mississippi, and the Gulph of Florida. Father Lafitau gives the following description of their festal solemnities ;

which it is necessary to transcribe at large, in order to give an adequate idea of their manners and character.

"On the appointed day, early in the morning, they prepare the feast in the Council-Cabbin, and there they dispose all things for the assembly.—In the mean time, a public crier goes through the village, and gives notice that the kettle is hung on in such a cabbin: The common people, and even the chiefs, bring with them their little kettle. It doth not appear, that there is any distinction of ranks among them, except that the old men occupy the foremost mats. The Iroquoise women, assist not, that I know of, at these kind of feasts; nor are they invited. The children, and young men, who are not as yet chosen into the body of warriors, mount upon the scaffolds which are placed over the mats, and even upon the roof of the cabbin itself, and look down through the hole at which the smoke goes out.

"While the assembly is forming, he who makes the feast, or he in whose name it is made, sings alone.—The design of this is to entertain the company, on such things as have relation to the subject on which they assemble. These songs, for the most part, are filled with the fables of ancient times, the heroic deeds of their nation; and are composed in an antiquated style; so old, that often they understand not what they say. The singer hath sometimes an assistant, who relieves him when he is fatigued: For they sing with all their force.

"The speaker then opens the scene, by asking in form, if all who are invited are come. He then names the person who makes the feast, he declares the occasion on which it was made, and enters

into a particular detail of all that is in the kettle. At every thing which he names, the whole choir replies by a repeated shout of approbation.

"The speaker then gives an account of every thing, which it is of importance that the public should know. For these song-feasts being made on all weighty occasions which regard the village or the nation; this is the proper time for public affairs, as that of renewing a name, hearing ambassadors, or proclaiming war by song."

*To be continued.*

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*Memoirs of the Academy of Sweden.*

AMONG the remarks of M. Triewald on damp, or those dangerous vapours which arise in mines, he observes there are two sorts. The first, which extinguishes the lights, and suffocates the miners, he ascribes to a want of renewing the air, for several years pent up in some corner of the mine, long abandoned by the workmen, and now again opened. It is easy to guard against this dangerous air, which is deprived of its elasticity, by carrying a lighted candle at a good distance before you, boldly advancing while it continues burning, and retreating when it goes out. The second kind of vapours is fired at the approach of a candle, and is what the mines in England are very subject to, where the air is often kindled, and runs through all the caverns with the noise and violence of thunder killing all it meets. The oil of stone engenders these dangerous vapours, and nature has been imitated in their formation by art. M. Triewald also recommends antimony in certain disor-

ders incident to horses. It is to be prepared by mixing antimony with nitre, making a detonation, and collecting the scoria, or scurf which remains. This is an emetic, but as horses do not vomit, this prescription cures them without any sensible evacuation. The same gentleman describes a machine for making saws with great expedition.

Captain Ehrenschwerdt, having made experiments on the different degrees of strength in the gunpowder of the several countries of Europe; found that of Sweden to excel; a measured \* charge of it threw bombs of a certain calibre 102 Swedish ells, when French powder carried them no farther than 79, and that of England but 74. Hence, besides the advantage in sea fights, Sweden may have a great demand for its powder, as it is not only better, but can be afforded at a much lower price.

M. Moræus had seen the fatal effects of henbane with the blue flower, better known by the name *Napellus*. Whatever M. Deslandes and others have said of the harmlessness of this plant, it is very poisonous in the climate of Upland; a surgeon, who ventured to eat it in a salad, died of it within two hours.

M. Maldercreutz has improved upon Newton's problem, on the method of estimating distances by sound.

M. Stromer made experiments on the strength of gunpowder. A double charge will not carry a ball double the length, but much more is required; M. Stromer inquires into the course of this phenomenon.

M. Funke examined into the cause of another phenomenon. He

\* We are informed that gunpowder should be tried by weight.

had observed that the perpendicular shafts which reach to the bottom of the mines, are, in fine weather, full of thick darkness at the depth of 60 or 70 toises below the surface, and yet are not very dark at the depth of 106 toises when the sky is overcast. This paradox M. Funke ascribes to the refraction of the rays, which is greater in an air charged with vapours; hence the crepusculum, or twilight, lasts longer towards the north, in proportion to the greater abundance of vapours in that quarter.

It is impossible to give a detail of M. Elvius's memoirs on the rapidity of rivers. He found that water runs 2045 feet in a second, when the perpendicular which marks the fall of the water is 34 inches, and when a line drawn from the surface of the water to the end of an oblique line fastened to a ball, and lifted up with the current, is 14 inches.—He also demonstrated, that a figure inscribed in, or circumscribed about a circle, has the largest area of all the figures comprehended within the same lines.

M. Nordenberg commends to poor people three methods of gaining a livelihood. 1. By making pot-ash, which may be improved and augmented by using those plants which grow on the sea-shore, and abound with sea-salt; nothing can be easier than the preparation. They are to burn these plants, and make of their ashes a ley, whence by evaporation they extract an alkaline salt, of a greyish colour which yields a good price. The ashes, deprived of their salt by the elixivation, are an excellent manure for land. 2. A method for making tar, pitch, and turpentine, which are thus prepared: They take the greasy substance which is found in the roots of old pines, and melt it over a

slow fire, then strain it, and it becomes very good turpentine, whence it is easy to distil an oil. What sticks to the bottom of the still in the distillation, becomes colophony by gentle drying, and the impure or droffy part, which would not pass the strainer, is a pitch, which may serve for links and other uses. His third method arises from a gift of nature in the abundance of hares in the north: he advises poor people to pull off their furr, which is to be manufactured with wool, and will turn to great profit.

M. Groberg presented the figure of a toad, found in the bottom of a rock of very hard stone. The generation and growth of these animals are so incomprehensible, that one is tempted to think all stories of this kind are mere fables.

M. Geo. Brandt communicates his chymical observations, which are written with exactness and veracity. The first treats of the products of vitriol; he extracts from it a limpid oil, which he separates from the common oil, by often changing the receiver. He obtained from colcothar an acid and dry volatil salt, of a kind as yet very rare. He gives new proofs how little we ought to trust to the specific virtues of fixed alkaline salts, extracted from different plants. These salts preserve none of the properties of their plants, when they are not produced by a moderate fire, and are perfectly the same when extracted by a degree of heat sufficient to make them true alkalies.

Baron Cedernheim has taken the trouble to inform himself of the nest and hatching of the cuckoo. He found that this bird did actually make use of the nests of some other kinds of birds, especially the white wagtail. But he

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or vitrifies according to the nature of the body that is offered to its power. It is thought by some to be the cause of light, but this is doubtful. It is certain there may be fire without light, as in a Dutch stove, which warms a room without enlightening it; and there may be light without fire, as the light of the moon, which gives no heat at all. In short, the air we breathe, the water we drink, the earth from whence we draw our food, all are enlivened and rendered fit for the use of man by this warm principle residing in them.

### *Of Air.*

Air is that thin transparent fluid in which we live, and move, and breathe; and without which we cannot subsist. It surrounds this terraqueous globe to a certain height, and is called its atmosphere; is carried along with it, and partakes of all its motions both annual and diurnal. In this atmosphere the clouds and vapours which are exhaled from the earth, are suspended and float about. It is a compressible and dilatable body; that is, it may be contracted to a smaller space than it naturally fills, or extended to a larger, as may be proved by many experiments. It is fitted by its nature to penetrate and pervade other bodies, by which means it animates and excites all nature, and is one of the principal causes of vegetation. It is the breath and life of the whole animal world, whether inhabiting the air, the earth, or the waters. It would be tedious to reckon up all the benefits of this useful and delicate element; let it suffice just to mention its wonderful power in many useful engines; its admirable property of conveying smells to our nose, sounds to our ears, and reflecting the light of the heaven-

ly bodies to our eyes; also its great use and excellence in contributing by many other ways to the life, the health, and pleasure of all mankind.

### *Of Water.*

Water is a clear simple fluid, inherent more or less in all matter whatsoever. There is not a body in all nature but what will yield water. Sir Isaac Newton affirms that all birds, beasts, fishes, insects, trees, and vegetables, with their several parts grow out of water, watery tinctures and salts, and by putrefaction, return again to watery substances. Harthorn, after being kept forty years, and turned so hard and dry, that being struck against a flint it will yield sparks of fire; yet put into a vessel and distilled, affords one eighth part of its quantity in water. Dead bones, after being dried twenty-five years, will yield by distillation half their weight in water. It is the most subtle and penetrating except fire; it will pass through pores ten times smaller than air will do. Leather or a bladder will contain air, but water easily finds its way through them. Nay, it has been known to force its way when sufficiently pressed, through a spherical vessel of gold. Thales the Milesian, and some other philosophers believe; that water was the first principle of all things; and some have thought that Moses himself was of the same opinion, since, before any thing was created, he tells us, the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. The uses of water, besides the beauty it gives to the world in seas, rivers, lakes, and ponds, are many and various. It is perhaps the most pleasant and healthful drink in the world; as a medicine it is very efficacious in many diseases; and

as a bath, it conduces both to health and pleasure. In fine, it is subservient to human life in many and various ways, in all fermentations, and in dissolving all bodies that we have occasion to dissolve. Also in the motion of mills, and many other engines and machines, its powers are wonderful and surprising.

#### *Of Wind.*

Wind is a quick motion of the air flowing from one point or quarter of the earth to another, of which, though various conjectures have been made, the physical cause is not yet known. The Winds are divided into, 1. Perennial, or such as blow all the year the same way, of which the most remarkable is that betwixt the two tropics, blowing constantly at sea from east to west, and called the general trade-wind. 2. Periodical, or those which constantly return at certain times. Such are the sea and land breezes, which in the evening blow from sea to land, and in the morning from land to sea. Such also are the particular trade-winds, which blow from the north to the equator in our summer, and from the south pole to the equator in our winter. 3. Variable, or such as blow now one way, and now another; are now high, now low, without any regularity either as to time or place, which is the case in most of the temperate climates in the world. The uses of the wind are many and great. It is the common servant of mankind. The whole business of navigation is performed by its assistance. It is not only commissioned to warm and cool us by turns, but also to keep our habitations clean and wholesome; which office it performs by carrying away invisibly every thing that might infect and corrupt the

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air, which if it was always at rest, and unagitated by frequent gales and storms, instead of refreshing and animating, would suffocate and poison all the world.

#### *Of the Clouds, Rain, Hail, and Snow.*

The clouds are nothing but vapours raised from the waters, or from moist parts of the earth; partly by the solar, and partly by the subterraneous heat; which vapours being lighter than air, mount upwards, till having reached such a region of the atmosphere, as is of the same specific gravity with themselves, they are there suspended. After a while the watery particles, which were at first too thin to be perceived, are so condensed by the cold of the superior regions, as to render them opaque enough to reflect the light of the sun, in which state they are called clouds; and when their specific gravity is so increased as to make them descend, it is then called rain. These clouds are formed in the atmosphere, at very different heights from the earth. When they are formed in the lower regions of the atmosphere, the rain which falls from them is very small. When they are formed higher, the bubbles falling within the sphere of each others attraction, incorporate as they fall; and become large drops. If these bubbles, in their descent through the atmosphere, meet with a region so cold as to freeze them, they condense into flakes of snow or hail. The uses of the clouds are manifold: 1. They afford a delightful and refreshing shade from the heat of the sun. 2. They pour down those fertile dews and showers on all the vegetable tribes, to which they owe their health, their verdure and their beauty: And 3. It is thought

§ G

by many that the fountains, springs and rivers, which so beautifully adorn the earth, and serve so many useful purposes, derive their origin from hence.

#### *Of Thunder and Lightning.*

Thunder is that loud and rumbling noise which is heard in the lower regions of the air, occasioned by the sudden kindling of sulphureous exhalations. For, as Sir Isaac Newton observes, vapours are raised into the air, not only from water, but also from sulphur, bitumen, volatile salts, &c. where fermenting with nitrous acids, they sometimes take fire, and generate thunder, lightening, and other fiery meteors. If high in the air, and far from us they will do no mischief; but if near us, may destroy trees, animals, or men: and the nearness or distance may be computed by the interval of time betwixt the flash and the noise. Dr Wallis observes, that commonly the interval is about 7 seconds, which at 1142 feet in a second, the rate which sound travels, gives the distance about a mile and a half; but it is often nearer, and sometimes farther off. The effects of lightning are sometimes very surprizing; it has melted a sword without hurting the scabbard, and broken the bones of a man without injuring his flesh, or even his skin. Its uses may be to purge the air, and purify the noxious vapours which might otherwise grow pernicious.

#### *Of Earthquakes.*

An earthquake is the greatest and most formidable appearance of nature. It is a vehement shake or agitation of that part of the earth where it happens, accompanied with a prodigious noise like thunder, and frequently with eruptions of water, fire, smoke, or

wind, &c. The same causes that produce the evaporation of waters, and all those meteors that roll over our heads, do also produce these other no less dreadful effects under our feet. For the earth abounding every where with caverns, veins and canals, some full of water, others of vapours and exhalations, and many parts of the earth being replete with nitre, sulphur, bitumen, vitriol, and other combustibles; these, either from some fire they meet with, or from their collision against hard bodies, or their intermixture with other fluids, are kindled, by which means bursting out into a greater compass, the place becomes too narrow for them; so that pressing violently on all sides, the adjoining parts are shaken, and noise is heard like thunder, which continues till they have either found or made a vent to discharge themselves.

#### *Of the Tides.*

The tides are that flux and reflux or ebb and flow of the sea, which is observed to happen nearly twice every day. It flows from south to north for something more than six hours, during which time it gradually swells, so that entering the mouths of rivers, it drives back their waters towards their heads or springs; then seeming to rest for about ten minutes, it begins to ebb and retire back again from north to south, for six hours more; and the waters sinking, the rivers resume their natural course. Then after a pause of ten minutes more, the sea again begins to flow as before, and so alternately. The period of a flux and reflux is twelve hours twenty-five minutes; so that the tides return later and later every day by fifty minutes. Now twenty four hours and fifty minutes is a lunar day, that is, the moon passes

the earth's meridian later and later every day by fifty minutes. So that the sea flows as often as the moon passes the meridian, both under the arch above the horizon, and that below; and ebbs as often as she passes the horizon, both at the eastern and western points; that is, both at the rising and the setting of it. When the moon enters the first and third quarter, that is, at new and full moon, the tides are high and swift, and called Spring-tides. When she enters the second and last quarter the tides are weaker, and called Neap-tides. All these phenomena of the tides are accounted for from the principles of gravitation.

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*The Spanish Curate and Vexatious Lawyer.*

*Continued from page 373.*

**I**N two or three days Leandro began to be tired of his situation, and thought he should be mortified, if he continued much longer therein; but Bartolus going out upon business, he was determined to make his first trial. With this view, he took his lute, and accompanied it with a song, hoping his attempts to please would lure Jacintha to his chamber. She had desired to see him, and the music sounded so sweetly, that, unable to resist her curiosity, she stole softly to his room, and the door being in part open, peeped in. Her good sense soon penetrated through the artful disguise of Leandro, who by his dress, one of less discernment would have taken for a plain country youth. She admired his manly face; saw expression beam from his eyes, and was convinced that his verses were no law-jargon, nor his grace-

ful motions those of a clerk. While her attention and thoughts were thus employed, Leandro had descried her, and was struck dumb with a side glance at her beautiful form, in which he thought he saw all the excellencies of the earth combined. He was about to speak to the lovely apparition, but she instantly vanished from his sight. Indeed Jacintha, thinking it neither honourable nor safe to favour Leandro with an opportunity of making love to her, retired as he advanced, and called aloud for her Moor (for she concluded of the two evils in her house the black devil was the least). When her husband came home, she told him his poor meagre shadow of a clerk had glided by her, "but (said Jacintha) why do you, who are so very jealous, employ a young man? I know your mad fits, and positively he shall not be here. You had best place the sheepish thing at your table, and let it walk about the garden; or, as he is so modest and silent, he might serve me instead of a lap-dog." "By my troth (replied Bartolus) I think you may allow him to do all this; for, though we receive daily presents from him, yet you find he never speaks. He will eat half a dozen bits, and retire immediately; nor will he in any respect, disquiet thee. This was just what Jacintha wanted, being determined the first favourable opportunity, to disclose to her husband the trick that had been put upon him by Lopez and Diego. Leandro had now the liberty of taking the air in the garden; yet, though he watched every opportunity, he could seldom meet Jacintha, and when he did, he perceived she carefully avoided him. His friends too, by calling on Bartolus, just at his time of dining, procured him a few moments,

which he filled up with the most bewitching looks, and softest language of love; and, at length, Jacintha drew from him a full confession of his name, estate, and designs upon her virtue. The friends of Leandro, finding he gained little ground, hit upon a plan which they thought would afford him time sufficient to accomplish his purposes. A messenger was dispatched to Bartolus, letting him know, that his friend Lopez was at the point of death; who, unexpectedly, was found to be very rich, and earnestly desired that the lawyer would come immediately and make his will. He was also informed, that the curate had not any kindred, and would make him his executor. Bartolus concealed as well as he could his joy, and set out full speed with the messenger. When he entered the supposed sick man's apartment, he found a table set out with paper, pens, &c. in due order. He observed several respectable gentlemen about him, among whom were Don Octavio, Angelo, and Milanes. Lopez in a faint voice desired his good friend Bartolus, his honest neighbour, to sit down, and write his testament, of which he appointed him sole executor. He then spun out time a full half hour, in various observations, after which, proceeding to the items of his will, he left two thousand ducats to the poor of his parish—three thousand to build an hospital—to his much-esteemed sexton, honest Diego, who stood by weeping and wringing his hands, one thousand—to the church a new organ—three hundred ducats to ornament the chancel, and correct the orthography of epitaphs on the tomb-stones—to the ringers a set of bells and new ropes, which last, he observed, they might use at their discretion—to pious uses (a round

number of which he enumerated, so many that Bartolus in a post asked if he had done) five thousand ducats—lastly, his sheep, oxen, moveables, plate, jewels, five hundred acres in land, and three ships at sea, which might serve an honest lawyer, he bequeathed to his executor, because he was wise, provident, and knew well how to rule his wife—"But (said Bartolus) dashing the pen against the table, where am I to find these sums, these rich moveables? about your house I see no great promises." "Even (replied Lopez in his natural voice) where you please, and can." "Yes, yes, (said Angelo) you know best where the wealth is. Why, Bartolus, you are neatly hummed, most finely fooled!" Milanes wondered how a man of his knowledge could imagine a poor curate to be in an hour rich! A burst of laughter now drove the rogue of a lawyer from his seat; and, for the first time, put him out of countenance. He sneaked off, muttering I am laughed at, scorned, baffled, abused, betrayed. Remember, Curate, thou notable rich rascal—I will certainly make you remember. Don Octavio, Milanes, Angelo, Lopez, and Diego followed him, both for the sake of his wife and their friend, on whom they supposed the full weight of his wrath and vengeance would fall. If Bartolus fumed and fretted at the treatment he met with from Lopez, he was now much more galled, when he found admission was denied him into his own house. He knocked at the door, called to the Moor, kicked, fumed, and fretted. "Why maid, (said he) open the door, I tell you. You black; why do you not come—Why wife, wife, jewel! What no one here; no one to answer? Prithee, good pupil, dispense a little with your study,

and let me in. I will make you all hear me—but (recollecting) I have a master-key which commands all. With this he entered; but turned pale at seeing Don Octavio, and his late tormentors at his back. "Nay (said Octavio) here are none but friends, and as such we will part. Come, come, bring out the bottle, and for once make your clients merry."

In the interim, after Bartolus had gone abroad, about the curate's business, Leandro traversed the house in search of Jacintha. He found her with her hat on, attended by the Moor. She seemed at first surprised; but pausing a little—Sir, said she with a smile, I am going to church, and should be glad of your company. This servant is rather an obstacle; one, however, which may be easily removed, and I may call upon a friend, at whose house I have only to command. Leandro interpreted this in his favour. He set out joyfully with the lady, and in the way would have persuaded her to call upon her friend: but she so fully convinced him of her own determination to preserve her honour, and the folly of his wicked pursuits, that when they came to the church door, Leandro took a polite leave, and going home, dressed himself agreeable to his own proper character.

While Bartolus and his company were coming into good humour over their bottle, Jacintha and her servant returned from Vespers. "Well, Madam, (said Bartolus) you have doubtless made a prosperous voyage; to what garden, Lady? or to what cousin's house?" "What! (replied Jacintha) cannot I go to church without being scandalized; but Gentlemen, he must keep a sweet modest youth to wait upon me."—At these words Leandro entered.—"But

(continued Jacintha) I have been too good a wife; too obedient."—"She has (said Leandro drawing his sword) and too worthy for your usage. Thus before the world will I justify her goodness; on my sword's point turn that man who dares but taint her virtues." "Who have we here?" said Bartolus, trembling. "A gentleman (replied Leandro) a freeman now; one who made trial of this lady's constancy, and found it unblemished. You know my name Leandro, no longer a lawyer. Leave off fooling, otherwise you will prove yourself a devil, when Jacintha will be canonized for a saint." "Be at peace, presently, with your wife, (said Don Octavio) and shake hands with that gentleman, who has honoured you too much. This plot was cast by me to punish you for your jealousy. No more words; no more anger; no more harsh treatment of Jacintha; for if I hear of any, I will lay your whole life open, and bring before the judges your numerous villanies." "Bartolus knew the power of Octavio, who was one of his noble clients; and, having no remedy, he was obliged to shake hands, and promise that his wife should have every customary indulgence. "All is over now (said he) and let us all be merry." However, the transactions of the day bred strange imaginations in his brain; and like the churlish spouse of Abigail; he soon fell sick and died. No one lamented his sudden exit, and all were rejoiced at the happy conclusion to the sufferings of Jacintha; who, after the usual time of mourning was expired, married Leandro, with whom she enjoyed every privilege, and all the pleasures a virtuous wife could wish to possess.

## D I R E C T I O N S

F O R

## B R E W I N G.

**C** L E A N your brewhouse and brewing vessels; scald your casks two or three days before you brew, and put them in a dry airy place, to prevent mothering. Boil your liquor; then let it run out of your copper into your mashing-tub: then put more liquor into your copper to boil; and as soon as the violent heat is gone off the liquor in your mashing-tub, (which you will perceive by the steam abating, or by being able to dip your finger in quick without scalding) put in your malt, and mash it well together for about a quarter of an hour; then cover it up close to confine all the heat and steam, and let it steep about an hour and a half; then draw it off into your under-back, filling your mash-tub again with more liquor out of your copper, covering it up as before; and letting it steep about two hours; then pump the first running into the copper to boil for an hour and a half, with all the hops therein, and just before you pump the first boiling into your coolers, let the second steeping run into your under-back; and after the first boiling is pumped into the coolers, then pump the second running from the under-back into the copper, which must likewise boil moderately for an hour: in the mean time, let your first running out of your uppermost cooler into the undermost; then take the fire out of the copper, and pump the second running into the uppermost cooler; let both runnings remain in the coolers till cold, which may be in a

bout eight or ten hours, according to the weather, then let them run down into the working cistern in the cellar: then put in your yeast, and whip in the head as it rises with a whisk or broom-stick split at bottom; let it remain working till the head begins to fall and look dead, which may be in about sixteen or eighteen hours; then turn it up in your vessels, and let it work therein as long as it will, which generally is about twenty-four hours; during which time, and for five or six days after, the cork holes must remain open, and the bungs not closed very tight; then stop them both as close as you can.

Observations relating to the receipt for brewing.

1. One quarter of malt makes four barrels of very good table beer; into which should be put from three to six pounds of hops, according to the weather, and the time you design to keep it; likewise regard must be had to the quality of your hops.

2. Care must be taken not to put your drink together too hot for working, which will make it small and liable to turn; which is the reason you cannot brew so good beer in hot weather as in cold, hard frosty weather excepted, March and October being generally the properest seasons.

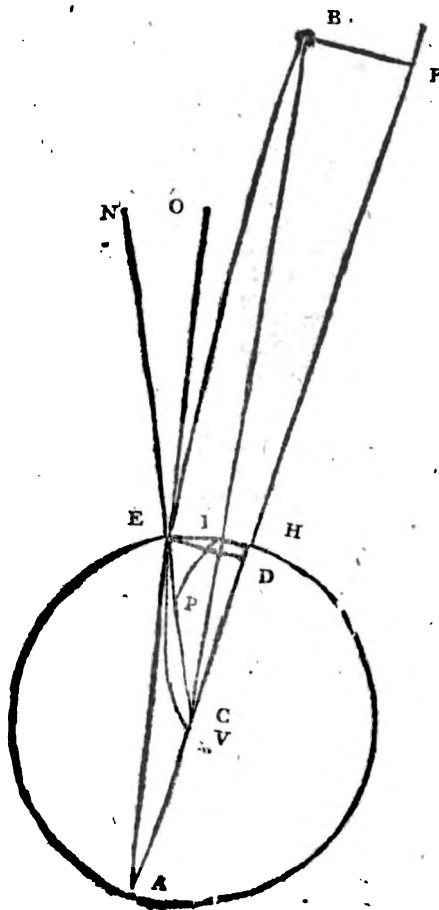
3. Likewise that you let not your second steeping remain above the usual time on your malt, which will give it an unpleasant twang, and prevent its keeping.

4. The keeping your cellar clean swept and washed contributes much to the preservation of your drink, more especially in the summer time, it having in proportion the same effects as in a dairy.

*To his Subterranean Majesty.*

*May it please your Smuttiness,*

Having exerted my utmost abilities and spent much time in perfecting the following Solution to your Majesty's most extraordinary Problem ; which, though concise, being full and explicit, I cannot entertain a doubt but your Majesty will forthwith be pleased to order the reward, 500 guineas, to be paid, *without any deduction*, by some of *your Friends here*, as I have no inclination to repair to your Majesty's lodgings, nor do I wish to see you at mine ; though I could like well enough to have a full view of your Majesty at an humble distance.



Let  $c$  be the earth's center,  $AH$  its diameter, the circle  $A E H$  the prime vertical,  $E$  Berwick the place of projection at noon on the first of January last in lat.  $55^{\circ} 50'$  north, and  $P$  the North pole.

The velocity of the Ball in the vertical direction  $EN$  being  $6.9790$  miles per second, and that in a direction parallel to the horizon by the earth's rotation  $.1629$  of a mile in the same time, the real angle of direction by this compound motion will be  $88^{\circ} 39' 46''$  and the velocity in this direction  $EO$   $6.9812$  miles per second; which being the requisite velocity at the earth's surface to caule a projectile to describe a parabola, the ball will therefore ascend *ad infinitum*! Let its place at the time required be at the point  $B$ ; make the angle  $E'CH$  equal to twice  $NEO$  the complement of the angle of direction, draw  $ED$  at right-angles to  $CH$ , produce  $OE$  and  $HC$  till they meet as at  $A$ , which from the nature of the parabola will be in the circumference, bisect  $AD$  in  $V$ , and join  $CB$ . Then will  $V$  be the vertex,  $C$  the focus, and  $VF$  the axis of the trajectory, and  $I$  the point on the earth's surface to which the ball will be vertical on Dec. 31st. next at midnight, after having been in motion 364 days, 12 hours, from its commencement at  $E$ , or 364 days, 12 hours,  $6' 22\frac{1}{2}''$  supposed it to have been projected from the vertex  $V$  in a direction perpendicular to  $VF$  with a velocity of  $298.625$  miles per second.

Let us now put  $n = CV$ , and  $x = BF$ ; and let us suppose the area of the parabolic sector  $VCB$ ,  $10250480000$  square miles to be  $a$ , and you to be our *present Devil*!—By manœuvring thus, we derive expressions for the parabolic and the triangular areas  $VBF$  and  $CBF$ , respectively; whose difference equated with the said  $a$ , becomes, after *judgmatic* reduction,  $x^3 + 12n^2x = 24ah$ ; which solved, gives  $x = 8127.281$ ; thence we obtain  $CB = VF + VC = 7567890$  miles, the ball's distance from the earth's center at the time required. Its velocity per second at that time will be  $.1605$  of a mile only, as being in the subduplicate ratio of the distance  $CB$  inversely.

Thus urg'd, the ball will distant realms explore,  
And to its native sphere return no more!  
In boundless space with various speed 'twill run  
To Luna, or some Planet of our Sun;  
Or in its parabolic Orbit roll  
Till the great dissolution of THE WHOLE!

The latitude and longitude of the point  $I$  are thus determined: In the spheric triangle  $PEI$ , right-angled at  $E$ , are given  $EI$  the difference of the angles  $ECH$  and  $ICH$   $2^{\circ} 37' 31''$ , and  $PE$  the co-latitude of Berwick; thence we obtain  $PI$  the co-latitude of the point  $I$   $34^{\circ} 15' 19''$ , and the angle  $EPI$   $4^{\circ} 40' 3''$  its longitude east from the General Meridian, or  $175^{\circ} 19' 57''$  west from Berwick, that is, nearly in the ~~most~~ western point of the Continent of North America.

The figure could not be exhibited in due proportion; the ratio of  $CB$  to  $CI$  being nearly as  $1892$  to  $1$ .

HURLOTHUNDERO.

Berwick, September 17th, 1787.

## P O E T R Y.

## THE REAL TEST OF LOVE.

**DOES** in your mind some fav'rite fair-  
 one reign,  
 Whose strong idea mingles joy with pain?  
 When she appears before you, does she  
 spread,  
 O'er your too conscious cheek a sud-  
 den red?  
 To meet her eyes, or view her lovely  
 hand,  
 Does your heart flutter? Does your  
 breast expand?  
 From hence an early passion you may  
 prove,  
 For your confusion is a sign of love.

Is to this fair one all your thoughts  
 confin'd,  
 Add can the only charm your captive  
 mind?  
 Musing on her does she alone excite  
 Your thoughts by day, and all your  
 dreams by night?  
 Or, does your heart, when other nymphs  
 you meet,  
 Confess desire, and for new beauties beat?  
 From hence a real passion you may prove,  
 If you like more than one you do not  
 love.

This chosen damsel, this triumphant she,  
 Can you no fault nor blemish in her see?  
 Her temper, shape, her features, and  
 her air,  
 (Though never yet was seen a faultless  
 fair,)   
 Charming alike in person and in mind,  
 In either you no imperfection find?  
 From hence a real passion you may prove,  
 For if you spy one fault, you do not love.

Do you within a sudden impulse feel,  
 To own your love, be secret, or reveal?  
 In tender sonnets do you vent your  
 flame,  
 With marks ambiguous, or a borrow'd  
 name?  
 Where hope and fear directs the cau-  
 tious line,  
 Which she may guess, but may not prove  
 it thine?

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From hence a growing passion you may  
 prove,  
 For poetry was ever food for love.

Does love, pure love, invade the ho-  
 nest heart,  
 Or is it stricken with a golden dart?  
 Still can't thou say, and most sincerely  
 say,  
 Should adverse fortune on thy charmer  
 prey,  
 That still unchang'd thy passion would  
 remain,  
 That still thou wouldst abide a faithful  
 swain?  
 From hence a real passion you may prove,  
 For if you sigh for wealth, you do not  
 love.

Perhaps you judge it an imprudent  
 flame,  
 And therefore linger distant from the  
 dame,  
 What then affects you? Does your ab-  
 sence heal  
 Those wounds that smarting in her  
 sight you feel?  
 Does not your heart, though distant, own  
 the pain?  
 And don't you long to see her once again?  
 From hence a real passion you may prove,  
 For that which absence cancels, is not  
 love.

Did you ne'er strive, once more sin-  
 cerely say,  
 With friends and wine to drive your  
 love away?  
 In social converse, or in jocund song,  
 In free libations to forget each wrong?  
 And have e'er these endeavours prov'd  
 in vain?  
 Will neither friends nor wine remove  
 your pain?  
 From hence a real passion you may prove,  
 For if wine drown your flame, you do  
 not love.

Still must I touch thee in a tender  
 part;  
 Would not a happy rival stab thy heart?  
 Could you, unmov'd with indignation,  
 stand,  
 If to another she resign'd her hand?

Would your heart rest at ease, or would  
it swell,  
With rage and grief, with pain too great  
to tell?  
From hence areal passion you may prove,  
For without jealousy you cannot love.

*The Physician of the Heart.*

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

AS country Hodge thro' London town,  
His plodding footsteps bent;  
A bell-rope handle drew his eye,  
But knew not what it meant.

With vacant stare he stupid stood,  
And view'd it all around;  
A wag that pass'd, his arm pull'd back,  
So caus'd the bell to sound.

Quick to the door the master came,  
Saying—"Sir, your wants declare?"  
"None," said Hodge—"Then tell me  
friend,  
"What countryman you are?"

"Why, if I needs must tell as much,  
"From Essex first I came,  
"To view the sights in this large town;  
"And Hodge, Sir, is my name."

"I thought as much," the cit replied,  
Then gave a hearty laugh;  
"For do but beat an Essex bush,  
"And lo! outflirts a calf."

"It may be so," Hodge quickly said,  
"There's sights in ev'ry place;  
"For at a London door once ring,  
"Out pops a cuckold's face."

TO SENSIBILITY AND LOVE.

Quid facerem? Neque servitio me exire  
licebat,  
Nec tam presen'es, alibi, cognoscere  
Divos!

YE thrilling pow'rs! that melt the  
heart,  
And sadly pleasing pains impart,  
Say, why this languour in my breast?  
Ah! soothe my wand'ring thoughts to  
rest.

Say, goddess, kindest muse to me!  
Say, soft-ey'd Sensibility!  
What makes this melancholic strain?  
What makes me call on mirth in vain?

Say, is it thy mild-moving sway,  
That gently steals my peace away;  
That makes me heave a silent sigh,  
When ev'ry grace in Flora's night.

What heart-felt sympathies control  
The wonted firmness of my soul;  
Why seems my being at a stand,  
Whene'er I touch her tender hand?

Whene'r her glances meet mine eyes,  
What trembling ecstasies surprise;  
What bliss emotions rule my mind!  
How are my feelings then refin'd!

What sets my spirits in a flame,  
Whene'er I hear her much-lov'd name?  
Whene'er she speaks—whatever she say,  
I well could listen life away!

Say, when I leave the charming maid,  
Why cares my anxious breast invade;  
Why o'er each feature fancy flies,  
And paints Elysium in her eyes?

Where, sweetest goddess! thou art seen,  
In fair contrast with beauty's queen!  
But while thou shin'st in Clara's smile,  
Such rapture's ne'er my thoughts be-  
guile.

Ah! Venus laughs in Flora's smiles,  
And Cupid tries a thousand wiles,  
And Thou dost soft sensations move;  
Sure this is all that's meant by love.

Love! thou much-endearing theme!  
The ardours of my soul proclaim!  
To Flora tell in distant plains,  
The sweet excesses of my pains.

And if the see my humble lay,  
Whispering bid her fancy stray  
To where, the budding woods among,  
I raise this love-inspired song.

And if these verses please her ear,  
If any thought like hers appear,  
Sure there will be some pity show'n  
The heart that imitates her own.

SYLVIUS.

September, 1787.

A R E B U S.

THE bird in which fair Juno takes delight,  
 Minerva's bird that loves the shades of night,  
 The noblest beast that traces Lybia's plains,  
 The sweetest passion in the bosom reigns,  
 The lovely season when we ought to raise  
 The lasting structure of our future praise.  
 Man's noblest part, great Pompey's  
 marshal foe,  
 The highest mount that Grecia's coasts  
 can show,  
 Fam'd Berwick's stream, the place  
 where Priam reign'd,  
 When Hector fought and deathless hon-  
 ours gain'd.  
 Take these initials, and you soon shall find,  
 A nymph whose worth is of the noblest  
 kind;  
 Resin'd her wit, exalted is her mein;  
 She walks the model of the Cyprian  
 Queen.

SUFFRAGIUM MULTORUM.

N. B. A poetical answer will oblige.

A P R A Y E R,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O Thou great Being! what Thou art,  
 Surpasses me to know:  
 Yet sure I am, that known to Thee  
 Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands;  
 All wretched and distressed;  
 Yet sure those ills that wring my soul,  
 Obey Thy high behest.

Since Thou, Almighty, canst not act  
 From cruelty or wrath!  
 O free my weary eyes from tears,  
 Or close them fast in death.

But if I must afflicted be,  
 To suit some wise design,  
 Then man my soul with firm resolves:  
 To bear and not repine.

T O L U C Y.

MILD as the morning star, and bright,  
 As that which cheers the face of  
 night:

Pure as the drop of new-fall'n dew,  
 Serener than cerulean blue;  
 Irradiating as the sun  
 When floods of glory from him run;  
 Soft as the dawning of young May,  
 Or op'ning April's show'ry ray,  
 Is that beauteous orb I trace  
 In the clear heav'n of thy dear face!

O never, Lucy, let it be  
 A planet that may stray from me;  
 Nor with the fire of high disdain  
 Blaze like a Comet on thy swain.  
 Let no eclipse of sorrow, part  
 Its genial beam from this poor heart;  
 But, 'mong the fix'd stars let it prove  
 Almost as constant as my love!

O N A G O L D F I N C H,  
 Starved to Death in his Cage.

TIME was when I was free as air,  
 The thistles downy feed my fare,  
 My drink the morning dew;  
 I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,  
 My form genteel, my plumage gay,  
 My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,  
 And form genteel were all in vain,  
 And of a transient date;  
 For caught and caged, and starv'd to  
 death,  
 In dying sighs my little breath,  
 Soon paid the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,  
 And thanks for this effectual close,  
 And cure of ev'ry ill!  
 More cruelty could none express,  
 And I, if you had shewn me less,  
 Had been your pris'n'r still.

A S O N G.

A WAKE, my love! in smiles awake!  
 For night withdraws her sable veil,  
 The clouds of morn resplendent break,  
 And odours breathe in ev'ry gale.

Arise! and aid the dawn my fair!  
 Dispute the blush with yonder east:  
 Thy breath shall mock the fragrant air,  
 The light, thy radiant eyes increase.

## T I M E.—R O N D E A U.

TIME, like the winged courser flies,  
When youthful pleasures round us  
roll;

But ah! how faint, how slow he is,  
When grief or pain obscures the soul.

No silken cords of love can bind,  
Nor wealthy bribe entice his stay;  
Nor can the means the wretched find  
To urge his cruel cold delay.

The sons of pleasure never heed  
The moments, which their transports  
crowd;

Too late perceive the traitor's speed,  
And wonder where their joys are flown.

The sons of woe, with sighs and tears,  
With ev'ry tedious minute gone;  
Unmov'd the sullen tyrant hears,  
Nor mends his pace, but slumbers on.

## T H E B I R T H - D A Y.

A Pastoral.—Addressed to Miss —

THE Lark's sprightly notes to the morn'  
Had scarcely a welcome declar'd,  
When leaving each cottage forlorn,  
The swains to the pastimes repair'd.

A vale of ambrosial sweets,  
'Mid which ran a murmuring rill,  
Long furnish'd the shepherds with feats;  
Or form'd the gay ring at the will.

Here Damon his Daphne esp'y'd,  
And Thirsis his Phillida found,  
Alexis his Chloe descri'd,  
And pleasure flew laughing around.

They pip'd the quick notes of delight,  
Jocundly they utter'd the song;  
Contentment was pleas'd with the sight,  
And happiness mix'd with the throng.

'Twas Phillis directed their theme,  
Fair Phillis! the pride of the grove!  
The shepherds who tend by the stream,  
Have nam'd her, the picture of love!

This day was the day of her birth,  
The nymph in full twenty was seen;  
And hence the indulgence of mirth,  
The shepherds had chose her their  
queen!

She led the gay dance on the plain,  
Then join'd in the innocent ring;  
Whilst Corydon—pleas'd with his pain!  
Repir'd in her praise thus to sing.

"My Phillis engaging in mien,  
"With eyes softly winning and bright,  
"Attracts, while her worth is unseen,  
"And attracts the soul at first sight."

"But how must we pity his fate,  
"Who court'ing love's poisonous dart,  
"Pursues the fond object elate,  
"And knowing her—loses his heart!"

R. M.

## T H E S T A G E S O F L I F E.

IN infancy with sports and plays,  
Careless I pass'd my earliest days;  
As show'rs with April suns appear,  
So smiling joys dry'd up each tear.

In youth I view'd each scene invite  
To happiness and new delight,  
As dancing spirits could impart  
Their genial influence to the heart;  
Then brisk the purple current flow'd,  
The cheek with native crimson glow'd;  
More fragrant nam'd the blooming  
flow'rs,

While life's gay spring led on the hours:  
And ev'ry hour I could improve,  
My object mirth, my business love:  
Nor time's succession did I heed,  
Nor mark'd the winged moments speed.  
On buoyant wings my hopes were rear'd,  
An ev'n uncalls'd miv wish appear'd.  
Ah! happy days, that I deplore,  
Now past, which shall return no more.

In manhood's prime, with vigour  
blest,  
Hygeia's pow'r my nerves conset:  
Nor less th' expanding mind display'd  
That strength which yields the spirits  
aid.

Nor I with fond reluctance saw,  
The early spring of youth withdraw;  
Still noble prospects could engage,  
The summer of maturer age:  
For autumn distant yet I view'd,  
While rolling years their course renew'd;  
Yet rolling years mov'd on apace,  
In time's incessant, sated race:  
Summer at length and autumn past,  
Lo! hoary winter comes at last.

No more blythe health and vigour  
reign,

Nor pleasure beats in every vein;  
But torpid now, and sadly slow,  
Life's sanguine tide will scarcely flow;  
No more the gilded prospects rise,  
The flow'rets fade, the landscape dies.  
Whatever yet of bliss remains,  
Or hope, the mind alone contains,  
Lost in hope we draw out breath,  
When age brings sorrow—welcome  
death!

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

*Hague, Sept. 16.*

THE States of Holland and West-Frizeland assembled yesterday and to-day extraordinarily, on account of the Prussian troops having entered on the territory of the Republic. They were admitted the 13th into the cities of Arnhem and Nimeguen, from whence they march in different columns to advance farther into the country. It is said, that the passage was demanded by one of those divisions, through the territory of Over-Yssel, but not granted. As another division has advanced towards the Southern part of Holland, and by the means the city Utrecht might be attacked on the side of that last province, where it is not sheltered whilst the Stadtholderian army might approach the other side: the Rhingrave of Salm, to whom the States of Holland have intrusted the command of their troops, evacuated Utrecht last night, and marched on the side of Amsterdam, where the Dutch forces are concentrating. The 14th at night, M. Caillard, *charges des affaires* of his Most Christian Majesty, received a courier from Versailles, who brought the answer to that which he had sent off the 9th at night, to acquaint the ministry of France, with the last note of M. de Thulemeyer. His Most Christian Majesty, justly sensible of the contents of that note, has not only approved the conduct of the States of Holland, but has also declared, that if the Prussian troops continue to menace Holland with an invasion, *his Majesty was determined, in his quality of Ally, to come to the assistance of that province.*

*Amsterdam, Sept. 20.*

The premature and perhaps too precipitate evacuation of Utrecht has been of bad consequence to this Province; as people who were unacquainted thereof, thought it was the Prussian troops coming hither to revenge what they are pleased to call an affront done to the Princess of Orange, and who having penetrated into several towns of the Province, that ours would not be exempted.

The news which rapidly succeeded since Monday gave new force to this panic. The taking of Gorcum by the Duke of Brunswick, who attacked that town with red hot balls and set fire to it, made us think all resistance useless; and that nothing remained but to submit it to the Prussians. The French, on whom the nation had depended, not appearing, or any certain account of their march; in short, the various informations on oneside, and the general surprize of the enemy on the other, having produced a general disorder, the Cabal profited thereby, and with their tricks, of which they are amply supplied, did that by a stroke of party which was thought next to impossible.

But, in short, our spirits have begun to revive, and confidence succeeds despair. It is thought that by putting this town out of the power of being insulted, the Province and the Republic will be saved; because the base of the confederation resting firm, it is always easy to repair the breaches that are made. The general assembly of all the armed corps and others have been employed ever since Monday in consulting on the

most efficacious means to save at least Amsterdam.

This Assembly have communicated their plans to the numerous Burgesses of this town, who have also consulted about it in concert with the Committee of the Council of War, and all the results of their deliberations having been communicated to the two Commissions of Defence of the town in particular and province in general, they have resolved it is possible to save Amsterdam, if they will furiously employ all their means. This has been done, and we can assure ourselves, that at this day Amsterdam is out of danger, as at all sides an approach is nearly impracticable, owing to the flowing of the waters, and by the measures taken to support its defence by other means, equally efficacious. The town is abundantly provided with every thing. The armed Burgesses assembled yesterday in their respective quarters, and were consulted whether it was better to defend or deliver up the town; when they calmly answered, "we might depend upon them to the last man."

The Deputies of eight towns, who have voices in the States of Holland, have come hither, and yesterday they held an assembly, which, although it cannot be called an assembly of the States, is preparatory to that step. They will assemble again to-day in the same design, and the Hague is in possession of the Orange party.

We hope our States will retire here, where only they can be safe.

The States General have already since held two assemblies at the Hague, which was attended with much confusion. In the first, the Equestrian Order, who now carry every thing, with four small towns and the town of Leyden, have taken a resolution, by which they have abrogated all that the States of Holland have been two years effecting. But we repeat that Amsterdam holds out, and we hope will continue to do so. Also, that the victory of the Equestrian Order will be only of short duration, when it was procured, and still exists, by the majority of only ONE VOICE.

We are informed from a respectable quarter, that M. de St. Priest, the new French Ambassador, will be at the Hague this day or to-morrow, and that he brings an account of the orders and march of the French troops. War is inevitable, if the King of Prussia does not withdraw his troops from the territory of the Republic.

The Town Council have shewn how much they confide in the citizens, and they have resolved not to yield to the torrent of weakness; these brave representatives of the people have protested against all that has been done at the Hague to the prejudice of liberty, and supported by the brave citizens, they will give an uncommon example of virtue to all Europe.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*London, September 16.*

**A**DVICE from Holland this day informs us that the States have removed from the Hague to

Amsterdam, in consequence of the late rapid motions of the Prussian troops, which have passed Harthem, and had taken possession of several

sluices intended by the patriots to inundate the country, and that the Stadtholder's Flag was flying in several places which had hitherto been neuter, or declared against him.

In consequence of the last advices, Stocks were this morning done at 67, but at twelve had got up to 67½.

The Prince of Brunswick, at the head of the Prussian Army, attended by the Prince of Orange who had taken possession of the sluices, were on their march, and within ten miles of Amsterdam when the express, who brought this intelligence, came away. The Patriots every where fled precipitately before the army.

Last night Press Warrants were issued on the River Thames, when 1700 able men were picked up for his Majesty's service, a great part of which were immediately sent on board the Race Horse man of war at Woolwich.

We can assure our readers from authority, that the Hon. Mr Grenville is gone over to France, with the determined resolution of our Court. He carries the sword in one hand, and the olive branch in the other, and his instructions are to demand a speedy and categorical answer.

From the same source we learn, that the last dispatches from the Court of Versailles to the States, are so equivocal and evasive, that the Dutch can place little dependence on their immediate friendship or support.

24. Sir Joseph Yorke, with the picture of the Stadtholder pendant from an orange coloured ribbon at his breast, received some dispatches from Holland, waited on the Minister at the Treasury with the agreeable intelligence, that the disputes in Holland were finally settled, and that their High Mightinesses had

fused for the Prince to return to his usual residence, and to take the command of the garrison at the Hague, and accept of all his former titles, dignities, and emoluments.

Humiliating, however, as these proposals were, they were not to be accepted but on conditions that the King of Prussia should not evacuate the Dutch provinces, 'till they consented to reimburse all the expences attending his taking the field, and the return of his army to his own territories, and that the command of the army and navy should in future be solely vested in the Stadtholder.

These dispatches further add, that when the express came away, their Highnesses were left deliberating on the propriety of rescinding from their journals a former resolution "*of having at any time solicited the assistance of France.*"

In consequence of his Majesty's proclamation respecting the gold coin, there are strict orders given to the revenue officers at every port in Great Britain, to cut and deface all gold coin that is more deficient in weight than expressed in the said proclamation, on the same being tendered in payment.

B E R W I C K,

September 21.

A worthy country clergyman of the Church of Scotland, lately made an excellent use of the proclamation for suppressing vice and immorality. When he came to read it after service, and the people were about to dismiss, he addressed them to the following purport—"Sit down a little—I am not done with you yet—I have been aye telling ye what a graceless pack ye were, dishonouring your Creator, hurting the interests of your families and your country by your practices, and ruining the

young by your bad example; but ye would take no heed to what I said." The king, however, has now got wit of it, and it could not otherwife be, as he has sent me a paper to read to you on your ways of going on." The congregation were all in gaping amazement, while the Minister read those parts of the proclamation which applied most directly to his parish, with suitable exhortations.—The parish have since been most exemplary in their conduct; and every family, morning and evening, pray for blessings on his Majesty, for his great condescension and attention to their welfare. Every one now strives who shall be most circum-spect and exemplary in their behaviour.

21. This morning, Serjeant Jackson, of the 23rd regiment of foot, was attacked and robbed by five men on the post road near Beltonford, of his money and watch, who forcibly took from him and broke his musket, and beat his person, and threatened to murder him for resisting, the serjeant having in the scuffle run one of them through the arm with his bayonet.

24. The Court of Justiciary was opened at Jedburgh by Lord Braxfield, when John Buglafs, tenant in Edinton Mill, for forcing a discharge from a neighbouring tenant, and Janet Wallace, for stealing clothes from a water side, were severally put to the bar, and both found guilty; and on Wednesday they were sentenced to be whipped through Jedburgh on Tuesday the 16th of October, and then to be banished Scotland for life  
*From the Whitehall Evening-Post,*  
Sept. 27.

Four years are scarcely elapsed since France and England have put up their swords; the eyes of the widows and orphans are scarcely

dry for the loss of their husbands and fathers that fell on the plains of America; four months are scarcely past, since France and England have opened their ports in friendship to each other, when a bloody streamer again skirts the horizon in the west, when their arsenals are again opened, and the instruments of ravage and murder are preparing a new scene of misery and horror.

When nations are become so great and powerful, that one cannot suddenly overthrow the other; when they proceed with equal steps to their mutual ruin, what successes can attend their war! If a few individuals profit by the disasters of it, thousands of others become the unhappy victims of the contest. If a few of those in military command arrive more rapidly in the midst of carnage at the distinctions and honours to which they aspire; if they receive a reward for their valour, the desolation of a country, the increase of public burdens, the loss of their fellow creatures who are sacrificed in the field of battle, the total stop which is put to commerce and industry, are some of the bitter fruits of such a harvest.

#### MARRIAGES.

Sept. 2. Mr Alexander Johnston, serjeant 23rd Regiment, to Miss Currathers.

18. Rev. Mr Jollie of Collingham, to Miss Elizabeth Paxton of Berwick.

#### DEATHS.

Sept. 1. Mr Thomas Laing in Tweedmouth, aged 82.

4. Mrs Margaret Nicholson, aged 74; wife of the late Mr Benjamin Nicholson, Brewer.

18. Mrs Dorothy Thompson, wife of the late Mr Joseph Thompson, Tanner.

# T H E

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F O R O C T O B E R, 1787.

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## THE HISTORY OF HOLY-ISLAND.

[From Hutchinson's View of Northumberland.]

*Continued from page 390.*

**B**UT I will quit this review, to return to the more interesting features of Friendship.

If we compare Friendship to the other affections of man, we see Love has a powerful influence on the human heart; but its bounds are confined, and its conclusions selfish; it has but one object to possess: its attachments are rigorous indeed, but full of prejudice; and its whole influence centers in an Egoity, wherein generosity and honour lose much of their lustre.

Gratitude is an excellent operation of the soul; our obligations are therein duly estimated: it is a confession of our former indigence; and self-importance is refined by such humiliation: it depends on the comparison which is drawn, between our own wants and the bounty received. Gratitude is a branch of moral honesty, a confession of the debt of obligation.

Yet Friendship is abundantly superior to Love and Gratitude; it

is an affection of the heart, in which Benevolence presides: it is accompanied by an openness of mind, wherein Generosity and Honour are exemplary, without selfishness, or pride, or consideration of reward. In Friendship, the bosom is expanded and elated; secrecy, guile, and concealment are expelled; and probity, truth, and virtue reign in their place. There is an energy in Friendship, to which every faculty contributes: it fires the soul with fervour, and fills the heart with gladness. You act therein, from the same principles, as would conduct your own nearest and most momentous affairs: it is that divine perfection, to which we are peculiarly exhorted: Love your neighbour as yourself. With our friend all disguise is thrown off; the political guise of politeness, which masks sincerity, is taken away; the heart leaps with affection; the eyes gaze with rapture, approbation, and esteem; the count-

tenance glows with expressions of delight; the bosom is unlocked, the treasures of the bosom are thrown abroad; you fear no treachery, you are open and confident; you communicate with the same joy you receive instruction, and all is pleasure.

Such were the feelings my youth experienced in the possession of a friend. How often hath the young mind hung enraptured in the association of my friend. The cordiality that then took place was as dear as life. Riper manhood hath retained the whole, though in a graver degree.

I think I hear the Saint reply, "the warmth of our sociability freezes up with declining youth, our cordiality cools as age advances, and our openness of heart decreases as the frauds of mankind, and disappointments of life, advance upon experience: we grow afraid of the hidden dangers our confidence hath often prompted; and we gradually treasure up in our memories, the lessons of example, and the inferences of experience; which, like the sepulchres of the dead, only remind us how many friends are departed, how many disasters are incident to life, how little dependence there is on man, and how vain is all human confidence in the things of this world."

If such is the consequence of age; if the delightful taste of Friendship passeth away; I will cling to the departing footsteps, I will grasp at the sacred verge, from whence to fall, is to depart from the first, and the finest enjoyment of human life; the only possession on earth, which gives an idea of the communion of angels.

To return to our Saint. He was elected by the Synod of Aln, but reluctant to assume the episcopal dignity, rejected the nomination, and refused to quit his cell and au-

sterities, until Egfrid himself, attended by all the religious and great personages of his realm then present, resorted to his island, and on their knees, with tears and supplications, in the name of God, won his consent to take upon him this Episcopacy.

Thus, after nine years continuance of a solitary life in the Isle of Farne, was this pious man induced to assume an episcopal duty. He was consecrated at York on the 7th day of April, being Easter day, in the year 685, and in the 11th of the reign of King Egfrid. The King was present at this ceremony, with seven Bishops. He was first made Bishop of Hexham, and thence translated to Lindisfarn, in the place of Eata, who was removed to Hexham. On this occasion Egfrid, with the Metropolitan Theodorus, in testimony of their love and reverence for this holy Prelate, gave to the church of Lindisfarn all the land from the walls of the church of St. Peter, in York, to the west gate of the city, and from the same church to the city wall on the south; also the village of Craike, with territories there not less than three miles in circuit, that the Bishops might have a house of rest as they should pass to and from York; and also added Carlisle, with a large district, to this See.

Some short time preceding the consecration of St. Cuthbert, the monastery of Coldingham was consumed by fire. The religious society of this house consisted of Monks and Nuns, who occupied separate parts of the edifice; but the severities of a devoted life, and the strict rules professed in such societies, were not sufficient to prevent a shameful relaxation of discipline, and many gross abuses and enormities took place; insomuch, that the destruction of

this stately edifice was regarded as a judgment, for the crimes and pollutions of its inhabitants. The monastery of Lindisfarn looked upon the event with religious horror, and soon after Cuthbert was made Bishop, he forbid the approach of women to the convent, and even denied them access to the church where the Monks performed their devotions: he caused a small chapel to be erected in a distant plain on the island, for the reception of the female sex, from its situation taking the name of Greenchurch. From thenceforth the women were excluded the churches or cemeteries where St. Cuthbert's body rested; and some miraculous punishments are related which attended infringements on this injunction. In the cathedral church at Durham the pavement is distinguished by a cross of black marble, beyond which women were not allowed to advance towards the choir.

Cuthbert enjoyed his change of life and dignities but a very short time, for within two years finding his health declining, and his mind being by habit tempered more for solitude and silence than the duties of this high office, he resigned the See, and returned to his cell in Farne, where he survived only two months, yielding his spirit to God on the 20th day of May, 687, in the 53d year of the creation of the See of Lindisfarn, and 37 years after he had assumed the monastic habit at Mailros. He directed by his last will, that his body should be buried at the east end of the oratory, in a stone coffin given him by the holy Tuda, and wrapped up in a sheet presented him as a token by Virca Abbess of Tyne-mouth, which out of reverence to that holy woman he had never used: and lastly, if the island

should be invaded by Pagans, he ordered the Monks to fly from them, and carry his bones away with them. These directions were none of them performed, his body was transported to Lindisfarn, where in St. Peter's church, at the right side of the high altar, he was solemnly laid in a tomb of stone; but the Monks left behind them the coffin for which he expressed such regard, which still continues to be shewn at Farne Island, and it is highly probable they were not more mindful of the sheet. His body was brought from Farne to be interred at Holy Island, where his remains were deposited with great funeral pomp, first in the cemetery of the old church, and afterwards on the right side of the high altar, on the cathedral's being rebuilt: and for his exemplary piety and virtue, the church enrolled him in the table of Saints.

In the Philosophical Transactions a curious painting of St. Cuthbert is described, found near Ashelney, in Somersetshire. The portrait is enamelled on gold, drawn sitting in an episcopal chair, with the following inscription:

ÆLFRED MEL HETT GEWTLAN

Thus construed:

Alfredus me iussit fabricari.

Mr Wallis speaking of this portrait, has the following remarks. "King Alfred preferred these characters to the Saxon, and when he swayed the scepter, brought them in use. This curious memorial of St. Cuthbert was found in the very place of that glorious Monarch's retreat and deliverance from the Danes, fortified by him in the time of war, and in time of peace converted into a monastery. Dr Musgrave thinks this curious Cimolium an undeniable instance of the use of images coming from

"he beathens into the Christian church."

St. Cuthbert's shrine had the privilege of sanctuary, where fugitives were safe for 37 days. This respite allowed criminals a time for making restitution, or under the feudal laws they would have suffered immediate pains and punishments: it was the process by which the rigour of common law was moderated; and when kept in due restraint was of great benefit to mankind; but by an enormous extension which took place, it produced infinite mischiefs to the community and to the state.

On St. Cuthbert's death, Wilfrid Bishop of Hexham held the See of Lindisfarn for one year only: He was succeeded by

#### EPISCOPUS IX.

Eadbert, a learned man of exemplary life and piety, and of a most humane and charitable disposition. His custom was to remit all tithes to the poor. He re-erected the church of Lindisfarn, and covered it with lead. He held the See ten years, and departing this life in the year 698, was interred near St. Cuthbert's body.

#### EPISCOPUS X.

Egfridh, or, as some authors write him, Eadfrid next possessed the See, a Monk of Lindisfarn, one of the most learned men of his time. He translated the Gospels into Latin; which work after his death was highly decorated by his successor with gold and jewels: Bilfrid, an hermit, illuminated it with various paintings and rich devices; and Adred, a priest, interlined it with a Saxon version. This curious work is now deposited in the British Museum, in the Cottonian collection. Under this learned Prelate's patronage, the venerable Bede wrote the life of St. Cuthbert. Bede presumed to remonstrate to his

friend, for the neglect of the duties of his high office; for though he had, early after his coming to the See, through his high veneration of the memory of St. Cuthbert, repaired and beautified his little oratory on Farne, yet he did not so closely follow his exemplary life, as Bede conceived he should have done for the honour of religion; whereupon he took upon him to dictate manners to the prelate. The letter wrote on this occasion, was said to be the means of Egfridh's attending more strictly to his studies; and from that time he translated a great part of the Gospels into the Saxon language, for the easier communication to the people. Bede's maxims were, I doubt not, well adapted to the age; and they still are not insignificant to the Prelates of more modern and learned times. The subjects of this expostulation, were chiefly the importance of a Bishop's duty, and the greatness of the charge which he had assumed: he entreated him to recognize the divine commission, as being the ordination of the great missionary of heaven: that he should rebuke the proud in the vanity of their high station, and instruct them in the duties of humiliation: that they should not erect churches for the sake of popular admiration and worldly honour, but as works of piety only, for the propagation of religion and virtue: that he should visit his Clergy, and reprove or lop off those branches which were contaminated with the vices of the age: and that his leisure hours should be appropriated to acts of devotion and study, and not sacrificed to pleasures, luxuries, and indolent ease. Egfridh was Bishop for 24 years: he departed this life in 721, and was buried at Lindisfarn.

*To be continued.*

## ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

in seeking to gain money for a merry night.

*Continued from page 392.*

A Lair of clay is placed on the stool, and therein is stuck, with great regularity, an arrangement of all kinds of flowers, so close as to form a beautiful cushion: these are exhibited at the doors of houses in the villages, and at the ends of streets and cross lanes of larger towns, where the attendants beg money from passengers, to enable them to have an evening feast and dancing. This custom is evidently derived from the *Ludi Compitalii* of the Romans: this appellation was taken from the *Compita* or cross lanes, where they were instituted and celebrated by the multitude assembled before the building of Rome. *Servius Tullius* revived this festival after it had been neglected for many years. It was the feast of the *Lares* or household Gods, who presided as well over houses as streets. This mode of adorning the seat or couch of the *Lares* was beautiful, and the idea of reposing them on aromatic flowers and beds of roses was excellent. The chief part of the ceremonies and solemnities of this feast used by the Romans, as we are told by the Poets and Historians, was exhibiting the household Gods, crowning and adorning them with chaplets and garlands of flowers, and offering sacrifices up and down the streets. The British remains of the ceremony are more refined—that of reposing them on those delicious beds. *Suetonius* tells us, that *Augustus* ordered the *Lares* to be crowned twice a year. We are not told there was any custom among the Romans, of strangers or passengers offering gifts. Our modern usage of all these old customs terminates

## SHEEP-SHEARING.

The Sheep-shearing festival retains nothing singular, and is too well known to require any amplifications.

## THE WAKE.

The Country Wake or Feast Day, called in some places the Hopping, is the ancient Feast of Dedication.

## MELL SUPPER.

After harvest the Heathens are said to have sacrificed to the Deity *Vacina* or *Vacuna*, who was supposed to preside over Rest and Ease. It is now a custom on the last day of reaping, to dress up an image of the corn, and bear it home in triumph, which is called the Kern (properly Corn) Baby. In some places I have seen an image apparelled in great finery, crowned with flowers, a sheaf of corn placed under her arm, and a scythe in her hand, carried out of the village on the morning of the conclusive reaping day, with music and much clamour of the reapers into the field, where it stands fixed on a poll all day, and when the reaping is done, is brought home in like manner: This they call the Harvest Queen, and represents the Roman *Ceres*. The servants having performed the most valuable part of their labour, are entertained by their masters, when all distinction is laid aside. This feast is called the Mell-Supper, at which there are dancing, masquing, and disguising, and all other kinds of rural mirth. The name of this supper is derived from the rites of *Ceres*, when an offering of the first-fruits was made; the word *Melle* being a provincial word, and signifies in this country mingled;

implying that the cakes used at this festival are mingled or made of new corn, and that it is the feast of the mingling of flour of the new reaped wheat. The Romans held a solemn day after harvest, dedicated to Ceres and Ops, the accustomed victim a boar; but we cannot from any part of the above rural feast gather the least Roman remains, save only the season and the image of the gods. The rejoicing after harvest may have an origin as high in antiquity as reaping itself: The first instance we read of is in the 4th chapter of Genesis, ver. 3, 4.

#### SEMESLINS.

We have a kind of cake mixed with fruit called *Semeslins*. The Romans prepared *sweet bread* for their feasts held at seed time, when they invoked the gods for a prosperous year. In Lancashire they are called *Semens*. We have the old French word still in use in heraldry, *semée*, descriptive of being sown or scattered.

Many Customs are retained in Winter.

#### ALLHALLOW MASS.

The 1st day of November seems to retain the celebration of a festival to Pomona, when it is supposed the summer stores are opened on the approach of winter. Divinations and consulting of omens attended all those ceremonies, in the practice of the heathen: Hence in the rural sacrifice of nuts, propitious omens are sought touching *Matrimony*: if the nuts lie still and burn together, it prognosticates a happy marriage or a hopeful love; if on the contrary they bounce and fly asunder, the sign is impropitious. I do not doubt but the Scotch fires kindled on this day, anciently burnt for this rural sacrifice.

#### MARTINMAS

has no peculiar celebration now remaining: We are told by Morelin, that the heathen held the festival of Bacchus at this season; and without remembering the jolly God, the jovial service long remained in the northern counties. Within half a century it was held as a season of great mirth and jollity.

#### CHRISTMAS

has still many peculiar customs: The *Saltatio Armata*, the Pyrrhick or Military Dance of the Romans, is still preserved; men dressed out with ribbands perform a *Sword Dance*, and gather gifts for a merry night.

Others, in the same kind of gay attire, draw about a Plough, called the *Stot Plough*, and where they receive a gift, make the exclamation *Largels!* but if not required at any house for their appearance, they draw the plough through the pavement, and raile the ground of the front in furrows. I have seen twenty men in the yoke of one plough.

These are perfect remains of Roman customs: Mr Brand quotes the following passage, "*Aratrum inducere moris fuit Romanis, cum urbem aliquam evertissent, ut eam funditus delerent.*" *Vocab. tri- usque juris a Scot. J. C. in Verb. Aratrum.* It may have been practised by the Romans in commemoration of the founding of Rome, or some cities in Britain.

"*Interea Aeneas urbem designat aratro.*"

Virgil *Aeneidos*, lib. 5. p. 26r.

The *Stot Plough* has been conceived by some to have no other derivation, than a mere rural triumph, the plough having ceased from its labour.

*To be continued.*

*The History, Dignity, and Usefulness of Astronomy.*

THE heathen philosophy, when it took into consideration that erect posture which distinguishes man from all creatures that walk the earth, could not conceive a nobler use for which it was ordained, than "contemplating the heavens;" and the rapt Psalmist, in one of his noblest flights, warm with the praise of his Creator, and eager to address him in the height of his majestic dignity, exclaims, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy hands, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained!"

Human reason in its utmost extent, and inspiration in its most enthusiastic raptures, join in pronouncing astronomy the first and greatest of the sciences. It is, indeed, at once the most exalted in its nature, the most extensive in its compass, and the most useful to mankind, of all that are in the reach of our comprehension. There can be no object capable of filling the ingenuous mind with so august, so worthy a sense of the power, the wisdom, and beneficence of the Creator, as the expanse of the heavens; nor is there any way to the comprehending what and how vast that frame truly is, by what amazing power it is supported, by how regular and unvarying laws its several orbs, that roll in seeming wildness about it, are governed and directed in their course, but by this science.

If the earliest ages, in which scarce any thing of it was known, held the least approaches toward improvements in it in such veneration; if they cultivated, with the most assiduous attention, every step that was laid down toward a nearer acquaintance with it; and paid even

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divine honours to those who could no more than mark out the road to the most limited of its investigations; how ought we to reverence the science, and pride ourselves in the improved state under which we enjoy it; who see it carried, if not to the utmost perfection, at least to all that can appear to us, to all that our organs can receive of it, all that our very understandings can comprehend!

The system of that universe, of which the orb we inhabit is a part, we are perfectly acquainted with: we know the distances, the magnitudes, the forms of all the bodies within its sphere; and we can lay down the laws by which they are governed. As to the more remote, the worlds enlightened by other suns, the several orbs revolving in other portions of the wide expanse, he who created them, as well as us who behold them, gave them as the objects of our admiration, not of our immediate knowledge; he adapted our organs to less distant discoveries; and while we collect, from what we know of our own worlds, what may be the state of theirs, and conjecture from his attributes what it is most probable should be so, we pay him all the tribute he expects, and owe to astronomy all the advantages we are capable of receiving from its discoveries.

Would we see in its just light the state in which this science has been delivered to us by the immortal Newton, let us look back to the days of its earliest origin: or, if we would know the value of its present perfection, let us enquire into the steps by which it has arisen to it, and the slow advances that were made toward it.

We hear of astronomy among the earliest ages, and even in the most respectful terms: we find the weakest attempts toward its im-

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provement, received by every civilized nation as obligations of the highest kind from those who made them. The sacred writings abound with proofs of its cultivation among the Jews, and these are always applied to the most exalted purposes. The Chaldeans, and Assyrians are honoured by all antiquity for their attachment to it; yet all this time there was no more than the attempt in the place of success for the object of the world's veneration. It was not till the science passed from the Egyptians to the Greeks, that any real discoveries were made in it, and these so slow and so interrupted, that nothing less than a true sense of the dignity, as well as utility of the study, could have supported men under the continued attempts.

Among these generous people, the name of Anaximander was extolled beyond that of the greatest conquerors, for discovering that the earth was round; and, four ages after, statutes were erected to Anaximenes, for proving, that the moon shone but with a borrowed light: this was the man who, animated and encouraged by the gratitude of his country for his first labours, afterwards attempted to explain the manner in which eclipses both of the sun and moon were performed. From his time no advance of consequence was made till the days of Pythagoras, a man more extensive in his genius, and bold in his attempts, than the world has perhaps produced since his time. The improvements under which we now enjoy this science, were wholly out of his reach from the want of those instruments, by which they have been made; but he has the honour of being the first who discovered the obliquity of the ecliptic, and things are recorded of him, at that time strange and unintelligible to his hearers, but which are found to agree in an

amazing manner with the latest discoveries.

I with the history of astronomy could be continued in the same advances to perfection; but it must be owned, that Aristotle, the person into whose hands it next fell, perplexed, confounded, and almost totally overthrew the slender but just rudiments of it that had travelled down to him from these men. His schemes, though pompously introduced, and laid down with all the dictatorial insolence of even a modern enthusiast, by no means correspond with what was then known of the phenomena of the heavens; and his hypothesis of solid orbs, epicycles, excentricks, and intelligences; his wild doctrine of the comets; his mistakes on the nature of the galaxy; and his sphere of fire under the moon, were a scandal to that age, which had received so much truth from his predecessors.

It was not easily that astronomy recovered this blow; for no wounds strike so deep into a science, as those given by hands employed in its propagation: the enterprising genius of Theophrastus alone was equal to the raising truth and knowledge from under this incumbered load of revered ignorance: from him Aratus caught the sacred fire: he supported all the new doctrines of that great and good philosopher: and reconciled them to the original truths inculcated by the first men who had turned their studies towards this point, and whose doctrines had been universally revered, till the overbearing pride of Aristotle had buried them in obscurity.

From this great author Aristarchus delivered the science a little improved to the greater Archimedes; and from the illustrations made by that surprising genius, of the several already delivered truths:

and from his own additions, all formed by deductions from those principles, Geminus, Menelaus, Theon, Hipparchus, and the noble Ptolemy, delivered it under still more and greater improvements to the Latins and Arabians, from whom it came to us.

Such have been the gradual, the arduous steps; such the slow and laboured advances to a science, now at its utmost height among us.

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*The Island Princess and English Captain.*

*A Tale.*

**A**MONG the clusters of Oriental Islands, situated in those seas which form a part of the great Pacific Ocean, are the Moluccas, or Spice Islands. These are sixteen in number, the produce of which are cloves. Those, wherein the incidents related in this tale took place, are Tidore or Tidor, Ternata, Bachian, and Amboyna. In 1500, when these islands were under their own native sovereigns, the Portuguese had a fort at Tidore, the king of which was named Quisara. He had a sister, whose mother was a white woman, courted on account of her beauty and uncommon wit by all the neighbouring princes. Her complexion, considering the climate, was remarkably fair, as if the sun affected her sweetness, and would not, as he does all else, dye it with the hue of a tawny lividity. In her conduct she was remarkably cautious and circumspect; to converse more freely with those she favoured, it was her custom to resort to a country-house belonging to her aunt Panura. In the number of her suitors, Armusia, governor of the fort, held the first place in her esteem; but

when he made a declaration of his love, she thus addressed him, "Governor, you Portugals, though rugged soldiers, yet when inclined to flatter, you are mere courtiers. Do you love me? I love a soldier, and what speaks him a true one is his valour. It is not the person, nor the royal title that I look upon; that well deserving man I love, whose virtue can work out a favour. You know my noble brother is now a prisoner in Ternata, unjustly detained by the governor, who meanly surprised him when in his Baratto, between the islands, with a few friends, on a party of pleasure; but more of this to-morrow, when the kings of Bachian and Amboyna, my suitors, are to have audience, and to produce their claims to my affection. Till then, think on a way to win me handsomely. Court occasion that she may be ready. Be sure you take a worthy one that may advance you. I do not say I dote, or mean to marry; but something may be done to compel me to it. Be with me to-morrow at the banquet, then to court, where you may chance to hear something that will lead your mind in search of honour, and spur it on to seek adventure. Be bold, discreet, and constant, then know I love you."

At this time an English frigate from the Indies, lay in the harbour of Tidore, commanded by Charles Belmont, a brave captain, and much esteemed for his polite manners, and generous disposition. Being at the fort, with the governor, who treated him with remarkable distinction, he heard of the intended levee at court, and was invited by Armusia to be present. "I must," said he, "repair to the banquet, but my nephew, Pinicro, will esteem it a favour to introduce you. We promise ourselves a joyous entertainment, for the princes are lusty

lovers, and bear a proud state. The King of Bachian is lofty, disdainful, and loud in his own commendations; that of Amboyna spirited, yet wise, and temperate; yet the wary Princess of this island looks on both with equal indifference. A letter too is said to have come from the haughty governor of Ternata, the contents of which have not yet transpired; but it is reported, that he also is in the list of Quisara's suitors."

When the court was assembled, Belmont, accompanied by Piniero, went thither, and mixed in the circle. They found the two princes in a warm dispute concerning the ground of their pretensions, and right to Quisara's favour. The King of Bachian spoke loud of his rank, and cast so many contemptuous reflections on his competitors for the princess, that the King of Amboyna told him, he was a vain boaster, full of self-affection, "Talk wiser," said he, in a resolute tone, "it will become you better, talk less too, that men may think you can do more. For my part, I am not good at long arguments; I shall be short with you: here lies the proof, (drawing) with which I shall make good my reasons." At this instant, Quisara, the princess, entered. "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye; in all her gestures dignity and love." "For shame!—Forbear great princes!—Rule your angers!—You violate the freedom, state, and royalty of this place!—Comes your love in violence?—Do you think it fit my presence should be insulted by your childish contentions?—He that loves me, will love my pleasure; be therefore temperate, or be no more, what you profess, my servants. If you love danger you shall find it, but not this way: he that desires my favour must put on a well-confir-

med, a temperate, and true valour. It is not unknown to you that I have a royal brother, now a miserable prisoner. Were I ambitious, he might so remain with all his miseries upon him, for then I might here reign absolute: yet, the flattering shews of dignity, the golden dreams of greatness, cannot force me to forget nature, and my affection; therefore, that man who would be known my lover, must be his redeemer, and bring him to my embraces. He that does this shall be my husband. Here is a letter from Ternata's governor. He offers for my love to set my brother his prisoner free, but I scorn his courtesy; and before I would on these terms gain his liberty, I would study to forget he is my brother. By force he was taken, and by force he shall be brought back. Though I love him most tenderly and dearly as a brother, and should rejoice to see him; yet to receive him from the man who has basely wronged us both, I had rather see him sunk in the earth, and there mourn over him. I know the undertaking is a dangerous one; therefore, noble princes, and all here present, take a little time to consider, the cause requires it; great deeds should have deliberate counsels. Farewell! see me no more till some achievement commands my presence." All admired the spirit of the Princess; all boasted much, but not one promised a fair performance: even Armusia thought the danger great, the attempt extremely hazardous, and the success exceeding doubtful.

Charles, who thought Quisara a mirror of her sex, stood by as an unconcerned spectator, and suppressed his sentiments on his return to the fort with Armusia and his nephew; but when he got on board his ship he summoned toge-

ther his officers, and while the glass freely circulated, related to them circumstantially the transactions of the day. Having warmed them with a long string of healths, and a lively description of Quisara's incomparable charms, he observed it would be a glorious action to bring off the imprisoned king, before the Portugal had come to a determination; and he told them, he conceived the execution of a plan he had concerted would be easily effected. His friends and companions immediately proffered their assistance: "And if we shrink, captain," said his first lieutenant, "let the name of slaves die with us." This was repeated by every one, with three hearty cheers. English seamen generally undertake, and prosper, without considering much: Belmont being well acquainted with their temper, ordered out the boat, which he manned with eight of his company, well armed, and habited like merchants; each of whom were supplied with an assortment of goods for traffic. The sea and wind befriended them; and after a prosperous passage, they lodged the boat, safely concealed, within the reeds, close by the castle where the king was imprisoned. Belmont then, after having examined the strength of the town, hired a house near to the palace, into which, with his merchandize, he conveyed the combustibles he had brought with him from the ship. When these were properly disposed, and the train laid, he told his companions, now was the time for action. "An hour hence," said he, "my brave friends, look for the fire to light us to our purpose; then, when all are full of fear, and intent on self-preservation, let us fly to the prison. I know you will act bravely, and then fortune will befriend us." Having ordered his

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observed, he was a stranger, but not to her virtues; that the first sight of her had inspired him; and then to execute her commands was an easy task. The king took him in his arms, called him his most beloved friend, desired that no discontents might be visible, "but," said he, "lead on, and let our whole court be crowned with pleasure."

Piniero observed to his uncle, the governor, that Belmont was a brave fellow, and deserved richly the Princess: "For," said he, "here was no demurring nor delays; he took her at her word, and acted like a man. By my faith, a handsome gentleman, and dearly do I love him. The Princess picked you out; she bid you go; but you see this noble captain ended his market before you were up. You are undone." Armusia made no reply; and grew on a sudden melancholy: "Oh! she is snatched from me, for ever gone! That Belmont, that new thing, that foreign flag stuck up to rob me of my honour, that murdering chain-shot, that goodly plague, which I must court to kill me, that brave thing has undone me!" But, notwithstanding the unsettled state of Armusia's mind made him behold the conduct of Belmont in a wrong light, yet he was a man of honour, and loved virtue; and therefore soon became sensible of his unjust behaviour to Charles: he now thought no one so well deserved the princess: allowed him his just prerogative, and blamed only his own dilatory negligence as the sole cause of having lost an inestimable prize, which the active Englishman had bravely won.

Belmont now saw himself supremely blessed in the caresses of the princess; the favour of the king, and the cordial affection of his

friends: but he had still a greater difficulty to surmount before he could attain the completion of his wishes, than what he had hitherto met with. A certain grave and reverend person, said to be a Moorish priest, arrived at court; and gained the ear of the king, by relating the most striking circumstances previous to, and attending his late captivity, which induced him the more readily to credit his predictions of future events. Having succeeded thus far with Quisara and her brother, he began to infuse into their minds suspicions of the Portuguese: and of the smooth-faced stranger, as he called Belmont. "They have already," said he, "fed on the fat and freedom of this happy isle, where every wind blows them perfumes, and every breath of air is like an incense: the very rivers as they roll along, throw them up pearls: mark but the end, is it not to this happy town, perpetual slavery? Witness the citadel, which they have put upon the neck of your Tidore. Next comes a frigate to check your liberty; and the stranger, what does he aim at? your sister: is she not your heir? should he marry her whose will your kingdom be? But, which most nearly concerns me, should their ambition prosper, what reverence shall our gods have? Will they not change your ancient customs, worship, and religion too? Excellent princess, it is from you we must expect deliverance, it is you must bring them home to our devotions." Quisara told the holy man she understood him, nor should her zeal be wanting to make trial, and the king said, he would consider, for it would not become him to act rashly on a light belief.

A proper place was now appointed for an interview between Quisara and Belmont, where the

king might hear their conversation without being seen. When they were met, Quisara thus began.—

*Quis.* Belmont, I know you have deserved as much as man can, and I know also it is but justice to requite you.

*Belm.* Madam, there is nothing that can prove my obedience or my service, but I shall pursue it seriously.

*Quis.* I know you are no coward, but now I must make trial of your love: if you prove constant I am yours, your wife, Sir.

*Belm.* Say, what is it you require?

*Quis.* Change your religion, and be of one belief with me.

*Belm.* I will be hanged first.

*Quis.* Worship our gods: offer us we do.

*Belm.* Ha! To the devil, lady? Offer to those I hate? To dogs and cats, to every bird that flies, and every insect.

*Quis.* We worship the sun and moon, and those are heavenly.

*Belm.* Away, foolish woman! I adore the maker of that sun and moon, who gives those bodies light and influence; who pointed out their paths and rules their motions.

*Quis.* I love to hear you, yet we must be of one faith, before you can marry me.

*Belm.* Now I condemn you; that face too now looks ugly methinks.

*Quis.* How, Englishman?

*Belm.* It looks like death itself, to which it would lead me; and know, woman, that for this trap you have laid to catch my life, my immortal life, I condemn your wooden deities; spurn at their lifeless powers; and when I chance to meet them, will kick them into puddles!

“Oh,” said Quisara to herself,

“what a noble, god-like soul is this, in mortal guise! Methinks something within me bids me hate our gods.”

At this instant the king entered with some of his guards, and ordered them to bind Belmont and commit him to safe custody. As he was led away, Quisara bid him still love her, and by her life protested, he should be used nobly.

The news of this violence no sooner reached the fort and frigate, than all hands were employed in preparations for action; the great guns were loaded with shot, and a select body of Portuguese and English seamen were drawn up, ready to march, but it was thought most honourable, that Pinireo should go first and hold a conference with the king. When he came to court, he found him enquiring of the priest what could be done; for Quisara, who was clinging to Belmont had publicly renounced her religion, and declared that, from conviction, she embraced the Christian Faith; in consequence of which the law of Tidore sentenced her to death; but the king had the power of pardoning. The Moorish priest, in the name of his gods demanded the victims. “Make the fires ready,” said he, “and let both die.” He had scarcely spoke these words, when Piniero, who had observed him very attentively, springing forward, seized him, saying, “My sword disdains the rascal; but thus will I tear him before you.” When he had pulled off his false beard, every eye discerned the governor of Ternata. The astonished king cried out, “Oh, my dear Belmont! off with his chains. My noble sister take heed; we have delayed your happiness too long. Away with that false hypocrite to prison: his island we will seize upon. Come princes, friends,

and lovers; no more guns now, but to announce the marriage of this matchless pair, four joys, and triumphs!"

## POLYDORE AND HIS SISTER.

### *A Story.*

A Gentleman whose estates lie some miles distant from London, had two sons and a daughter; his income being none of the largest, and not entirely free from incumbrances, a near relation, a gentleman of Picardy, was induced to take the youngest son, for whom he had a particular respect, in order to educate and provide for him. Polydore, for so I shall call him, was about fourteen years old when he left England, and during his stay in France, which was near eight years, had made a very great progress in all manner of polite literature; which, together with an affable disposition; naturally alert, and a rising genius, acquired him the title of an accomplished gentleman and the love of all his acquaintance. This, without doubt, was no little pleasure to his relations, who were extremely desirous of his return to England; if not to remain with them, at least that they might have the pleasure of seeing one so near them, bearing so brilliant a character.

Agreeable to their desire, he took leave of his guardian in Picardy, and returned to London. During the interval of his absence, his sister Alesia had not only forfeited her title to the honour of their family, but the affection and regard of her father; led on by youth, inexperience, and vanity, she had too long listened to the deceitful insinuations of a villain,

who, under pretence of marriage, had betrayed her innocence, which only makes beauty charming, and and rejecting every vow and promise he had made, entirely abandoned her. Thus left to the severe reflections of her past conduct, and the baseness of her paramour, in despair, grief, and misery, she mourned in vain her past folly, without a ray of hope to comfort her afflicted mind. What a wretched situation!—some few months before, the blooming pride of an honourable family, the fondest darling of her aged parent, and the most engaging of her sex; now, sunk by the man she loved into dishonour and infamy. It might be imagined circumstances like these would have driven her to an act of desperation, but it was not so; evils without remedy, become less burthen some and dreadful, than represented by the first idea.

Thus Alesia's disgrace growing every day more familiar her shame decreased as what she had taken from her father's, for subsistence, diminished; till the fear of want, and the want of shame, drove her into the most abandoned scenes of wickedness, which led on at length to common prostitution.

This was her unhappy state when Polydore, ignorant of what had befallen his sister, returned from France; having had notice of his coming, I waited on him the afternoon he arrived, when he received me with all the politeness imaginable, embraced me as a friend to their family, and confessed his obligations for several letters I had sent him. I spent some hours with this accomplished young man, and I think I may as firm I never was more agreeably entertained. Some gentlemen coming in, with whom he had been acquainted abroad, I took my leave

with a promise to breakfast with him the next morning: but an accident, unexpected and dreadful, the sad effects of intemperance and wine, rendered that interview, which I flattered myself would prove as agreeable as the former, one of the most shocking I had ever met with.—Coming, according to appointment, to his lodgings, his servant told me he had been absent all that night, and was just returned very much disordered; that he had shut himself up in his closet after sending a messenger for me. You may imagine how much I was surprized at his relation. I went immediately up stairs, where he sat in his closet, the door being wide open; in the most dejected attitude; his eyes were fixed upon a chair that stood opposite, without regarding my coming in; I spoke several times before he took the least notice, when turning his head, seemingly in the greatest agony of mind, grief being painted on his countenance, he fixed his eyes full on mine, crying out, “Oh, Sir, my Sister!” then burst into tears, still looking at me with the greatest emotion. It is not easy to conceive the effect this had on my spirits, which were sunk immediately, so that I could not answer him, but stood speechless for some time: at length recovering myself, I concluded he must have heard something of the unfortunate Alezia. I endeavoured, as well as the confusion I was in would permit, to alleviate, in some degree, her circumstances, and moderate his grief; but interrupting me, he started up, repeating with some vehemence, “Let me speak!” and sat down immediately: I stood silent, I believe near five minutes, when he began to unfold the occasion of his sorrows

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When I could understand by his imperfect relation, often broken by sighs and exclamations, that the company I had left him in the preceding evening, had engaged him at the tavern, where being overpowered with wine, he had accepted the offer of one of them to carry him to the lodging of a famous courtesan, who most unfortunately proved to be the wretched Alezia, with whom he inconsiderately engaged to pass the night; it not being in the power of either of them to recollect each other's features after so long an absence, especially Polydore those of his sister, in a place where he should least have expected to see her! but what must be their surprise in the morning, when he discovered on her finger, a ring he had once sent her as a present! He seized her hand directly, and asked where she had stolen it! she answered without equivocation, her brother in France had sent it her, for whose sake she had kept it, though she had many reasons to have done otherwise; then looking at each other with great earnestness, they remembered too well their affinity, and both swooned away.

Polydore first recovered; and seeing the condition of his sister, gave all the help his endeavours could procure. As soon as she began to revive, he, unable to speak, immediately withdrew, having ordered proper assistance, and returned to his apartments. After I had heard this melancholy affair, he begged I would go and see her, which I promised him, and according to his desire went immediately in search of her, in which I succeeded, though he could give no positive directions, so deeply was he affected. I was introduced into her bed-chamber, where she sat in a very pensive posture; when

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upon the maid's information, I had something of consequence to communicate, she got up, moved forward to meet me, and in a very serious manner, demanded my business; I was willing to see how much the late adventure had depressed her spirits, and briskly assuming an air of gaiety, answered, "Pleasure, madam!" at the same time, pressing her hand: she drew back some few steps, and snatched it away; telling me, that I was certainly mistaken in the person I intended to honour with my company; that if pleasure was my business, her looks might have convinced me she was not the proper object. I made no reply, and she proceeded. "If we may judge from appearance, Sir, you are a gentleman, and as such may make pretensions to sense, honour, and education. Then tell me, Sir, what pleasure did you ever taste, what raptures could you ever enjoy in the arms of a prostitute?—for I suppose, Sir, you are pretty well assured I am so unhappy as to be one. What happiness can you experience in the society of wretches devoted to infamy? even while we smile on you, we hate you, and all your sex, for the sake of him who first seduced us: our fondness is all hypocrisy, and the pleasure we only feign, is an addition to the load of wickedness, which at last must sink us."

I confess I was not sorry to behold her so sensibly touched, and therefore told her, that, the seeing a person in her situation so deeply affected with a sense of guilt, gave me more satisfaction than I had ever experienced, in their society in their looser hours, and if she would repose so much confidence in me, as to make me acquainted with her circumstances, she would find me a person of so much honour, as to extricate her from the

state she seemed so much averse to. For this assurance she thanked me, desiring me to sit down, which we both did; when she proceeded to relate that part of her life, which I had, in some measure, been a stranger to; and from thence had fallen into the most lavish profuseness, in the loose extravagant scenes of affluence and grandeur; and from thence had fallen into the most despicable extreme of misery and want. It was easy to be perceived that this relation wrung her devoted heart; I was deeply concerned: the situation of the unhappy object demanded my relief and compassion; but every endeavour to procure an explanation, on the fatal affair preceding her conviction, proved fruitless; till I proposed her return to her father, on condition he would receive his unhappy and so totally lost child. This proposal produced another flow of tears, while she suddenly exclaimed, "No never must I behold him more! Was not I sufficiently wretched, on being the most abandoned of prostitutes, but that my misery must receive the aggravation of a brother's embrace? Oh! unforeseen horror! Oh! grief too bitter for relief! my heart will break! I am lost for ever here! and eternally cursed hereafter!" Her further utterance was denied for some minutes; her sighs pierced my inmost soul; at last in a weak, low, and affecting manner, she again addressed me thus; "There has been a time, Sir, when amid surrounding scenes of guilt, I could have hoped both from heaven and my parent; but last night, Oh! hateful to remembrance! I sunk into the extremest depth of vice and horror, from which no human power can ever relieve me!" Then she informed me what Polydore had before related, without disguising the final-

left circumstance ; I seemed surprised at the shocking story, as though before, ignorant of it : yet still insisted on her writing to her father, if not, to be accepted, yet to express her penitence : To this, seeming to assent, and requesting I would see her the next morning, she retired to her closet in gloomy and prophetic sorrow.

In the mean time Polydore, a prey to keen reflection, had fallen into a most dangerous fit of illness. — I found him in bed, in a high delirium, and a physician attending. On my entering the room, he roared aloud, and called on his " poor, lost, sister ! " The Doctor and myself returned to the window, to consult how to act ; when turning round, the wretched maniac presented himself before us in a posture of defence, grasping his drawn sword which had hung by his bed-side, and pointing it towards us, demanded who we were, and what our business ? adding, he would have no consultation held about him ; and, unless we departed, we should feel his resentment. We were astonished ! — the physician surveyed him with grief and surprize, while Polydore kept his eye fixed on us both. Watching my time, I fortunately plucked the weapon from his hand ; it was, however, with difficulty we held him, 'till the noise we had occasioned brought one of his attendants, assisted by whom, we replaced him in the bed, immediately ordering two persons to keep him confined. I left him late at night, not finding it in my power to procure one reasonable sentence from him the whole day. The hours intended for sleep, I passed in the most bitter reflections, heightened by the love I bore to the family of those unfortunate persons, whom I durst not venture, as yet, to inform of this melancholy affair.

In the morning I went to Alessia's lodgings, and was there informed, that in the preceding evening she had taken a coach, and with her maid went to Palace-yard, from whence she took a sculler to Vauxhall. Imagine my surprize at this extraordinary circumstance : I was for several minutes entirely at a loss how to act ; at length, however, I resolved to proceed to the gardens, and, by inquiry, endeavour to gain some intelligence that might lead to a discovery of her present situation.

*To be continued.*

## THE TEMPLE OF HOPE.

### *A Vision.*

READING one summer's eve in a grove, by which ran a most beautiful translucent rivulet, I was, by its murmurs, mingled with the sighs of Zephyrs, lulled into an agreeable slumber. Somnus had no sooner laid me on his couch of poppies, than I thought myself transported to a dreary waste, where nature sits on her heath-blossom'd throne, dispensing the seeds of surae, broom, brambles, and thistles around her.

The sight of this barren scene would have awakened me with dismay, had not my sight been immediately charmed, and my mind astonished with the rising of a most superb Temple. Multitudes were repairing thither. Misery sat on on their wan cheek, — but I was pleased to see, at the same time, expectation glisten in their eye. Around the Temple spontaneously rose, in their most perfect, fragrant, and variegated bloom, the most beautiful parterres. Amidst the flowering shrubs and ever-

greens, were playing charming infants of both sexes, whose talk was as melodious as the vesper of the nightingale, and as gay as the matin of the lark. Their countenances were as blithe and as beauteous as Flora, blushing with the kiss of Spring. I asked who these delightful cherubs were. I was informed, that they were the children of Arts, Sciences, Peace, Plenty, and Pleasure. Rills murmured through the walks. Fountains scattered over the beds of perennial blossoms, their pearls of liquid crystal, and Zephyrs, with Æolian harps, caused every leaf to dance to their delightful harmony.

The style of the Temple itself united every order of architecture to denote that it was free to the access and devotion of every country. The Gothic, Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite were there displayed. The walls were supported by a foundation, that, I learned, was dug from the sand-pit of Expectation and the quarry of Enterprize. The walls themselves were formed of one entire chrysal taken from the mountain of Promise. I presume the goddess chose them to be formed of this material, to denote that her various devotees might here be delighted with the most charming prospects which the magic of fancy could create for their allurements and entertainment. It had no roof—that nothing might impede their incessant view of the ethereal throne of Providence. Instead of pillars, the portico was supported with anchors, which had been formerly the salvation of thousands sailing in the bark of human misery, from being shipwrecked against the rocks of despair. In varied festoons, hung around every apartment, cables in the style of the most exquisite and elegant fancy: They were, like-

wife, wreathed with flowers of various sorts, which appeared to be always changing, but never losing their bloom.

The innumerable persons of all ages, ranks, and descriptions, which were going to this Fane, having gained admittance, the Temple rose most majestically to the regions of bliss. Every votary kneeled around the shrine, and sung hallelujahs whilst it ascended.

I followed it with admiration, satisfaction, and astonishment, until it disappeared; and the chorusses of the happy mortals, thus transported, left my listening sense to taste in silence that ecstasy in which so delightful a scene of human enjoyment had enwrapped my sensibility.

I awoke, and was sorry to find the happiness of so many of my fellow creatures, was only the delusive prospect of a vision.

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*Extracts from Cook's Voyages.*

*Copious Account of the Death of the much lamented Captain Cook.*

THE Cutter of the Discovery having been stolen from the buoy, where it had been moored, Captain Cook, as was his usual practice in all the islands of this ocean, when any thing of consequence had been stolen from him, resolved, by some stratagem, to get the king, or some of the principal Erées, on board; where he meant to detain them as hostages, till the property should be restored; this method having hitherto proved successful. He gave orders to stop every canoe that should attempt to leave the bay; resolving to destroy them, if the cutter could not be recovered by peaceable means. In pursuance of which, the boats of both ships were stationed across the

bay; and some great guns were fired at two canoes that were attempting to escape. About seven o'clock, Captain Cook and Mr King quitted the ship together; the former in the pinnace, with Mr Philips, and nine marines, and the latter in the small boat. Captain Cook and Mr King then separated, the Captain going towards Kowrowa, where Terreeoboo resided, and Mr King proceeded to the beach; his first business, when he arrived on shore, was to issue strict orders to the marines to continue within the tent, to charge their mulquets with ball, and not on any consideration, to quit their arms.

He then attended old Kaoo and the priests at their respective huts, and explained to them, as well as he was able, the reason of the hostile preparations, which had so exceedingly alarmed them. He found they were no strangers to the circumstance of the cutter's being stolen; and assured them, that they, and all the inhabitants of the village, on our side, had not the least occasion to apprehend the least danger from us. He importuned the priests to communicate this to the people. Kaoo interrogated Mr King, with great emotion, if any harm was to happen to Terreeoboo? He assured him there was not; and he and his brethren appeared satisfied with this assurance. Captain Cook landed at Kowrowa, with the lieutenant and nine marines. He proceeded immediately into the village, where he was respectfully received; the people, as usual, prostrating themselves before him, and making their accustomed offerings of small hogs. Perceiving that his design was not suspected, his next step was, to inquire for the king and his two sons, who

had been almost continually his guests on board the *Resolution*.

The boys presently returned with the natives, who had been searching for them, and immediately conducted Captain Cook to the habitation where Terreeoboo had slept. The old man had just awoken, and after some conversation, he invited him to accompany him. Every thing had a prosperous appearance; the two boys were in the pinnace, and the rest of the party approaching the water side, when Kanee-kabareea, the mother of the boys, and one of Terreeoboo's favourite wives, followed him, beseeching him, with tears and entreaties, not to venture to go on board. Two chiefs took hold of him, and insisting he should proceed no farther, obliged him to sit down. The islanders, now collecting in vast numbers along the shore, gathered together round Captain Cook and Terreeoboo.

Thus situated, the lieutenant of marines, perceiving that his men were huddled together in the crowd, and consequently unable to use their arms, if occasion required it, proposed to Captain Cook, to draw them up along the rocks, close to the edge of the water. The populace making way for them to pass, the lieutenant drew them up in a line, within about thirty yards of the place where Terreeoboo was sitting. The old king continued still on the ground, bearing the most visible marks of terror and dejection in his countenance. Captain Cook urged him most earnestly to proceed; whilst, on the other hand, if the king expressed any inclination to follow him, the chiefs, who surrounded him, interposed; at first they had recourse to prayers and entreaties, but afterwards even insisted on his

remaining on shore. Captain Cook, at length, perceiving that the alarm had spread too generally, gave up the point. Notwithstanding this enterprize had now failed, yet it did not appear that his person was in the least degree of danger, till an accident happened, which occasioned a fatal turn to the affair.

The boats, stationed across the bay, having fired at some canoes, for attempting to get out, unfortunately had killed one of their principal chiefs. Intelligence of his death arrived at the village where Captain Cook then was, just as he had parted from the king, and was proceeding deliberately towards the shore. The ferment it immediately occasioned, was but too conspicuous; the women and children were instantly sent away, and the men were soon clad in their war-mats, and armed with spears and stones. One of the natives, having provided himself with a stone, and a long iron spike, called a pahooa, advanced towards the Captain, flourishing his weapon in defiance, and threatening to throw the stone. The Captain requested him to desist; but the islander repeating his menaces, he was highly provoked, and fired a load of small shot at him. The man was shielded in his war-mat, which the shot could not penetrate; his firing, therefore, served only to irritate and encourage them. Volleys of stones were thrown at the marines; and one of the crews attempted the life of Mr Phillip, with his pahooa; but, not succeeding in the attempt, he received from him a blow with the butt-end of his piece. Captain Cook immediately discharged his second barrel, loaded with ball, and killed one of the most violent of the assailants. A general attack with stones succeeded, which was followed on our part by a discharge

of musquetry from the marines, as well as from the people in the boats. The natives received our fire with great firmness; and, without giving time for the marines to charge again, rushed in upon them with dreadful shouts and yells. What followed was a shocking scene of horror and confusion. Four of the marines retreated among the rocks, and fell a sacrifice to the fury of the enemy; three others were dangerously wounded, and the lieutenant stabbed between the shoulders, but having fortunately reserved his fire, he shot the man from whom he had received the wound, at the instant he was preparing to repeat his blow. The last time our unfortunate Commodore was distinctly seen, he was standing at the water's edge, and commanding the boats to cease firing. It was observed, that while the captain faced the natives, no violence had been offered him; but, when he turned about, to give directions to the boats, he was stabbed in the back, and fell with his face into the water. A general shout was set up by the natives on seeing him fall, and his body was dragged on shore, where he was surrounded by the enemy; who, snatching the dagger from each other's hands, shewed a savage eagerness to have a share in his destruction.

*To be continued.*

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#### HISTORY OF

L O R D W A R T O N.

*Continued from page 351.*

AS I travelled both for amusement and instruction, you will please to observe, that I made

frequent excursions from the direct road, and looked upon an hundred leagues more or less as a trifle : for instance, when I left Vienna, the direct road into Italy was to have gone from thence to Venice, instead of which I went to Milan ; but, when my wounds were healed, I bid an eternal adieu to that city (without making my second appearance at the opera) and though my principal wish was to get to Rome, yet I could not prevail on myself to proceed thither, till I had seen Venice ; and this famous republic is doubtless a singular and even wonderful object from whatever point you view it ; as it has all the appearance of a city risen from the bosom of the ocean, whilst the tops of palaces, and spires of churches, intermingled with sails and masts of ships, added to canals formed into streets, with a kind of quay on each side, make altogether a variety not to be equaled in any other part of the world, whilst the gondolas elegantly painted and gilt, ready to carry you wherever you please, add to the beauty of the prospect, and are carriages infinitely more commodious and easy than a *vis-à-vis*. When I arrived at Venice, the whole city wore the appearance of an universal masquerade, the streets, and all the small boats which covered the canals, were full of persons in masque, I enquired of my landlord with some degree of astonishment, the meaning of this general disguise. " You must know," said he, " that it is now the time of the carnival, which lasts much longer here than in other places ; and we celebrate it with the most extraordinary mirth ; this delirium extends even to our senators, who are supposed to be the gravest and wisest heads in the Republic ; but if you wish for amusement, put on a masque and

look like the rest." I determined to follow the advice of my host, and after taking some refreshment and being properly equipped with a bauro and masque, I mixed with the joyous crowd.

Scarce had I began my walk amidst the grotesque figures which surrounded me, when I met with a lady whose fine shape attracted my notice ; as I looked earnestly upon her, she stopped and surveyed me in her turn, with great attention ; from this behaviour I had reason to think she was not displeased with my person, and resolved to follow her ; when she found that I pursued, she looked back several times in a manner not very discouraging to a stranger, and which induced me to hope my adventure would prove agreeable ; venturing therefore to approach the disguised nymph, " permit me (said I) the honour of being your *cavillero servante* for this evening ?" She made some little difficulty to accept the offer of my arm, but at length condescended to take it ; and to add to my felicity, she soon gave me to understand she knew the meaning of a few English words, which enabled me the better to express my passion ; her answers were short, but interrupted by frequent sighs more flattering to a lover than the most elegant discourse : enchanted with her sweetness and affability, I every moment kissed her hand, or rather glove, which she seemed to abandon without reluctance to my transports : we walked a great pace (for so delicate a lady) and though I used all the persuasion I was master of, to prevail on her to sit down, and take off her masque, she made not any other answer than that, " it was not yet time, and if I really wished to know who she was, I must have patience ;" we went into the

theatre, at the size and height of which, I was most extremely surprised: the opera was a new one; but as every person who attended the representation, was in masque, I cannot say the audience very strictly adhered to the exact rule of decency in their deportment.

We left the theatre before the end of the piece; I continued close to my incognita, and each moment augmented my passion. We continued to pass through several streets and squares, till both being fatigued, she got into a gondola, into which the desired me to follow her; after rowing some time the gondoliers stopped, and my fair conductress took me with her into a superb palace, where were a great number of tables, covered with heaps of gold and silver, and surrounded by a croud of adventurers. "Doubtless," said the masque, "you must have heard of the high play of the Venetians during the Carnival, this is one of the principal places consecrated to gaming, frequented by all ranks of people; here the haughty noble condescends to forget the dignity he is at other times so tenacious of, and associates with the meanest citizen; the consequence of which is, the money both mingles generally in one purse, and most commonly, it is that of the *illustrissimo* which is left empty."

As she ended these words, she approached one of the tables, drew out a handful of gold, set it on a single card, and lost it directly with the greatest ease and good humour; I had a strong inclination to try my for me likewise, but she would not permit it, "Come," said she laughing, "we are in a dangerous place, let us go, lest my stay here should prove your ruin, for if you are once seduced to play, you are most probably undone." We again embarked in

our gondola, which in a short time stopped before the door of a tavern, of a very miserable appearance, into which the nymph (to my great surprise) entered, without the least hesitation; I had now certainly every reason to rely on the favourable intentions of the lady, and we had no sooner entered a room than I had the presumption to take off her masque, without any great degree of ceremony; but what words can express my astonishment, when I beheld a beard, which plainly indicated the disguised fair one to be one of my own sex?

My confusion equalled my astonishment, which was increased by the loud laughter of the person who had thus imposed on my credulity, and I felt my situation so truly ridiculous, that I was enraged to the highest degree. "Excuse my mirth," said my companion, "and do not be offended at an innocent pleasantry; I have disappointed many others in the same manner—I am a senator, and one of the noblest in Venice, yet that does not prevent me at this time of universal dissipation from enjoying a frolic; this of to-night has afforded me great entertainment: comfort yourself, therefore, for the loss of your mistress, by having attained a friend who may be of service to you during your stay here.

I repaid the confidence of the old senator, by informing him in my turn of my name, quality, and country; the pleasure he had appeared to receive from my conversation, seemed to be augmented by this intelligence. "I am rejoiced," said he, "that I was so fortunate as to meet with you; I insist on your going home to supper with me this evening, and I will introduce you to my wife." Whilst I returned him thanks for

his politeness, and assured him that I should with pleasure accept his invitation, he pulled off his disguise, and I beheld a little, thin, grey-headed man, most extremely ugly, he then dressed in a long purple robe, and we went into another gondola, infinitely more elegant than that which had brought us thither, and we soon after arrived at a palace, ornamented with large columns of marble; as soon as we entered, a great number of domestics met us with lights, and walked before us to the apartment of his lady, with whose beauty I became captivated at first sight: she was tall, her complexion exquisitely fair, her eyes, large, black, and full of fire, expressive both of dignity and sweetness, and her graceful air, and majestic deportment would have done honour to royalty itself; the noble Venetian presented me to her in the most obliging manner, and expatiated on my family and merit as if he had known me from my infancy; and having finished the enumeration of my good qualities, requested she would give me her permission frequently to pay my respects to her during my residence at Venice, to which she readily assented: an elegant supper was soon after served up, with a profusion of excellent wine; I was placed opposite to the fair Signora, and the glances I stole, and the contemplation of her charms, were the most luxurious part of the entertainment; the story of our evening's adventure diverted her extremely, but suddenly assuming an air of the most serious gravity, "It is not in the least astonishing," said she, with a profound sigh, "that your lordship should be induced to believe you had met with a woman disposed to listen to your addresses, since we every day see the most shocking instances of wives who

violate their marriage vow without the least scruple; yet, I cannot cease from wondering when I hear that there are countries, where the breach of conjugal fidelity is looked upon as a mere *bagatelle*; as to being false to a lover, that, indeed, I can readily excuse, but faithless to an husband! heaven and earth! I shudder at the very idea of such a complicated crime." Whilst the beautiful creature exclaimed thus her abhorrence of inconstancy to the great comfort and satisfaction, I doubt not, of her husband, she ogled me, unseen by him, in the most expressive manner; I did not retire till very late, when the obliging senator ordered a servant to attend me, and forced me to accept his own gondola, in which I returned to my inn, and found my landlord surprised at, and my servants under great anxiety on account of my long absence.

*To be continued.*

*On the Present State of Alexandria,  
in Egypt.*

*From Volney's Travels.*

IT is in vain that we attempt to prepare ourselves by a perusal of books, for a more intimate acquaintance with the customs and manners of nations; the efforts of narratives on the mind, will always be very different from that of objects upon the senses. The images the former present, have neither correctness in the design, nor liveliness in the colouring; they are always indistinct, and leave but a fugitive impression, very easily effaced. This we more particularly experience, when we are strangers to the objects to be laid before us; for the imagination, in that case, finding no terms of com-

parison ready formed, is compelled to collect and compose new ideas; and in this operation, ill-directed and hastily executed, it is difficult not to confound the traits, and disfigure the forms. Ought we then to be astonished, if on beholding the models themselves, we are unable to discover any resemblance between the originals and the copies, and if every impression bears the character of novelty?

Such is the situation of a stranger who arrives by sea in Turkey. In vain has he read histories and travels; in vain has he from their description, endeavoured to represent to himself the aspect of the countries, the appearance of the cities, the dresses and manners of the inhabitants; he is new to all these objects, and dazzled with their variety; every idea he has formed to himself vanishes, and he remains absorbed in surprize and astonishment.

No place is more proper to produce this effect, and prove the truth of this remark than Alexandria in Egypt, the name of the city which recalls to memory the genius of one of the most wonderful of men; the name of the country which reminds us of so many great events. The picturesque appearance of the place itself, the spread palm-trees, the terraced houses which seem to have no roof, the lofty slender minarets, every thing announces that he is in another world. A variety of novel objects present themselves to every sense: he hears a language, whose barbarous sounds and sharp and guttural accents offend his ear; he sees dresses of the most unusual and whimsical kind, and figures of the strangest appearance. Instead of our naked faces, our heads swelled out with hair, our triangular head-dresses, and our short and close habits,

he views with astonishment tanned visages with beards and mustachies, bundles of stuff rolled up in folds on their bald heads, long garments which reaching from the neck to the heels, serve rather to veil than to clothe the body, pipes of six feet long with which every one is provided, hideous camels which carry water in leathern pouches, and saddled bridled asses, which lightly trip along with their riders in slippers. He observes their markets ill supplied with dates, and round flat little loaves; a filthy drove of half-starved dogs roaming through the streets; and a kind of wandering phantoms, which, under a single piece of drapery, discover nothing human but two eyes, which shew that they are women. Amid this crowd of unusual objects his mind is incapable of reflection; nor is it until he has reached his place of residence, so desirable on landing after a long voyage, that, becoming more calm, he reflects on the narrow, ill paved streets; the low houses, which, though not calculated to admit much light, are still more obscured by lattice-work; the meagre and swarthy inhabitants, who walk bare-footed, without other cloathing than a blue shirt, fastened with a leathern girdle, or a red handkerchief; while the universal air of misery, so manifest in all he meets, and the mystery which reigns around their houses, point out to him the rapacity of oppression, and the distrust attendant upon slavery. But his whole attention is soon attracted by those vast ruins, which appear on the land side of the city. In our countries, ruins are an object of curiosity: scarcely can we discover, in unfrequented places, some ancient castle, whose decay announces rather the desertion of its master than the wretchedness of its

neighbourhood. In Alexandria, on the contrary, we no sooner leave the New Town, than we are astonished at the sight of an immense extent of ground over-spread with ruins. In a walk of two hours, you follow a double line of walls and towers, which form the circumference of the ancient Alexandria. The earth is covered with the remains of ancient lofty buildings destroyed; whole fronts crumbled down, roofs fallen in, battlements decayed, and the stones corroded and disfigured by salt petre. The traveller passes over a vast plain, furrowed with trenches, pierced with wells, divided by walls in ruins, covered over with ancient columns and modern tombs, amid palm-trees and nopals, and where no living creature is to be met with but owls, bats, and jackals. The inhabitants, accustomed to this scene, behold it without emotion; but the stranger, in whom the recollection of ancient ages is revived by the novelty of the objects around him, feels a sensation, which not unfrequently dissolves him in tears, inspiring reflections which fill his heart with sadness, while his soul is elevated by their sublimity.

In its modern state, Alexandria is the emporium of a considerable commerce. It is the harbour for all the commodities exported from Egypt by the Mediterranean, except the rice of Damietta. The Europeans have establishments there, where factors dispose of our merchandize by barter. Vessels are constantly to be met with there from Marseilles, Leghorn, Venice, Ragusa, and the dominions of the Grand Signior; but it is dangerous to winter there. The new port, the only harbour for the Europeans, is clogged up with sand, in so much, that in stormy weather ships are liable to bilge; and the

bottom being also rocky, the cables soon chafe and part; so that one vessel driving against a second, and that against a third, they are perhaps all lost. Of this there was a fatal instance sixteen or eighteen years ago, when two-and-forty vessels were dashed to pieces on the Mole in a gale of wind from the north-west, and numbers have been since that lost at different times. The old port, the entrance of which is covered by a neck of land called the Cape of Figs, is not subject to this inconvenience; but the Turks admit no ships into it but those of the Mussulmen. It will perhaps be asked in Europe, Why they do not repair the new port? The answer is, that in Turkey they destroy every thing and repair nothing. The old harbour will be destroyed likewise, as the ballast of vessels has been continually thrown into it for the last two hundred years. The spirit of the Turkish government is to ruin the labours of past ages, and destroy the hopes of future times, because the barbarity of ignorant despotism never considers to-morrow.

In time of war Alexandria is of no importance: no fortification is to be seen; even the Pharos with its lofty towers, cannot be defended. It has not four cannon fit for service, nor a gunner who knows how to point them. The five hundred Janissaries who should form the garrison, reduced to half that number, know nothing but how to smoke a pipe. It is fortunate for the Turks that the Franks find their interest in preserving this city. A single Russian or Maltese frigate would suffice to lay it in ashes; but the conquest would be of no value. A foreign power could not maintain itself there, as the country is without water. This must be brought from the Nile by the Kalidj, or canal of twelve

leagues, which conveys it thither every year at the time of the inundation. It fills the vaults or reservoirs dug under the ancient city, and this provision must serve till the next year. It is evident, therefore, that were a foreign power to take possession, the canal would be shut, and all supplies of water cut off.

It is this canal alone which connects Alexandria with Egypt; for from its situation without the Delta, and the nature of the soil, it really belongs to the deserts of Africa; its environs are sandy, flat, and sterile, without trees, and without houses, where we meet with nothing but the plant which yields the Kali, and a row of palm trees, which follows the course of the Kalidj or canal.

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*Singular History of Hendia, a Maronite Girl.*

*From the Lounger.*

**A**BOUT the year 1755, there was, in the neighbourhood of the Jesuit Missionaries a Maronite girl, named Hendia, whose extraordinary mode of life began to attract the attention of the people. She fasted, wore the hair-cloth, possessed the gift of tears, and, in a word, had all the exterior of the ancient hermits, and soon acquired a similar reputation. Every body considered her as a model of piety, and many esteemed her a saint. From such a reputation to miracles the transition is very easy, and in fact it was soon reported that she worked miracles. To have a proper conception of the effects of this report, we must not forget that the state of men's minds in Lebanon, is nearly the same as in the earliest ages. There were neither infidels therefore, nor wits, nor even

doubters. Hendia availed herself of this enthusiasm for the completion of her designs; and, imitating the conduct of her predecessors in the same career, she wished to become the foundress of a new order. In vain does the human heart endeavour to conceal its passions, they are invariably the same: nor does the conqueror differ from the monk; both are alike actuated by ambition and the lust of power; and the pride of pre-eminence displays itself even in the excess of humility. To build the convent, money was necessary; the foundress solicited the pious charity of her followers, whose contributions were so abundant as to enable her, in a few years, to erect two vast stone houses, which could not have cost less than one hundred and twenty thousand livres (five thousand pounds). They are called the Kourket, and are situated on the ridge of a hill, to the north west of Antoura, having to the west a view of the sea, which is very near, and an extensive prospect to the south, as far as the road of Bairout, which is four leagues distant. The Kourket soon filled with monks and nuns. The Patriarch for the time being was Director-General, and other employments of various kinds, were conferred on the different priests and candidates, to whom one of these houses was allotted. Every thing succeeded as well as could have been wished; it is true that many of the nuns died, but this was imputed to the air, and the real cause was not easily to be discovered. Hendia had reigned over her little kingdom near twenty years, when an unforeseen accident threw every thing into confusion. A factor travelling from Damascus to Bairout, in the summer, was overtaken by night near this convent; the gates were shut,

the hour unseasonable; and as he did not wish to give any trouble, he contented himself with a bed of straw, and laid himself down in the outer-court, waiting the return of day. He had only slept a few hours, when a sudden noise of doors and bolts awaked him. From one of the doors came out three women, with spades and shovels in their hands; who were followed by two men, bearing a long white bundle, which appeared very heavy. They proceeded towards an adjoining piece of ground, full of stones and rubbish, where the men deposited their load, dug a hole in which they put it, and covering it with earth, trod it down with their feet, after which they all returned to the house.—The sight of men with spades, and this bundle thus mysteriously buried by night, could not but furnish matter of reflection to the traveller. Astonishment at first kept him silent, but to this anxiety and fear soon succeeded; he, therefore, hastily set off for Bairout at break of day. In this town he was acquainted with a merchant, who, some months before, had placed two of his daughters in the Kourket, with a portion of about four hundred pounds. He went in search of him, still hesitating, yet burning with impatience to relate his adventure. They seated themselves cross-legged, the long pipe was lighted, and coffee brought. The merchant then proceeded to enquire of his visitor concerning his journey, who answered, he had passed the night near the Kourket. This produced fresh questions, to which he replied by further particulars, and at length, no longer able to contain himself, whispered to his host what he had seen. The merchant was greatly surprised; the circumstance of burying the bundle alarmed him;

and the more he considered it, the more his uneasiness increased. He knew that one of his daughters was ill, and could not but remark that a great many nuns died. Tormented with these thoughts, he knows not how either to admit or reject the dismal suspicions they occasion: he mounts his horse, and, accompanied by a friend, they repair to the convent, where he asks to see his daughters.—He is told they are sick: he insists they shall be brought to him; this is angrily refused; and the more he persists, the more peremptory is the refusal, till his suspicions are converted into certainty. Leaving the convent in an agony of despair, he went to Dair-el-Kamar, and laid all the circumstances before Saad, Kiaya of Prince Yousef, chief of the mountain. The Kiaya was greatly astonished, and ordered a body of horse to accompany him, and, if refused admission, to force the convent. The Cadi took part with the merchant, and the affair was referred to the law. The ground where the bundle had been buried was opened, and a dead body found, which the unhappy father discovered to be that of his youngest daughter; the other was found confined in the convent, and almost dead; she revealed a scene of such abominable wickedness, as shakes human nature shudder, and to which she, like her sister, was about to fall a victim. The pretended saint being seized, acted her part with firmness; and a prosecution was commenced against the priests and the patriarch. The enemies of the latter united to effect his ruin, in order to share his spoils; and he was suspended, and deposed. The affair was removed to Rome in 1776, and the Society de Propaganda, on examination, discovered the most infamous scenes of debauchery, and the most hor-

rible cruelties. It was proved that Hendia procured the death of nuns, sometimes to get possession of their property, at others, because they would not comply with her desires: that this infamous woman not only communicated, but even consecrated the host, and said mass: that she had holes under her bed, by which perfumes were introduced at the moment she pretended to be in extacy, and under the influence of the Holy Ghost; that she had a faction who cried her up, and published that she was the mother of God returned upon earth, and a thousand other extravagancies.—Notwithstanding this, she retained a party powerful enough to prevent the severe punishment she merited: she has been shut up in different convents, from whence she has frequently escaped. In 1783, she was present at the visitation of Antoura, and the brother of the Emir of Druzes was desirous to give her her liberty. Numbers still believe in her sanctity; and but for the accident of the traveller, her greatest enemies would not have doubted it. What must we think of reputations for piety, when they may depend on such trifling circumstances?

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*A Prayer of the present Emperor of Germany.*

**O** THOU eternal, incomprehensible Being, who art the fountain of mercy, and the source of love. Thy sun lights equally the Christian and the Atheist. Thy showers equally nourish the fields of the believers and the infidels. The seed of virtue is found even in the heart of the impious and the heretic. From Thee I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinions does

not prevent Thee from being a beneficent Father to all mankind. Shall I, then, Thy feeble creature, be less indulgent? Shall I not permit my subjects to adore Thee in whatever manner they please? Shall I prosecute those who differ from me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my religion with the point of my sword? O Thou! whose mighty power and ineffable love embrace the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbour in my breast! I will try to be like Thee as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection. I will be as indulgent as Thou to all men whose tenets differ from mine, and all unnatural compulsions in point of conscience shall be banished for ever from my kingdom. Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue, and to detest vice? Let all religions, therefore, be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worship to Thee, Thou eternal Being, in the manner they think best. Does an error in judgment deserve expulsion from society? And is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the swerving mind to a true sense of religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted asunder, and the sweet bonds of fraternal amity unite all my subjects for ever. I am sensible that many difficulties will occur to me in this bold attempt; and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very persons who style themselves Thy ministers: but may Thy almighty power never forsake me! O thou eternal and incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolutions with Thy love, that I may surmount every obstacle; and let that law of our Divine Master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart. Amen.

*Reflections on Human Reason.*

**I**S man the masterpiece of a workman infinitely wise, and infinitely perfect? Is the reason of which he boasts so valuable a blessing? Are not the brute inhabitants of the fields and forests, though deprived of this celebrated endowment, and of a nature far inferior to ours, compensated by advantages, which render them equal to proud man, who believes himself their lord, their master, and their king?

These questions I ask myself, when I reflect on the various events recorded in the history of former ages. I there behold man continually a prey to desires which he cannot gratify; to passions which he seems unable to restrain; to evils which he cannot avoid. If I consider him in the first years of his life, I find him more miserable than the vilest animal inhabiting the solitary wastes; weak, helpless, incapable of procuring what he wants, and absolutely dependant on all who surround him; but he leaves even this deplorable state, only to enter upon another incomparably more frightful. I now, in idea, behold all the passions, like a cruel cohort, surround him, and dispute the glory of conquering and possessing his heart. His youth is a perpetual delirium, an incessant intoxication. He at length opens his eyes; but, like a sick man, scorched by the heat of a burning fever, is ignorant of his weakness, till the instant he is abandoned by his cruel enemy, because his exhausted spirits can no longer furnish fuel for the disease. He knows not his misery till the close of his life, which his irregular courses threaten to terminate in the midst of its course.

If he survives this period, he becomes a prey to impotent desires, to revengeful remorse, to pining melancholy, and to frightful apprehensions. Is this then, I again ask myself, the lord of the creation, the vicegerent of the Almighty here below?

But are these miseries of man essential to his nature? Does his reason, his liberty, which he seems to use only to degrade himself beneath the shaggy rangers of the wood; does that thirst of desire, which draws him towards the object he thinks capable of quenching it; do those passions which tyrannize over him; do all these particulars, I say, conspire to render him miserable? May they not, on the contrary, contribute to his happiness? These are questions I would gladly resolve.

O ye mortals, who are incessantly complaining of the miseries annexed to human nature; ye who give a loose to dissingenuous reflections, degrade the present made you by your Creator giving you life and reason; come learn with me to blush at your ignorance, your folly, your ingratitude.

None are so ignorant as not to know the value of reason; we complain only of its impotence. Man would have Reason an absolute mistress, capable of forcing him to walk in the path that leads to happiness. But he does not consider that reason armed with such power would deprive him of his liberty a prerogative of which he is infinitely jealous. Nay, an instinct of this kind could not be called reason. Let us examine what constitute the perfection of this faculty, and endeavour to define it. Reason and liberty are, in some measure, the same: it is a beam of light, which, by discovering the qualities of different objects, inclines us to chuse

what is advantageous, and to reject what is prejudicial. But have we really a liberty of choice? Is not this liberty fettered by our different passions, which govern us at their pleasure; passions that were born with us, are necessary to our existence, and not to be extinguished but with life? If the man who blindly follows his inclinations finds himself perpetually agitated, can we imagine a life more unhappy than that which is exposed to incessant contests? If every instant is distinguished by a victory, it is also distinguished by a painful, a dangerous conflict. Is it not therefore evident, that this feeble Reason was formed for our punishment, by discovering the unavoidable evils found in the paths in which we are necessarily obliged to walk? and have we not a just title to envy the fate of the animals, that, without care, without duty, without remorse, enjoy the present moment in tranquillity, neither regretting the past, nor being solicitous for the future?

It must indeed be acknowledged, that the difficulty of governing the passions plants some brambles in the road that leads to happiness; but will these form obstructions so considerable as we imagine? Are not the pleasures resulting from our passions, when properly restrained, infinitely superior to the difficulties they occasion?

Here we discover the value of Reason. The man who is a slave to his passions, acknowledges that he gratifies them at the expence of his tranquillity; and believes himself under the severe necessity of chusing the least of two evils. It is not the hope of being happy that determines him; it is that of being less miserable. Let him therefore acknowledge his error by the light of that Reason he unjustly accuses of being his punishment; and let

him own, that he is unhappy only from neglecting the use of this noble faculty.

Nothing, cries the ambitious man, is more painful than to renounce the pursuit of honour. Consult your Reason, I reply, and you will be convinced that it is still more painful to acquire and to preserve it. The same answer will be sufficient to the avaricious and the voluptuous. Were it possible to set bounds to our desires, I would permit the sensual man to satiate himself with pleasure: but experience informs us, that the human heart, though bounded by its nature, is immense in its desires, and never says, It is enough. It is impossible to satisfy it, though not to confine it within just bounds. Like a fiery horse, it knows the strength of him who holds the reins; and, tractable to the hand of its master, rebels only against the rider who has not strength sufficient to restrain its fury. Are you determined to deliver yourself up without reserve to your passions? There is no crime that you may not commit; and opportunities alone will determine the degree of your guilt. You would tremble with horror, were it possible for you to see the depth of the abyss, on the precipice of which you stand. How many have flattered themselves that virtue was a quality inherent in their own breasts, but found themselves, even almost before they were aware, in the beaten track that leads to destruction? Weigh, if you can, the dreadful load under which they groan; consider the remorse that distracts their minds, and the fears that surround them. Compare the torments they feel, with the pains it would have cost them to have confined their passions within proper bounds; and, after this examination, let Reason decide which ought

to have been preferred. But, perhaps you pretend to deliver yourself up to some darling passion only to a certain degree, and to weigh; as in a balance, the ailments with which you will nourish it. Can any thing be imagined more dreadful than this situation? It may be compared to that of a man, who, having precipitated himself into a rapid torrent, has no other method of preventing his being carried away with the stream, than a few weak reeds growing on the margin. This Reason discovers, if we listen to her voice; Nor does she content herself with pointing out the evils that await us; if we conquer our passions, she will make us acquainted with true happiness.

The passions indicate that the source of happiness is in the objects around us; reason discovers it to be within ourselves. Happiness is seated in the heart, and there we ought to search for, and destroy the enemies of its felicity. What are its enemies? Immoderate desires; and desires imply want and indigence. Whoever shall be the tranquil possessor of all the blessings of the earth, if he at length imagines one which he cannot procure, and which he shall make the object of his desires, will be really poor. This is the lesson taught us by Reason: she demonstrates that we ought not to measure the wealth of a man by what he enjoys, but by what he has learnt not to want.

Socrates had acquired this true riches, when he said, on examining the luxury of some Athenians. How many things are here useless and superfluous to me! Reason, therefore, discovers the only path to happiness; she snatches us from imaginary blessings, to procure us those that are real. But it will be objected, that in this the difficulty consists; that to moderate the passions is a perpetual punishment;

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and that happiness cannot be consistent with this continual conflict. I might reply, that the solicitude occasioned by being subject to the passions, produces an appearance of good that is still more cruel, and that of two evils a prudent man ought to chuse the least. But is the pain of conquering the passions so great as is imagined? Ask the undeceived courtier, disgusted with the service; and whom a fortunate shipwreck has conducted into port; examine the wise artist, who, satisfied with the simple necessities furnished by his labour, knows no wants, because he knows no desires; they will give you the same answer that a philosopher formerly made to Alexander. This learned sage, though sprung from royal blood, was reduced to the necessity of procuring subsistence from a small field, which he cultivated with his own hands, but at last was suddenly chosen to fill the throne of his ancestors. Alexander asking him how he had supported his poverty, received this celebrated answer: "Would to the gods I may be able to support my new dignity with equal fortitude. In my former situation, these hands furnished me with subsistence, and while I had nothing, I wanted nothing." But if the lovers of pleasure and riches falsely contradict the testimony of this great man, let them have recourse to experience; let them endeavour to restrain their desires, and they will soon cry out, I possess every thing, for I want nothing.

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*Anecdotes of the late Mr William Emerson.*

BEING educated in an adjacent town to that in which the object of my present attention resided.

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ded, I had frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing him converse; and though I do not attempt to delineate his character, or to do justice to his talents, vigour of mind, or profound learning, yet the circumstances concerning him, which fell under my own observation, or which have been authentically related to me; may perhaps afford some entertainment to the readers of your well-conducted Magazine, and therefore are here transmitted to you.

Mr Emerson in his person was rather short, but strong and well-made, with an open countenance and ruddy complexion. He lived at a place called Hurworth, near Darlington, in the county of Durham, and if I mistake not, was born there. He inherited a small paternal estate of about 60l. or 70l. a-year, and was as independent as if he had enjoyed as many thousands. He was never known to ask a favour, or seek the acquaintance of a rich man, unless he possessed some eminent qualities of the mind. In all the various species of learning he possessed he was self-taught, having never had a master of any kind but to learn the mere elements of the English language. He was a very good classical scholar, a tolerable physician so far as it could be combined with mathematical principles, and teach a demonstration as Keil and Morton had endeavoured to bend to their hypotheses. The latter he esteemed above all others as a physician—the former as the best anatomist. He was exceedingly singular in his dress. He had but one coat, which he always wore open before, except the lower button, no waistcoat; his shirt quite the reverse of one in common use, no opening before, but buttoned close at the collar behind; a kind of flaxen wig which had not a

crooked hair in it, and, probably, had never been tortured with a comb from the time of its being made. This was his dress when he went into company. No change was ever made during the time I knew him, which, at least, was more than ten years. Many people affirmed he had never had any other for twice that period. He never rode although he kept a horse. I frequently have seen him lead the horse with a kind of wallet stuffed with the provisions he had bought at the market. He always walked up to London when he had any thing to publish, revising sheet by sheet himself:—Trusting no eyes but his own, was always a favourite maxim with him. He never advanced any mathematical proposition that he had not first tried in practice, constantly making all the different parts himself on a small scale, so that his house was filled with all kinds of mechanical instruments together or disjointed. De Moivre, Mac Laurin, and other mathematicians used to say, "He had no learning, poor man!" He would frequently stand up to his middle in water while fishing, a diversion he was remarkably fond of. He used to study incessantly for some time, and then for relaxation take a ramble to any pot-alehouse where he could get any body to drink with and talk to. The Duke of Manchester was highly pleased with his company, and used often to come to him in the fields and accompany him home, but could never persuade him to get into a carriage. On these occasions he would sometimes exclaim, "Damn your whim-wham! I had rather walk." When he wrote his small Treatise on Navigation, he and some of his scholars took a small vessel from Hurworth, and the whole crew soon got swamped.

when Emerson, smiling, and alluding to his treatise, said, "They must not do as I do, but as I say." He was a married man, and his wife used to spin on an old fashioned wheel, whereof a very accurate drawing is given in his *Mechanics*. He was deeply skilled in the science of music, the theory of sounds, and the various scales both ancient and modern, but was a very poor performer. He carried that singularity which marked all his actions even into this science. He had, if I may be allowed the expression, two first strings to his violin, which he said, made the E more melodious when they were drawn up to a perfect unison. His virginal, which is a species of instrument like the modern spinnet, he had cut and twisted into various shapes in the keys; by adding some occasional half tones in order to regulate the present scale, and to rectify some fraction of discord that will always remain in the tuning. He never could get this regulated to his fancy, and generally concluded by saying, "It was a damned instrument, and a foolish thing to be vexed with."—In the earlier part of his life he attempted to teach a few scholars; but whether from his concise method, for he was not happy in explaining his ideas, or the warmth of his natural temper, he made no progress in his school; he therefore soon left it off—He never had a scholar that did him any credit except Mr Richardson of Darlington, who was always a great favourite with him, and of whom he used to say, that he was the only boy who had a head in his school. Mr Emerson lived to the age of 81, and died on the 9th day of June, 1782. He was buried at Hurworth.

These particulars I transmit to you only as outlines of a very eminent man, whose merits as a ma-

thematician I forbear to enlarge upon. Should they be the means of a more able hand doing him the justice he deserves, I shall not deem the trouble I have taken thrown away, or my time mispent.

I am Yours, &c.

M. M.

THE following is as accurate a list of Mr Emerson's Works, as we have been able to obtain.

1. The Doctrine of Fluxions. 8vo. about 1743.

2. The Projection of the Sphere, orthographic, stereographic, and gonometrical; both demonstrating the Principles, and explaining the Practice of these several Sorts of Projections. 8vo. 1749.

3. The Elements of Trigonometry; Containing the Properties Relations, and Calculations of Sines, Tangents, Secants; or, the Doctrine of the Sphere, and the Principles of plain and spherical Trigonometry: All plainly and clearly demonstrated. 8vo. 1749.

4. The Principles of Mechanics; explaining and demonstrating the general Laws of Motion, the Laws of Gravity, Motion of descending Bodies, Projectiles, Mechanic Powers, Pendulums, Centers of Gravity, or Strength and Strefs of Timber, Hydrostatics, and Constructions of Machines. 8vo. 1754.

5. Navigation; or, the Art of Sailing upon the Sea; Containing a Demonstration of the Fundamental Principles of this Art. Together with all the practical Rules of computing a Ship's Way, both by Plain Sailing, Mercator, and Middle Latitude, founded on the foregoing Principles. With many other useful Things thereto belonging. To which are added, several necessary Tables. 12mo. 1755.

6. A Treatise of Algebra, in two Books. Book 1. containing the fundamental Principles of this Art;

together with all the practical Rules of Operation. Book 2. containing great Variety of Problems, in the most important Branches of the Mathematics. 8vo. 1765.

7. The Arithmetic of Infinites, and the differential Method, illustrated by Examples. The Elements of the Conic Sections demonstrated in three Books. Book 1. Of the Ellipsis. Book 2. Of the Hyperbola. Book 3. Of the Parabola. The Nature and Properties of Curve Lines. Book 1. Of the Conchoid, Cissoid, Cycloid, Quadratrix, Logarithmic Curve, the Spiral of Archimedes, the Logarithmic Spiral, and Hyperbolic Spiral. Book 2. Of Curve Lines in general, and their Affections. 8vo 1767.

8. Mechanics; or, the Doctrine

of Motion. Comprehending, 1. The General Laws of Motion. 2. The Descent of Bodies perpendicularly, and down inclined Planes, and also in curve Surfaces. 3. Motion of Pendulums, Centers of Gravity, Equilibrium of Beams of Timber, and their Forces and Directions. 4. Mechanical Powers. 5. Comparative Strength of Timber and its Strefs, The Powers of Engines, their Motion, and Friction. Hydrostatics and Pneumatics. 8vo. 1769.

9. The Elements of Optics, in four Books. 8vo. 1768.

10. A System of Astronomy. Containing the Investigation and Demonstration of the Elements of that Science. 8vo. 1769.

11. The Laws of Centripetal and Centrifugal Force. 8vo. 1769.

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

SIR,

The following are correct Solutions to the two Questions proposed in your Museum for August last.

*The 1st Question answered.*

The Area of the lesser Tetrahedron being  $x$ , that of the greater will be  $x + 18$ ; and, therefore,  $x^2 + x + 18 = 450$ , per question; which reduced and solved, gives  $x = 3$ , and  $x + 18 = 21$ , the respective areas; thence the altitudes are readily found to be 1.074 and 2.843.

*The 2nd Question answered.*

The Lady's age being  $x$ , her fortune will be  $\frac{12000}{x}$ ; and therefore,  $x^2 + \frac{12000}{x} = 640225$ , per question; which reduced and solved, gives  $x = 15$ , and  $\frac{12000}{x} = 800$ , her age and fortune respectively.

The last was answered in Verse by R. S in C—m.

To prevent imposition, it becomes necessary to inform the Public, that the excellent BOB SHORT, Rectifier of Evil Spirits, and one Robert Short, of C—m, are different persons.

Berwick, October 22. 1787.

J. B.

*A New Question.*

Let a right Line, drawn from the nearest point of the Periphery of a Circle, inscribed within a right-angled Triangle, to the right Angle, be 5; and a line drawn from the center of the Circle parallel to one of the Legs 16; required the Legs?

PORTUGALISSENSIS.

## P O E T R Y.

Extract from the *SHIPWRECK*, a Poem.

By William Falconer.

A Ship from Egypt, o'er the deep im-  
pell'd  
By guiding winds, her course for Venice  
held ;  
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant  
crew ;  
And, from that isle, her name the vessel  
drew.  
The wayward steps of Fortune, that  
delude  
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursu'd :  
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,  
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal snare,  
Tho' warn'd full oft the slippery track  
to shun,  
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, be-  
tray'd them on.  
Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind  
The scene of peace, and social joy re-  
sign'd.  
Long absent they, from friends and na-  
tive home,  
The cheerless ocean were inur'd to  
roam :  
Yet heaven, in pity to severe distress,  
Had crown'd each painful voyage with  
success :  
Still to atone for toils and hazards past,  
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the vary-  
ing year,  
Across th' equator roll'd his flaming  
sphere,  
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail  
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the  
gale.  
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore  
to shore,  
Unwarying wasted her commercial  
store.  
The rich ports of Afric she had view'd,  
Thence to fair Italy her course pursu'd ;  
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,  
And visited the margin of the Nile.  
And now, that winter deepens round  
the pole,  
The circling voyage hastens to its goal.

They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,  
No dark event to blast their hope fore-  
saw ;  
But from gay Venice, soon expect to  
steer  
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils  
near.  
A thousand tender thoughts their souls  
employ,  
That fondly dance to scenes of future  
joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the  
pathless tide,  
Their ship thro' Grecian seas the pilots  
guide.  
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's  
shore,  
Which, blest with favoring winds, they  
soon explore :  
The haven enter, borne before the gale,  
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare  
to sail.

Eternal powers ! what ruins from afar  
Mark the fell track of desolating war !  
Here art and commerce, with auspicious  
reign,  
Once breath'd sweet influence on the  
happy plain :  
While o'er the lawn, with dance and  
festive song,  
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours a-  
long  
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen  
To crown the vallies with eternal green.  
For wealth, for valor, courted and re-  
ver'd,  
What Albion is, fair Candia then ap-  
pear'd --  
Ah ! who the flight of ages can revoke ?  
The freeborn spirit of her sons is broke ;  
They bow to Otteman's imperious  
yoke !  
No longer same the drooping heart in  
spires,  
For rude oppression quench'd its genial  
fires.  
But still her fields, with golden harvests  
crown'd,  
Supply the barren shores of Greece a-  
round.

What pale distress afflicts those wretched  
issles!

There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure  
never smiles.

The vassal wretch obsequious drags his  
chain,

And hears his famish'd babes lament in  
vain.

These eyes have seen the dull reluctant  
soil

A seventh year scorn the weary lab'rer's  
toil.

No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,  
Now views, with triumph, captive gods  
adore.

No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,  
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece  
to arms.

No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,  
For whom contending kings are proud  
to die.

Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,  
While sorrow bids her vernal bloom  
decay.

Those charms, so long renown'd in clas-  
sic strains,

Had dimly shone on Albion's happier  
plains!

Now, in the southern hemisphere the  
sun

Thro' the bright virgin and the scales  
had run;

And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding  
way,

Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming  
ray,

The ship was moor'd beside the wave-  
worn strand;

Four days her anchors bite the golden  
sand:

For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,  
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.

This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,  
And Phœbus in the north declines no  
more,

The watchful mariner, whom heaven  
informs,

Ofte deems the prelude of approaching  
storms.

True to his trust when sacred duty calls,  
No brooding storm the master's soul  
appeals:

Th' advancing season warns him to the  
main:—

A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain!  
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,  
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's  
bay;

Determin'd from whatever point they  
rise,

To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,  
Whose voluntary gleams my verse in-  
spire!

Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail,  
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive  
tale,

Record whom, chief among the gallant  
crew,

Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither  
drew!

Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave,  
and bold,

In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?

They can! for gold, too oft, with  
magic art,

Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart:  
This crowns the prosperous villain with  
applause,

To whom, in vain, sad merit pleads her  
cause:

This strews with roses life's perplexing  
road,

And leads the way to pleasure's blest  
abode;

With slaughter'd victims fills the weep-  
ing plain,

And smooths the furrows of the treach-  
erous main.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring  
band,

Experienc'd Albert held the chief com-  
mand.

Tho' train'd in boisterous elements, his  
mind

Was yet by soft humanity refin'd.  
Each joy of wedded love at home he  
knew;

Abroad confest the father of his crew!  
Brave, liberal, just! the calm domestic  
scene

Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay se-  
rene.

Him science taught, by mystic lore to  
trace

The planets wheeling in eternal race;  
To mark the ship in floating balance  
held,

By earth attracted and by seas repel'd;  
Or point her devious track, thro' climes  
unknown,

That leads to every shore and every  
zone.

He saw the moon thro' heav'n's blue  
concave glide,

And into motion charm th' expanding  
tide?

While earth impetuous round her axle  
rolls,

Exalts her watery zone, and sink the  
poles.

Light and attraction from their genial  
source,  
He saw still wandering with diminish'd  
force :  
While on the margin of declining day,  
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts  
away—  
Ebur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,  
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans  
roll ;  
His genius, ever for th' event prepar'd,  
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers  
shar'd.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE BERWICK MUSEUM.

Rari quippe boni.

SO cautious your plan, or so pure your  
intention,  
That nothing of satire, or lampoon  
you'll mention :  
Whilst all who can flatter are sure to  
find place,  
And sages, and beauties, each number  
doth grace.  
And yet some folk think, that those frail  
modern days,  
Would yield greater subject for censure  
than praise.  
Since those who have mankind minutely  
observ'd,  
Declare them most strangely cut, fa-  
shion'd, and carv'd ;  
Their virtues and vices so oddly com-  
bin'd,  
So little and great, and so complex their  
mind ;  
To something like perfect, so near and  
so distant ;  
That now they're just wise—and now  
inconsistent.  
Sure creatures so form'd, and with pas-  
sions so strong,  
Need no aid from flatt'ry to make  
them act wrong.

TIMON.

THE LAST OF DEC.

A New Song.

I.  
NOW all the groves, in verdure gay,  
Are deck'd to hail the Spring ;  
Our fleecy care securely play,  
The birds melodious sing :

Ye blooming nymphs, and jocund swains  
Assemble round this tree,  
And join, with me, in rustic strains,  
To praise the last of Dec.

II.

While fragrant odours fill the air,  
We haste to yonder grove ;  
And there, with rural sports, prepare  
To hail the Queen of Love :  
Then come, ye nymphs, and jocund  
swains,  
Assemble round this tree,  
And join with me, in rustic strains,  
To praise the Last of Dec.

III.

Then while ye tune the merry reed,  
We'll lead the dance with glee ;  
Like Graces or the Queen of Love,  
Our hearts from envy free :  
In rustic strains we'll ever prove,  
Assembled round this tree,  
That nymphs with joy, and swains from  
love,  
All prais'd the Last of Dec.

EPI T A P H.

I.

THY fragrant breast, O Grave ! unfold,  
And lightly lay thy softest mould ;  
We, with this lovely slumberer come,  
And give her back into thy womb.

II.

Let roses spread their blushing bloom,  
And lillies flourish o'er the tomb ;  
Roses and lillies best can shew,  
The beauteous charms that fade be-  
low.

III.

Let no rude hand disturb the bed,  
Where this reposing treasure's laid ;  
While little cherubs soothe her sleep,  
And always watch, and always weep.

IV.

But think not, Earth ! that we resign  
This dust, and call it ever thine ;  
Here shall it find a gentle stay,  
Till heaven unfold th' Eternal Day.

V.

Then shall this moulder'd frame of flesh,  
Be cloath'd with blooming life afresh ;  
And thou, that swallow'd it all, shall be  
Swallow'd, O Grave ! in Victory.

VERSES by the late Miss Harriot Eliza Channing when 14 years of Age.

### T O E M M A .

GO, gentle breeze, and waft my sighs  
To Emma's tender ear,  
Tell her, I part for Friendship's ties,  
To soothe each rising care.  
A Friend, who courts not affluence,  
Who wishes not for power,  
Content with happy competence,  
To share my humble bowers.  
Whose faithful bosom I might trust,  
With all my hopes, with all my fears,  
Who kindly would my sorrows nurse,  
And join her sympathetic tears.  
Still might the sister of my heart,  
If happier days should prove my lot,  
Share in the joys, as well as smart,  
Partake the blessings of my cot.  
To such a friend my soul aspires;  
Emma, that Friend be you!  
Your Piety, and Sense, conspires  
To make your Friendship true.

### A N E L E G Y .

WHAT worth, what genius, here we  
mourn,  
As o'er the tomb we pensive bend,  
O then! that didst so early spurn  
A world that could not give one  
friend!

For thee the mutes drop the tear,  
While silent and unstrung's their lyre:  
No more resounds their native sphere,  
And faintly burns poetic fire.

No longer airy fancy, wild,  
Roves thro' th' ideal world of things;  
But, mourning here her darling child,  
Bends o'er thy tomb her drooping  
wings.

While genius with prophetic eye  
Surveys, dear youth! thy earthly bed;  
And, mourning thy sad destiny,  
Refts on thy stone his pensile head.

Lo! unrewarded merit here  
(Still conscious of intrinsic worth)  
Lets fall the sympathetic tear,  
And pours unnumber'd sorrows forth.

But vain the griefs that here disclose  
The anguish of his bleeding heart;  
Since they ne'er from thy soft repose  
Can wake thee, or new life impart.

From the Rev. Mr Ridpath's Translation of Boethius's Consolation of Philosophy.

WHEN Phœbus breaks thro' dawning  
day,  
In all his glories bright,  
The stars diminish'd die away  
Before his flaming light.

When gentle Zephyr paints the green,  
And roses deck the glade,  
An eastern blast deforms the scene,  
And all its glories fade.

New calmly smooth, a shining plain  
Old Ocean's surface lies,  
Now blustering storms assault the main,  
And raging billows rise.

If Nature change each circling hour,  
If nought can fix'd abide,  
Go,—fondly trust in tottering pow'r!  
In winged wealth confide!

In this confide, this maxim know  
Thro' Nature's various range,  
That all things alter here below,  
And nothing's sure but change!

### A S O N G .

From the French of MARY, Queen of Scots.

AH! pleasant land of France, fare-  
well!

My Country dear,  
Where many a year  
Of infant youth I lov'd to dwell!  
Farewell for ever, happy days!  
The ship that parts our love conveys  
But half of me—One half behind  
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove  
A token of our endless love,  
And bring the other to thy mind.

## STATE OF POLITICS.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1787.

*From the English Review.*

THE present conjuncture of affairs is so critical, and full of anxious expectation, as to hush for a time the spirit of speculation and conjecture, and to fix the political eye in deep attention on the conduct of two great powers, the French and the Austrians. A strict league, cemented by the bonds of affinity, has for some time united France and Austria after they had been disunited by hostilities and animosities for a period of little less than three centuries. But this amity between rival powers it was easy to foresee, and has in fact been predicted by every political observer, was, sooner or later to be shaken and overturned by some of those accidents that are perpetually changing the face of the world. The period of its duration seems now to be completed. France is politically attached both to the Hollanders and the Turks; and the emperor is hostile to both. Can the Imperialists and the French draw the sword against each other on one side of the Danube; and cordially embrace on the other? It will be as difficult for his Imperial majesty to make a distinction between a Frenchman in the Crimea, and a Frenchman within the dominions of the grand monarch, as it is to separate in his sentiments and mind the King of Great Britain from the Elector of Hanover. With regard to the hostility of the emperor to the Dutch republic, it is true that he has equal cause of animosity against the family of Orange. But, in the first place, it is not the interest of the Imperial court, in the present mo-

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ment, to exhibit an example of successful rebellion in one half of the Belgic provinces; while his own subjects, which form the other half, are in a state of commotion, and almost of actual insurrection. It is now time for princes and kings to know the power of example, which will be found, on an enlarged and philosophical view, in reality to govern mankind. In the second place, if, in the present contest, the fortune of the Hollanders should prevail against that of the Prince of Orange; the whole maritime force of the republic would be eventually thrown into the scale of France; which, with that of Spain; would render the maritime power of the house of Bourbon the first in the world. It is impossible, therefore, that such an event could be contemplated by the emperor without jealousy and alarm: accordingly we must conclude that he will favour the stadtholder if France should take an active part against him. Whether she will do this or not, is the grand point in question, and which the recent irruption of the Prussians into the territories of the United Provinces must soon determine. In the mean time, it is hardly of moment, in a matter that must so soon be decided, to reason concerning the effects which the present discontents and pretensions avowed by the friends of liberty in France may produce in the councils of that government respecting war or peace. It is evident, that, as self-preservation is the first law of nature, the French court will be naturally in-

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clined to divert that high spirit which pervades their nation from a spirit of internal reform, to foreign attacks, and to convert animosity against the abettors of tyranny into national pride, and the point of military honour. But disordered finances on the other hand, and a wish to give effectual succour to the Grand Signior, may dispose them to accommodate matters in Holland for the present, while, by their continual intrigues they encourage their party, and prepare for future hostilities on some favourable occasion.

While we are employed in expressing these sentiments, intelligence is brought that the Prussian army has not only reduced Utrecht, with many other towns, but also the city of Amsterdam, the strength of the United Provinces. If this be so, the French will have a pretext either for war or peace. On the one hand, the irruption of the Prussians holds out the imposing plea of relief to the oppressed, if they are disposed to hazard an appeal to arms: on the other, the dastardly cowardice of the Dutch patriots will afford ground of excuse to the French, if they should not. For how can the Hollanders expect the French are to fight for a people that shrink at the first approach of real danger, and will not defend themselves? Courage and constancy find support; the timid and irresolute, deserted by their very friends, are usually abandoned to their fate. It was not until the brave ancestors of the degenerate Dutch presented an intrepid front, and proved their resolution by multiplied acts of active and passive courage, that they were assisted by Queen Elizabeth and Henry the Fourth. It was not until the Americans had taken that *comis* general with his army prisoners, that they were

assisted by the French. If the Hollanders yet shew determined spirit, then, and then only, may they expect succour from their allies.

It is said, on probable grounds, that there is a secret compact among the Russians, the Emperor, and the French; the general object of which is, to support each others pretensions where they are in any degree reasonable, and do not interfere with one another; but the most immediate particular view is, the partition of the Turkish dominions in Europe. This great object, if it is not merely ideal, will sufficiently explain that breach of faith, which, if we may judge from present appearances, is intended on the part of the French towards their Batavian confederates.

It is evident, almost to demonstration, that, in the late commercial treaty, the court of France was not sincere, and that it had nothing so much in view as to lull the English nation into the slumber of peace, and the pleasant intoxication of temporary gain. They continued to build ships of war; they formed new harbours; they fomented such divisions in Holland as might, in the end, give the influence of France a decided and permanent superiority in the councils of that republic; and they entered into a close alliance with the Imperialists and the Russians: all these circumstances were intended as a preparation for a new attack on Great Britain, either in the East or West-Indies, or both. It was not indeed to be expected that success in the cabinet and field would cease to produce its usual effects in the most ambitious and the most volatile nation in Europe. If the internal discontents in France, and the firm conduct of Great

Britain and Prussia should reduce the French to the necessity of temporizing in the present juncture of affairs, yet still we ought to keep constantly on our guard: their ambitious views, we may be well assured, are only suspended, not abandoned. The British sovereign, court, and nation, seem to be unanimous in opinion that the stadtholder should be supported; and this obvious, though wise policy, deserves approbation. If, however, we must draw the sword, let us beware of the conditions on which we sheath it. Great Britain depends for prosperity on her public credit. The disease that threatens her dissolution is the accumulation of the public debt. To aggravate and precipitate this morbid distemper by entangling us in constant wars, is the inhuman policy of the court of France, which, in this game of blood, can play at less expence than Great Britain, and with less risk. Of what avail are the pitiful savings of a few years of peace, if a new war is to swallow up, in its ensanguined vortex, our sinking fund? As we wisely imitate the conduct of the great opposer of French ambition, King William, in the spirited preparations now on foot for the support of the stadtholder; let us imitate him also in his enlarged and profound views; in forming alliances, and opposing art to art. It may be questioned whether English councils were guided by the soundest policy when we formed that new alliance in Germany which determined Austria to depart from her ancient system, and to enter into an intimate union with a power that had successfully opposed her for near three centuries? In this refined and enlightened age it is essential for politicians to counteract the designs of refined ambition by unit-

ing the minds of princes in the defence of justice. If we sit down, as the Dean of Gloucester advises, and apply ourselves wholly to the fabrication of manufactures, we may grow rich; but we shall lose the political and the military spirits we shall become effeminate; and some warlike nation will sweep away our accumulated wealth, just as we drain their treasures from the weavers and other manufacturers of India; and as the Prussians may make themselves masters of the thirty millions sterling deposited in the bank of Amsterdam.

It would seem to be the policy of Great Britain to detach the emperor from his French alliance, by assisting him to recover Franche Comte, Alsace, and Lorraine, and other territories wrested from his ancestors in the Low Countries. The French must be thoroughly purged, and bled, otherwise they will continue to disturb and harass their peaceful neighbours by the rage of their restless ambition.

The late insurrection at Brussels proves the insidious policy of the emperor, who, after repeated declarations of moderate and just designs, manifestly discovered an intention of slipping the yoke of slavery over a generous people. It also proves the spirit of that people. But their political wisdom and foresight yet remain to be proved by some arrangements that will secure their liberties against the sudden attacks of a restless and ambitious sovereign, who has discovered a desire of reducing them under obedience, even by stratagems and conspiracies.

By the concurring testimony of all travellers it is confirmed that there is a very active spirit of industry and improvement of every kind, mechanical as well as liberal, in Scotland. The general diffusion of knowledge in that kingdom

by expanding the views of all ranks of men beyond those that usually satisfy the same ranks in other countries; nourishes in the Scottish youth a spirit of enterprise and adventure, which conspires with hardy constitutions, and the necessity of making a fortune, to scatter them over the face of the earth, and to carry them forward in a career of industry and honour. Young men, at an early age, enter into the navy, the army, the service of the East-India Company, and other employments. But home is the centre that attracts their hearts, and to settle and make a figure there is the ultimate object of their views. It is chiefly to the influx of wealth derived from this channel that we are to ascribe those buildings and public walks that adorn the city of Edinburgh, which stretches it over various and new ground, and promises to make it one of the most magnificent as well as beautiful cities in the world. It is to be hoped that the increase of wealth

will increase the spirit of liberty, and that the people will at last triumph over that servility of disposition which still, in too many instances, disgraces not only individuals, but even bodies of men in Scotland. The magistrates of Edinburgh, are not, in general, backward to compliment strangers with the freedom of their city. That honour has been lately conferred, and very properly, on Mr Breresford from Dublin. Why was it not offered to Mr Hastings? Why was there not some public mark of honour shewn in Scotland to the man, who had, by the preservation of India, preserved the source whence Scotland derives its greatest opulence? Where were the relations of all those adventurers from Scotland who were promoted by Mr Hastings? By what pitiful policy was it that the late governor-general of Bengal has been neglected by a city which owes him so much?—the honours due to Warren Hastings were sacrificed at the shrine of Henry Dundas!

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

*Pohopol, near Cherson, Sept. 3.*

THE Ottoman army is assembling with great diligence. The Russian troops who were on this side Kiova, have marched. Eighteen pulks of Cossacks are approaching near Cherson. The army reaches from Balta to Kamienick.

*Warsaw, Sept. 16.* The Russian troops nearest the Crimea are slipping off towards that peninsula, where they will join the grand army. Prince Pctenkin and Marshal Romanzow are expected there daily.

The report that a body of Russian troops had been defeated in the Crimea is not confirmed.

*Frankfort, Sept. 30.* Letters from Vienna inform us, that the Ottoman Minister's answer to the declaration of the Emperor's Minister, relative to the rupture with Russia, is expected there every day. We are assured this answer will decide what part his Imperial Majesty will take in these circumstances.

*Vienna, Sept. 23.* The Generals, who are here set out daily for their destinations. The troops at-

sembling on our frontiers, for the formation of the line and the army, will amount to 163,780 men. It is said that the declaration made on the part of our Court to that of Constantinople is in substance,—"That his Imperial Majesty had reason to imagine that the Ottoman Court would have demanded his declaration with more decency and respect than they did; that the answer of his Imperial Majesty is, that he cannot but highly disapprove of the precipitate step of the Ottoman Court in declaring war against Russia, and that the Porte must be answerable for all the unhappy consequences that will infallibly result from it; that the Divan cannot be ignorant that in the present circumstances his Imperial Majesty, as friend and ally to Russia, must furnish the Empress with the succours stipulated in the Treaty, by sending 80,000 men to join the Russian forces; that if the Porte should look upon this as an hostility, our Court was prepared to repel force by force, if necessary; but that if the Porte would not look upon such a proceeding as hostile, they might, notwithstanding the succours granted to Russia, continue, with regard to the respective frontiers, to keep up the good understanding

that has hitherto subsisted between the two empires in which case his Imperial Majesty will with pleasure undertake the office of mediator in the differences between the Porte and Russia."

*Warsaw, Sept. 24.* Of the four squadrons dispatched by the Turks to the Black Sea, one is destroyed by the Russians, and it is with great difficulty that three of the ships of the division were saved. Six thousand Polish troops are on march for the defence of the garrison of Kamienieck.

*Paris, Oct. 8.* A report has transpired from Court, which is, that the Duke of Dorset has declared to Lord Montmorin, that the intention of the British Cabinet is to require that the works at Cherbourg be destroyed, and English Commissioners appointed to see it done. However, if such a demand has been made, the answer from Louis XVIth can be no other than a look of indignation and orders to prepare for war. As for the rest all the batteries at Cherbourg are mounted with guns, and according to M. de Suffrein's account, 50 ships of the line can shelter there, and from thence greatly incommode the English navy, in case of a rupture.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Extract of a letter from Paris,  
October 10.*

"IF we are to judge of future events by the obvious respective dispositions of the Courts of London and Versailles, war seems now inevitable. It is already affirmed that our commanders by land and sea are appointed. There

is a talk of two naval armaments, of which one that is to cruise in the ocean will be commanded, it is said, by M. the Bailli de Suffrein; the other destined for the Mediterranean will be entrusted to M. d'Albert de Rions. Both armaments will make in all thirty-five ships of the line.

"A courier arrived from Vienna has brought the formal declaration of the Emperor, that he has executed a treaty of alliance with the Empress of Russia and with the Republic of Venice against the Turks; and it is further said, that the plan of the coalition is to make the Ottomans go back into Asia."

*Baptism Extraordinary.*

On Sunday morning, in consequence of a prior intimation that one Moses Bender, a Jew proselyte, was to be initiated into the faith, several hundreds of people assembled at a meeting in Princess Street, Moorfields, among whom was a great number of Jews, mostly of the lower class, who violently took possession of the best seats, notwithstanding these (as it is customary among Conventiclers upon particular occasions) were retained at the price of one shilling per head. However, by this means, the congregation had such a motley appearance as can scarce be imagined; shaven faces, bearded Israelites, beggars, pickpockets, and people of genteel dress making up the groupe. What seemed most singular, was, that in the most conspicuous part of the gallery behind the dial a beggar-woman, all besmeared with snuff, had placed herself; next to whom sat a genteel middle aged man, with his hat full of papers, on which large Hebrew characters were written, with which he seemed anxious to amuse, or rather astonish the whole congregation. Two ministers attended, one of whom, we are informed, was lately a coachmaker, the other a hat-maker, and what is rather singular, the clerk was lately a bailiff's follower. One of those preached a sermon on the occasion; during the same, the Jews behaved with the utmost decorum: But when the proselyte

(a most insensible figure) who stood at the communion table whole time, answered to the question in Baptism put to him by the Minister, in the affirmative which was, "whether he believed in Christ as a Saviour, &c." their rage became quite intolerable; grinning, laughing, and swearing aloud, became universal; one of them distinctly exclaiming—"He peleeve it! he pe tamn'd!" It was remarkable, that as soon as ever the ceremony was finished, a number of the better sort of them drew out their watches, and held them up, as they said, as a testimony of the time of his damnation. A great number of them awaited his coming out, who, in all probability, would have added martyrdom to his virtues, as their insults increased to such a degree, that it is thought their completion was only prevented by some humane persons, who generously took the poor wretch into a house in Long-alley, Moorfields.

18. By the mails of yesterday, the following gallant action is confirmed, of which some imperfect accounts had been received. It was said, that after the Porte had declared war against Russia; the Turks had gained great advantages over the Russian marine on the Black Sea; the Russian fleet was even said to be entirely destroyed. The following, however, is the fact:—A Russian frigate, sailing from Cherson to Sebastopolis in Crimea, and not knowing of the declaration of war, was suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by eight Turkish vessels, one of which was of the line, and two others frigates, the rest armed transports. Notwithstanding this unequal engagement, the Russian vessel not only did not receive any damage, but actually kept up such a fire on the Turks, as obliged

them to quit the seas; the Russian Captain, with seven glorious wounds he had received, had the satisfaction to see them fly before him, and afterwards came in triumph into the harbour of Sebastopolis.

30. A letter from Dover, says, that it is currently reported there, that an embargo has been laid on the vessels in the French ports, and the like by the emperor in Ostend, and that the troops of those Monarchs are forming a conjunction to assist the Patriots in Holland, who are collecting themselves in great numbers under the command of the Rhingrave of Salm.

This day at noon the following notice was sent from the Marquis of Carmarthen's Office to the Bank, and to Mr Taylor, Master of Lloyd's Coffee-house, for the information of the mercantile interest in the city.

*Whitshall, Oct. 30. 1787.*

"A Messenger arrived this morning with an account that a Declaration and Counter-Declaration was signed and exchanged at Versailles, on the 27th instant, between the Duke of Dorset and Mr Eden, on the part of his Majesty, and the Count de Montmorin, on the part of his Most Christian Majesty; by which it was agreed, that the armaments and all warlike preparations should be discontinued on both sides."

We understand that the declaration from France contains a renunciation on the part of his Most Christian Majesty, of all connections whatever with the Dutch, pledging himself not to interfere, directly or indirectly, with the settlement of their public affairs. Thus, without a blow, and at an expence too inconsiderable for a moment's reflection, we have attained an object of the first magnitude in the

political system of Europe. The views of France, which, by perfidy, open and concealed, and at an expence of near forty millions sterling, she had been invariably pursuing in Holland since the death of William the Third, have been blasted in the short period of seven weeks. And this country, which at the peace in 1783, seemed shrinking into political insignificance, is raised to a state of envied greatness, and reassumes her wonted influence and superiority.

B E R W I C K.

*October 26.*

The Rev. Mr Thompson of the Associate Congregation at Ayrton, riding towards Kirklestown, about nine in the evening, and within three miles of the place, he was stopped by a stout man on foot, who leapt from a hedge, and caught hold of the horses bridle, and asked if he had got any money, and immediately two men on horseback came up, one of them with a club hit him a violent blow between the shoulders, and repeated it; he also received a most violent blow upon the temple, which brought him from his horse, they immediately fled, saying, he is now dead. It is supposed they had been afraid of some coming up, that they did not take either his watch or money, but left him for dead wallowing in his blood. When he came to himself, after lying long insensible upon the ground, he found his horse standing by him, and with great difficulty mounted and got to Kirklestown, about 12 o'clock, where much praise is due to the people of the inn, for their hospitable care and attention to him, and getting his wounds dressed, &c. We are happy to hear he has got home, and in a fair way of recovery.

11. Upwards of 500 tenants and servants, belonging to the Right Hon. Lord Delaval, assembled at his Lordship's seat at Ford Castle, where they were entertained with the utmost liberality; 50 of the most seasonable dishes were placed on each table; a large fat ox was prepared; and the liquor, which was plentifully supplied, was of the very best quality; 150 gallons of rum, 80 gallons of brandy, 180 bottles of wine, and several barrels of strong beer were drank, one bowl of punch contained 18 gallons of spirits, six stone of sugar, and 40 lemons. Many toasts, expressive of the highest regard for the noble donor and his family were drank, and the whole was conducted with the greatest harmony and jovialty. The remaining victuals, which weighed upwards of 80 stone, were distributed to the poor inhabitants in the neighbourhood. The cannons were fired by *Bold Marber*.

The Dutch, by the restoration of their government are again in that state, naturally the best for them, an alliance with Britain—and though they are fallen in the rank of nations, and from thence but small in political strength, little as it is, it must for very obvious reasons, be better with us, than against us!

The principal objects of change in Holland, from what it was, to what it is, respect no less than the home trade, the export trade, and the loss of capital—they are all, almost no more!

It continues to be invariably asserted, that matters are in a fair train of accommodation between Great Britain and France.

29. At a little past nine o'clock at night, two messengers arrived for Mr Pitt and Lord Sydney, containing the melancholy intelligence of the death of his Excellency the

Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Parliament will certainly meet next month, agreeable to the call announced in the *Gazette*: Circular letters to this effect were on Friday last dispatched to all the Treasury Members, and their presence required at the House.

Great praise is due to Bridge-Street Scavengers, at this time, for their care and attention to the Street, as nothing can be more conducive to the health of the inhabitants than *cleanliness*.

#### BIRTHS.

*October 23.* Mrs Gilchrist, Surgeon, of a daughter.

24. Mrs Ferrow Marshal, of a son.

31. Mrs Blacket, Merchant, of a daughter.

#### MARRIAGE.

*October 28.* At Paxton, Mr Fergy Crowan, an eminent ship-builder, aged 25, to Mrs Story, Shopkeeper, aged 60.

#### DEATHS.

*October 14.* Mr John Huet, Master of the Charity School, aged 47. He possessed great abilities, and an amiable disposition. He taught the said School 22 years with unwearied attention, and his loss is most sincerely lamented by all who knew his worth, and in particular by his widow and children.

James Fisher, Esq; of Clekmen, 17. Miss Cathrine Clavering, daughter of W. Clavering, Esq. of Berrington.

23. Mrs Pearson, aged 24, wife of Mr Pearson, Surgeon, 46th Regiment, in Ireland.

Mr John Ferraby, many years a respectable Bookseller and Printer at Hull.

28. Mr John Foster.

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M O N T H L Y

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

BEING A VIEW OF THE  
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OF THE TIMES:

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# THE BERWICK MUSEUM:

OR,

MONTHLY LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

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F O R N O V E M B E R , 1787.

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## THE HISTORY OF HOLY-ISLAND.

[From Hutchinson's View of Northumberland.]

*Continued from page 438.*

### EPISCOPUS XI.

**E**THELWOLD Abbot of Mailrofs succeeded to this Bishoprific. He was an intimate friend of St. Cuthbert. His episcopacy was famed for the abdication of King Ceolwolfe, who quitted the throne, to take upon him the monastic habit at Lindisfarn, where he died A. D. 764. His body, after some years sepulture, was translated to Norham; and from thence his head was removed to the cathedral church in Durham. Ceolwolfe gave great possessions to the See of Lindisfarn. Ethelwold made a ponderous crucifix, of stone, inscribed with his name, which afterwards attended the body of St. Cuthbert in its journeyings. This is remarked by Historians to be the first crucifix that was erected in the diocese: it was brought to the cathedral of Durham with the remains of St. Cuthbert, and placed in the century yard. This prelate died in the year 740, and was succeeded by

### EPISCOPUS XII.

Cynewolf, who was elected the

same year. His episcopacy was attended with innumerable troubles: King Egbert accused him of being accessory to the death of Offa, a person of the royal line, who had taken refuge in the church of St. Cuthbert. Some authors say, that his refusing to give up the assassin gave the suspicion of his being privy to the crime. The Bishop was imprisoned at Bebbanburgh, now called Bambrough, where he remained close durance for a considerable time. After his restoration, being exhausted with age and affliction, he resigned the See, and died, A. D. 783, having spent the latter days of his life in acts of the strictest piety and devotion.

Turgot represents this matter somewhat different. He was charged (he says) for suffering Offa, after almost perishing by hunger in the sanctuary of St. Cuthbert, whether he had fled for refuge, to be carried away from it by unarmed foes, who afterwards put him to a cruel death. The King thus

3 P 2

provoked, beset St. Peter's church, seized the Bishop, and detained him a prisoner in Bambrough, committing the administration of his See to Fredbert Bishop of Hexham, until Cynewolf, having made his peace with him, was restored.

#### EPISCOPUS XIII.

Higbald, who had officiated during Cynewolf's imprisonment, succeeded to the See. During his episcopacy, on the 7th of June, 793, the Barbarians from the north made a descent upon this island, and not only seized the cattle, but also destroyed the monastery, pillaged the church, and inhumanly butchered many of the inhabitants; among whom several of the Ecclesiastics fell. These heathens rejoiced in desiling the sacred things, overturning the altars, and spoiling the hallowed shrines of their relics and ornaments. They were not informed of the chief treasure, the body of St. Cuthbert, which remained undisturbed, and to which after their retreat, several of the Monks returned. The episcopal seat still continued here for several years after this invasion. All these misfortunes, according to the legends of those days, were some short time before portended to the inhabitants, by dreadful storms of thunder, and a horrid convulsion in the aerial regions; during which fiery serpents were observed flying and winding through the tempest.

The Bishop with some few of the Monks escaped the massacre; and eleven years after this catastrophe, Higbald, having been Bishop 22 years, departed this life in the year 804: to whom succeeded

#### EPISCOPUS XIV.

Egbert, whose episcopacy furnishes history with nothing memorable; though it continued 18 years.

He died A. D. 821, and was succeeded by

#### EPISCOPUS XV.

Heathured, who held the See in peace nine years; and to whom succeeded

#### EPISCOPUS XVI.

Egfrid or Egrid, a personage of noble birth and enlarged mind, strenuous in good works; he greatly contributed to the honour and opulence of the church of St. Cuthbert: he built the church of Northam, and dedicated it to St. Peter, St. Cuthbert, and the royal St. Ceolwolf he gave to the See of Lindisfarn, Gedword, the church and village which he had built at Gainford, and all his possessions between Tyne and Tees, together with his estates at Cliff and Wyckliff, in Yorkshire, and Billingham in Heortness. He was Bishop of this See 16 years, departed this life A. D. 845, and was succeeded by

#### EPISCOPUS XVII.

Eanbert, whose episcopacy, of eight years continuance, affords the Historian no memorable matters. He died in 854, and was succeeded by

#### EPISCOPUS XVIII.

Eardulf, whose possession of this See is marked with peculiar misfortunes, among which was the second descent of the Danes. This invasion happened in the 17th year of the reign of Osbert king of Northumberland. By some authors it is ascribed to the resentment of Bruen Brocard, a Northumbrian nobleman. King Osbert having come to Bruern's castle in his absence, was most courteously received and entertained by his lady, of whom he became enamoured; and in defiance of all the principles of humanity, hospitality, and justice, constrained her to receive his embraces. Bruern on his return being

informed of the irreparable injury and disgrace he had sustained by this royal rape, went to court, attended by his kindred and dependents, and solemnly renounced his allegiance, and the lands he held of the king: then taking his passage immediately to Denmark, he fell at the feet of King Guthred, to whom Bruern was related, describing his injury in such pathetic terms, and uttering his grief with that energy, that the Danish monarch readily hearkened to his requests, fitting out a powerful fleet and great army for the coasts of Northumberland, under two generals who were brothers, Ingvar and Hubba. Matthew of Westminster says, the principal view of this Danish expedition, was against the dominions of Edmund King of the East Angles, who was falsely charged with putting to death the father of the Danish chieftains, who had been assassinated by an exiled traitor. They had proposed to land, this author says, on the coasts of Edmund's kingdom, but by contrary winds being driven northwards, they landed at Berwick upon Tweed. The convent of Coldingham having been restored after a former conflagration, was then possessed, it is said, by nuns, under an abbess called Ebba, of royal blood. She dreading the barbarities these invaders exercised in their former descent, on all ranks of religious, in an assembly of her nuns representing the hazard their chastity was in, communicated a device which she presumed would preserve them from these violators. Without hesitation they vowed that her rules should be strictly observed. Forthwith she drew out a razor, and as an example, with the greatest fortitude, cut off her nose and upper lip: she was followed by the whole sisterhood. When the Danes en-

tered the convent in the morning, they were shocked with the horrid spectacle, and disappointed in their lusts, set fire to the edifice, wherein the abbess with all her whole convent were consumed. This is the story of Matthew of Westminster; but other authors, whose relations are attended with greater probability, fix the place of this Danish descent at the mouth of the Humber, from whence the invaders marched to York. Osbert at their approach led forth a powerful army, and engaged them near the city, where he fell amongst the slain, and his troops were totally routed. Ella, who had held a consist of five years for the kingdom of Northumberland with Osbert, under the support of Bruern and his allies, is said upon the Danish invasion to have come to a compromise with Osbert, and joined with him against the common enemy; and that in the battle, he also fell with Osbert. This account gains greater credit than that of Bruern's application to the Danes; and it seems most probable, the object of this invasion was no other than rapine and plunder. The Danes after this victory, having laid waste the country between York and the Tyne, made Egbert King of Northumberland, north of Tyne, to hold his crown as their dependent: Being afterwards employed in expeditions against the southern parts of this island, the Northumbrians dethroned this vassal king, and gave the crown to Ricfig. Not long after this the Danish king embarking his troops in some of the southern counties, sailed for the mouth of Tyne, and landed at the town of Tynemouth, where he wintered, it being too late in the year to attempt any thing against the Northumbrians. On the opening of the spring they began their ravages on this unfor-

fortunate country, and marked their progress with unequalled barbarities: Lindisfarne was the object of their peculiar wrath—the Christian religion their most inveterate aversion. The Bishop of Lindisfarne, with Eadred the abbot, on the approach of the Danes, left the island, carrying with them the remains of St. Cuthbert, and the most valuable of their riches and sacred things. This desertion of the monastery of Lindisfarne happened in the 22d year of Eardulf's episcopacy, 241 years after the foundation of the See by Oswald and Aidan, and 189 years after the death of St. Cuthbert.\* These ecclesiastics flying from the fury of the invaders, wandering from one hiding place to another with their hallowed burthens, of which even the stone crucifix of Ethelwold made a part, for seven continued years: at length resting at Chester-le-street, in the county of Durham.

With the sacred remains of the Saint, the Bishopric was removed from this island to Chester; and whilst settled there, this Bishop, A. D. 883, annexed thereto the vacant Bishopric of Hexham, which had been without a Pastor 63 years, from the time of Tidfrith's resignation. Eardulf continued the remainder of his episcopacy at Chester in peace, and died in the year 900, having been Bishop 46 years.

Soon after the desertion of Lindisfarne, the monastery was destroyed, and the church dismantled: but afterwards there was a cell of Benedictine Monks established here, who were subordinate to the Priory of Durham. The annual revenues were valued at 48l. 18s. 4d. by Dugdale, and 60l. 5s. by Speed. 26 King Henry VIII in the 23d year of the same reign, the possessions were granted to the Dean and Chapter of Durham.

There is a legendary tale Guthred received from St. Cuthbert a singular mark of protection on an invasion of the Scots, had in their progress trampled the remains of several religious houses, and threatened the demolition of Lindisfarne. When the Scotch army was drawn up in array, and ready for action, the earth opened, and in an instant swallowed their tens of thousand.

As the future succession of Bishops is in no wise pertinent to the work the See of Lindisfarne being translated from this island, and never resettled there, I must take my leave of that rich and powerful episcopacy; but cannot refrain mentioning some few circumstances which happened to the wandering bones of Cuthbert.

In 995, the Danes again afflicted the Clergy, who had been settled at Chester for near a century, they took up the holy relics, and fled with them to Ripon in Yorkshire: where remaining till the ravagers again quitted the country, and presuming it a proper season for their return to Chester, on their way, by a miraculous power, they were stayed at Wardlaw, a hill near the sea coast, within about eight miles of Durham, where, in a vision, Eadmerus, one of their pious attendants, had a revelation, that at Dunhelmus the sacred relics should rest for ever: a situation fortified by nature, being a lofty eminence, surrounded by the river Wear, overgrown with thick entangled grove, in the center of which was an open though concealed plain of cultivated land, which offered its sequestered bosom for their religious repose.

*To be continued*

To the Editor of the *Berwick Museum*.

SIR,

An account of this curious and surprising Hole may be acceptable to some of your inquisitive Readers; therefore I have transmitted it to you; if you please to insert it in your Museum, you will oblige your reader,

INQUISITOR.

**E**LDINE Hole, in Derbyshire, is a mile south of Mamtor, and four miles east of Buxton. It is a perpendicular gulph or chasm, which being fathomed by a line, or measured by sound (at the rate of  $16\frac{1}{3}$  feet in one second, the measure Dr. Halley allows near the earth, for the descent of heavy bodies) is found to be 1266 feet or 422 yards down to the water; but how deep the water is, cannot be known. This chasm is 40 yards long above ground, and ten over at its broadest part; but from the day there is a sloping descent of forty yards to the mouth of this horrible pit, and this is only four yards long, and one and a half broad. It is said, that two villains who were executed at Derby, not long ago, confessed at the gallows, that they threw a poor traveller into this dreadful gulph, after they had robbed him.

ard, in the Duke's absence, seized the farmer's stock for arrears of rent, and advertised it by the parish crier to be *rouped*, that is sold by auction, on a fixed day. The Duke happily returned in the interval; his tenant, who knew his road, made the best of his way onward to the Duke's apartment, and he was not interrupted, but forwarded in it by the servants, who concluded he came by appointment. "What is the matter Donald?" said the Duke, as he saw him enter melancholy. Donald told his sorrowful tale in a concise natural manner; it touched the Duke's heart, and produced an acquaintance in form. Staring, as he cheerily withdrew, at the pictures and images, he expressed a curiosity to know what they were in his homely way. "These," said the Duke with great condescension, "these are the Saints who intercede with God for me."—"My Lord Duke," said Donald, "would it not be better to apply yourself directly to God; I went to muckle Sawney Gordon, and to little Sawney Gordon; but if I had not come to your guid Grace's self, I could not have got my discharge, and bairn I and my bairns had been harried."

## ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

*Continued from page 440.*

*Anecdote of Alexander, Second Duke of Gordon.*

**A**T a time not very remote, when the Duke of Gordon, and all the Lords of that family were Roman Catholics, a Protestant, not unknown to his Grace, rented a small farm under him, near Humley Castle, and, from whatever cause, had fallen behind in his payments. A vigilant stew-

## YULE CLOG.

**O**N the eve of the Nativity, the peasants place upon the fire a large piece of wood, called a Yule Clog, some have looked upon this as a rural sacrifice, the beast being stalled, there is no further use for the tether clog, by which he was prevented straying in the summer for his pasture. It has had a more distant implication, and intended

to keep up the wake, and drive away malevolent spirits, and spirits of darkness. The Druids held a solemn festival at this time, and fires were lighted to fill up the space between the last night and first morning of the year, that the evil genius might not prevail. The Elusian mysteries were typical of the renewing year; and the howlings and lamentations made in the hours of darkness for the loss of Adonis, were like our solemn wake over the yule clog, which was to banish the spirits of darkness whilst the sun was in his deepest recess. In those rites, the return of Adonis, or the sun, was represented by the approach of a Priest with a lighted torch, thereby dispelling the horrid darkness, in which the prevalency of the evil genius was described by horrid noises, and all the dreadful spectacles ingenuity could devise, to secure the superstition of the assembly. Among all nations there has appeared a prevalent superstition touching good and evil spirits, one superintending the hours of light, the others darkness; one the guides of man's rectitude and virtues, the other his malevolence and vice.

On the word Yule or Gule, there have been innumerable controversies with the learned, from whose arguments I am induced to believe it is a word derived from the old British language, and implies a Festival; and thence that Yule Clog expresses the festive fuel.

The Yule Baby was a sweat-meat image given to children, in commemoration of our Saviour's nativity.

The windows are dressed with ever greens, as typical of our Saviour, who was called the Branch of Righteousness, that liveth for ever: also as memorials of his

promises, and our victory over death.

### CHRISTMAS BOX.

Gifts to servants and mechanics, for their good services in the labouring part of the year. The paganalia of the Romans, instituted by Servius Tullius, were celebrated in the beginning of the year: an altar was erected in each village, where all persons gave money. This was a mode originally devised for gaining the number of inhabitants.

### THE DEAD.

Customs attending Death and Funerals are well known, and their origin of no very distant antiquity; so that I will avoid a subject so peculiarly melancholy and affecting, save only the Arvel Dinner.

On the decease of any person possessed of valuable effects, the friends and neighbours of the family are invited to a dinner on the day of interment, which is called an Arthel or Arvel Dinner. Arthel is a British word, and is frequently more correctly written Arddelw. In Wales it is written Arddel, and signifies, according to Dr. Davise's Dictionary, *Afferere*, to avouch. This custom seems of very distant antiquity, and was a solemn festival made at the time of publicly exposing the corpse, to exculpate the heir, and those intitled to the possessions of the deceased, from fines and mulcts to the Lord of the Manor, and from all accusation of having used violence; so that the persons then convoked might avouch, that the person died fairly, and without suffering any personal injury. The Dead were thus exhibited by ancient nations, and perhaps the custom was introduced here by the Romans.

*A Dissertation on the Rise, Union, Power, &c. of Music.**Continued from page 411.*

“WHEN the orator hath done speaking, sometimes they begin to eat before they sing, that they may have the better spirits: Sometimes they sing before they eat: If the feast is to continue for the whole day, the kettle is in part emptied in the morning, and in part reserved for the evening; and in the intervals they sing and dance.

“The master of the feast touches nothing. He busies himself only in seeing that the company be served, or in serving them himself; naming aloud the pieces which he destines and presents to each. The best morsels are given by way of preference, to those whom he chuseth to distinguish.

“After the repast, the master of the feast begins the Athoronront, a song and dance peculiar to the men. They relieve each other, by beginning with those of most consideration, and passing gradually down to the youngest. They have that civility and attention to each other, that every one waits till another of superior dignity enters the lists, and takes the lead.

“The ancients and men of dignity, often do no more than rise from their seats; and content themselves, while they sing, with making some inflections with their head, shoulders, and knees, in order to accompany and sustain their song. Others somewhat less grave, take a few steps, and walk along the cabin around the fires. Every one hath his particular song; that one hath his particular song; that is, an air, to which he adjusts a very few words, which he repeats as often as he pleaseth. I have as often as he pleaseth. I have observed, that they even retrench

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or strike off some syllables from their words, as if they were verses or measured words, but without rhyme.

“He who means to dance, begins by rising from his matt; and the whole company answers him by a general shout of approbation: As he passeth along before every fire, they who sit on each side, beat the measure or cadence of his song by a correspondent motion of the head; and by throwing out continual shouts which they redouble at certain times, where the measure demands it, with so much truth, that they never err; and with such a delicacy of ear, as the French, who are most practised in their customs, cannot attain to. When he passeth to a second fire, they of the first take breath; they of the more distant fires are likewise silent; but the time is always beat by those before whose fire he sings and dances. The song concludes by a general Ehouel of the whole choir; which is a second shout of approbation.

“The young men have their Songs of a more lively, and their dances of a more vigorous cast; such as are suitable to their age. When the dance is much animated, they dance two or three together, each at his own fire: Nor does this mixture ever occasion any confusion,

“Among these dances, some are no more than a simple and noble manner of marching up to an enemy: and of facing danger with intrepidity and gaiety of mind.

“A second sort of dance, but still of the same kind is that of the Pantomimes: Which consists in representing an action in the manner in which it passed, or such as they conceive it to have been. Many of those who have lived among the Iroquois, have assured

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nities of the village. The manner  
is as follows. Notice is given  
early in the morning through all  
the cabins, for the performance of  
this ceremony: Every cabin de-  
putes a certain number, either of  
men or women who dress them-  
selves in all their finery, that they  
may go and perform their part.  
They all appear at their appointed  
hour (which is proclaimed by a  
public crier) either in the council  
cabin, or some other place destined  
for the purpose. In the middle of  
the place or cabin they build a  
little scaffold; and on this they  
raise a small seat for the singers  
who are to accompany and ani-  
mate the dance. One holds in his  
hand a tambour or little drum, the  
other a tortoise shell. While these  
sing, and accompany their song  
with the sound of their instruments  
(which is farther strengthened by  
the spectators, who beat with little  
sticks upon the kettles that are be-  
fore them) they who dance, go  
round in a circular movement;  
but without taking hands, as they  
do in Europe. Each dancer makes  
various motions with his feet and  
hands, as he pleaseth: And though  
all the movements are different,  
according to the whim and caprice  
of their imagination, none of them  
ever lose the time. They who  
are most expert in varying their  
postures, and throwing themselves  
into action, are reckoned to excel  
the rest. The dance is composed  
of several returns: Each return  
lasts till the dancers are out of  
breath; and after a short interval  
of repose, they begin another. No-  
thing can be more animated than  
these movements: To see them,  
one would say, they were a troop  
of furious and frantic people. What  
must fatigue them still more is,  
that not only by their movement,  
but likewise with their voice, they  
follow the singers and their instru-

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To be continued.

ments to the end of each return ; which is always closed by a general and loud Ouch ! which is a shout of approbation, implying that the return hath been well performed.

“ Although I have not spoken particularly of any nations but those of Iroquois and Hurons, yet I may truly say, that I have described, at the same time, all the other barbarous nations of America, as to what is essential and principal. For though there appears to be a great difference between the Monarchic and Oligarchic state, yet the genius of their savage policy is every where the same : We find the same turn for public affairs, the same method of conducting them, the same use of secret and solemn assemblies, the same character in their feasts, their dances, and their diversions.

“ The music and dance of the Americans have something in them extremely barbarous, which at first disgusts ; and of which no idea can be formed by those who have not seen and heard them. We grow reconciled to them by degrees, and in the end partake of them with pleasure. As to the savages themselves, they are fond of these feasts even to distraction. They continue them whole days entire ; and the shouts of their choir are so violent, as to make the village tremble.”

Thus far the learned father Lafitau : For whose detail no apology need be made to the curious reader. But the more particular reasons, why it is here given at length, will appear in the following number.

*To be continued.*

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## HISTORY OF LORD WARTON.

*Continued from page 457.*

WITH my mind wholly employed in retracing the charms of the beautiful Venetian, I passed a sleepless night, and rose very early in the morning, and then walked out, with an intention to amuse myself, in hopes to dissipate those ideas, which could only serve to render me miserable if I persisted to indulge them. I put on the same domino and masque that I had worn the evening before, when I had walked for some considerable time, I felt somebody tap me on the shoulder, and turning hastily I saw behind me a gondolier, elegantly neat in his dress, leaning on his oar, which was painted with a variety of colours. I was going to enquire his business with me, but he prevented me, by saying, “ By your graceful air, I am convinced I speak to Lord Warton.” I acknowledged he did so. “ Here then, (said he) is a billet I have orders to deliver into your own hands—read it, and you will find, that the ladies of this country are not very cruel to strangers, and only require in return for their favours, secrecy and discretion.” I hastily opened the note, and read these words :

“ Your lordship’s merit has gained a complete victory over an heart, not unworthy your attachment ; I have a thousand things to communicate to you, which you will not be displeased to hear, come, then, in the cool of the evening into the same street where you met with the gondolier, who shall conduct you to me.”

I promised faithfully to be at the place appointed, and to induce the gondolier to be punctual, I presented him with a few pieces of gold; my generosity redoubled his good humour, he quitted me singing, and left me transported with joy: as soon as I regained my inn, I ascended to my chamber, and entered in my common-place book, "that Venice was undoubtedly the most agreeable city in the universe."

It was scarce dark, when I hastened to my assignation: the gondolier approached me immediately singing and rowing along very gaily; he beckoned me to come into his little bark, and when I was seated, rowed away hastily from the shore, continuing his song; though the gondola went swiftly down the current, and the rower was both strong and robust, yet it was late at night when we stopped before a villa on the banks of the gulf, which appeared (as well as I could judge of it by the faint light of the stars) to be large and elegant. My gondolier now set me on shore, and after informing me he would return and fetch me at break of day, he directed me to go straight forward to a little door, where I found an old woman, who took me by the hand, and desired me to follow her; we traversed in utter darkness a court yard and several large apartments, she then opened a closet, put me into it, and retired, leaving me still in obscurity. After waiting some time, I became very impatient, at last my conductress returned, and took me into a chamber, most splendidly illuminated; the door of which being opened on a sudden, my eyes were dazzled with the number of lights, and richness of the furniture, but I no longer paid any attention to this magnificence, when I saw advance towards me a tall

woman, whose easy shape and majestic air, (though covered with a long veil) attracted all my admiration; this I doubted not was the beautiful creature who had so ingenuously confessed herself my captive: the lady sat down on an elegant sofa of velvet, embroidered with gold, and having made a sign for me to sit by her, then threw back her veil, and discovered, to my inexpressible joy, the beautiful Signora, the virtuous wife of the old senator.

The transport of my heart, which was visible in my countenance, seemed to give new animation to the eyes of the lovely Venetian; and whilst I passionately kissed her snowy hand, she addressed herself to me in the following manner: "The step I have taken must sufficiently prove to you the excess of my affection; yet it may be necessary perhaps to apologize to an Englishman for a deviation from that delicacy, which is more strictly observed by the ladies in his own country. The women of our nation go great lengths in love in a short time, but the reason is obvious, the continual restraint we are under, obliges us to renounce those little *douceurs*, which may be properly called the prelude to affection, and give the women in happier climes time to capitulate, and surrender in form; here it is impossible to improve friendship into love, we therefore begin with the latter, and this is all our wise husbands gain by their jealousy and precaution, and thus they absolutely advance the misfortune they endeavour to prevent, and render us more condescending to the addresses of our lovers. The Italians look upon their wives as beings incapable of reason sufficient to conduct themselves properly; and their suspicions will carry them so far, that a man who behaves

with any extraordinary politeness, even to a woman who is a stranger, runs a certain risque of being assassinated, either by her husband or her lover; and, believe me, it was from the most unaccountable caprice of a moment that my husband brought you that evening into my apartment, as you was the first man he has suffered me to converse with since I became his wife, my own family not excepted; is it not just then (continued she, with a bewitching smile) that we should dare sometimes to throw off this restraint thus imposed upon us, and follow the dictates of our own heart, which cannot but revolt at the idea of so servile a chain, and bids us revenge the contemptible opinion they entertain of our honour and virtue."

The blooming fair one hesitated as she pronounced these last words; and her downcast eyes and blushes seemed to call upon me for vows of everlasting love. I threw myself at her feet, and began a declaration of my passion, with an eloquence dictated by truth and sincerity, when on a sudden I was interrupted by a noise, which filled us both with terror, and seemed to be the footsteps of many persons coming towards the room where we were; and a few minutes after we heard the door in the anti-chamber burst open, as if by violence. "Heaven have mercy on us! (cried the terrified beauty) this is our last moment, for I hear my husband's voice." On hearing these words I should most certainly have endeavoured to leap out of the window, and not have made the least scruple to have left the lady to settle matters with her husband in the best manner she was able, but I had only time (trembling and agitated as I was) to draw out my pistols, before the room door flew open, and the old

senator entered, with a poignard in his hand, followed by a crowd of domestics likewise. I saw my danger, and there not being any time to be lost, I attempted to fire, but unfortunately both my pistols flashed in the pan, which gave the servants an opportunity to disarm and bind me, whilst the furious old man, going to his wife, (who had sunk fainting on the sofa) he plunged his dagger several times into her bosom, who gave one loud scream, and dropped down instantaneously.

This barbarity to a woman whom he loved, was sufficient to convince me that I had not any clemency to expect; and though I was excessively shocked at the death of the lady, I must own, I was under greater apprehensions for myself. "Wretch, (said the Venetian, addressing himself to me) thou who hast dared to meditate my dishonour, in return for the confidence I replaced in you, by introducing you to my wife, prepare for death, and know that I observed that very evening, the glances which passed between you, and that perfidious creature who lies dead before you; they were such as too plainly proved the intended crime, but I then dissembled my rage, and to secure my revenge, employed spies, who have faithfully served me to your destruction." Having ended these words, he raised his poignard, and was going to plunge it into my heart, but recollecting himself, "No, (said he) I will not contaminate my hand, by shedding the blood of one unworthy of so noble a death, rather, let us, (said he, turning to his valets) invent some new kind of punishment to gratify my revenge, therefore, each of you, in turn, speak what you think he merits." Having received this permission, the rascals willing to

shocked and disappointed at finding only the body of a dead man, yet, being persons of humanity, they surveyed it accurately, in hopes there might remain some signs of life, and at last discovered near the heart a latent warmth, which made them hope they might be able to restore a fellow creature once more to the world: their charitable endeavours succeeded in bringing me back to my senses, and they took such care of me, that in some hours I was perfectly recovered, but not chusing to communicate to them the truth of my adventure, I only told them, that being on horseback alone, on my return to Venice, from a ride of a few miles, I had met with thieves, who, after robbing me of some valuable jewels, and being unable to find my purse, they tied me in a sack, and threw me into the sea. When I left the cabin of the fisherman, I made him a present of my purse, and the honest man, when it was night, conducted me in his boat safe to my inn, where I immediately ordered post horses, and quitted Venice without seeing any one of its curiosities except the old senator, from whose character I judged the national one of the Venetians, to be cruel, and very inhospitable to strangers.

I could not believe myself to be in safety, till I had traversed the Po; therefore, leaving the city of Modena, and some others behind me, I went on directly to Florence. As soon as I came into the inn, a man was introduced to me, whose employment it was to shew strangers all that was most curious in that city, and accompany persons (for a trifling sum) to whatever is worthy their observation; these persons generally understand all the European languages, are to be met with all over Italy, and are very useful. The first thing I de-

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POLYDORE AND HIS S  
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fired to see was, the famous antique statue of the celebrated Venus de Medici, of which I had heard so much; it is in the palace of the Grand Duke, and is, it must be confessed, the representation of a very pretty woman, as finely shaped as our opera girls here, and her limbs so well proportioned, that one would rather suppose it the work of imagination in the sculptor, than a figure taken from real life, unless we are at liberty to believe, that the ladies are much degenerated since the days of Phidias and Praxiteles. Whilst my conductor was giving me the history of this statue, I observed a man gazing on it with the most enraptured countenance I ever beheld; when I had shewn him to the Italian, "that (said he) you must understand, is one of the many lovers of our marble Venus; you laugh, I see, and do not believe me, but be assured, that many of our Florentines, whose hearts are extremely susceptible to beauty from daily admiration, at last become enamoured of this figure, to their misfortune, since their sighs are vain, as the chaste Lucretia herself, could not treat them with more coldness, or remain more rigorously virtuous; yet many of them will pass whole days in gazing on her, without either eating or drinking, others address her in the most tender and elegant verses, to all which she is equally insensible; and some consumed by so hopeless a love have died the victims of their nonleisured passion."

*To be continued.*

## POLYDORE AND HIS SISTER.

*Continued from page 451.*

**H**AVING fixed my resolution, I desired to leave a message

with her servant, who was called<sup>d</sup> but whose agitation was so great, for the poor girl loved her unhappy mistress, that it was with difficulty, she gave me to understand that Alesia did not land at Vauxhall, but on the Willow Walk.—“Oh, Sir! continued she, “her parting words and her parting looks have almost broke my heart: she clasped my hand, and said, Oh Harriet! you are very young! and not so desperately wicked as I am, heaven may forgive you; but I am devoted to never-ending misery! Go, my affectionate friend, go home to your parents, if they will take you in; and by continuing a good girl, you may in time become a happy one.—I want to take a melancholy turn or two, therefore leave me to myself; don’t reply my dear, I have something to reflect on in my troubled mind, and no spot so fit as this: I shall soon return, prepare therefore to receive me, for I have one more lesson to impart on that return, that may sink still deeper into your mind than any thing I can possibly say to you at present.”

At this instant a porter came up, and presenting a card, inquired if any one in the house knew the person whose name was thereon mentioned; the card was one of those convenient intelligences which these unhappy children of prostitution call their address, and too sure this was her’s! I answered him in the affirmative —“Then, says the fellow, somebody must come directly to the Swan, at Westminster-stairs, where there is a young woman found drowned near that place.” I instantly put some money into his hand, and told him to conduct me to the spot: the humanity of this rough, though not unfeeling messenger pleased me, who wiping his eye with his finger, cried, “Follow me, my master, you look like

a good gentleman; the *human fiety* is there, but Lord help them! they won't make her alive again if God don't, ehuse it!"

I followed my honest conductor to where I found the remains of this melancholy victim of illicit love—*past recovery!*

Part of that Society, whose institution has been the means of snatching thousands from a too early grave, had exhausted their last benevolent efforts; the worthy philanthropists could do no more.—They appeared to me as delegates from that God, who, no doubt, smiles on their blessed work, and will reward them accordingly.

I could not help reflecting, notwithstanding the compassion I bore to this unhappy creature, how severely the justice of heaven had followed her in the course of providence. I now withed myself disengaged from a concern so replete with every thing that humanity starts at!—yet I felt myself obliged to see her decently interred. The people with whom she lodged, laid claim, with what justice I know not, to every thing in her apartments. Ignorance of circumstances induced the coroner's jury to attribute her death to *accident*, and I was at the expence of a private burial. I was now doubtful whether to inform her friends of this dreadful circumstance, or keep it a secret: I had concluded on the former, when a gentleman from the country desired admittance: I received him at the very time I was going to write; but, imagine what were my feelings, when I beheld the brother of Polydore!

Amazed at my agitation, he enquired if I had seen his brother since his arrival. At this, I burst into tears. He urged me to explain the cause, adding, he could not forbear thinking something still more fatal than what he could

imagine was the occasion of my extreme grief and perturbation. I then related all I knew of his brother and sister, which left him in astonishment and silent grief; at length rising, he advanced to the window, then returned, sat down, and wept in all the anguish of despair, repeating in agony, "My poor father! my, lost sister! my wretched brother!"—Then, in all the tumult of hopeless passion, he cried out, "It is well, Alesia thou art gone; ruin, shame, and misery hast thou brought on thyself and family! But oh! my brother! to lose thee too! I cannot support this, I cannot present myself before a father, to whom I must relate a tale of such complicated horror!"

I may attempt, but to give a just idea of his grief, is impossible; suffice it to say, that at length he attended me to the heart-struck Polydore, whose mortal existence we found beyond the power of advice or medicine to preserve. The hapless youth saw and knew his brother: we approached the bed, when closing our hands in both his, he exclaimed, "Heaven bless my friend and brother! it is better for me to die now than to exist an unhappy lunatic. I know I have lost my reason, pity my poor sister, forgive her crimes; has she not died for them? Sacred be the memory of the sons and daughters of wretchedness; we know not the extent of Providence." Saying this, his eyes again glared with horror and dismay; he attempted to rise, but his strength not permitting, he struck his forehead, and with a convulsive groan, expired!—It is needless to enlarge;—the last mournful rites were paid him, and I am now going to accompany his afflicted brother to his sorrowing family; whom we have prepared for the melancholy meeting.

## For the Berwick Museum.

Nimirum infans paucis videatur eo quod  
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur  
eodem. Hon.

THE generality of authors, as well as the bulk of the people agree, that the mode of *trial by jury* is one of the most precious privileges of an Englishman. To endeavour to explode a doctrine which is so universally applauded might be deemed striving against the stream, and to tell the good folks of England that they are mistaken in their ideas, would only have the effect to increase their resentment, not their knowledge. You cannot eradicate antient prejudices without incurring a temporary censure, and the instant you hint that a man's notions are depraved, you acquire an enemy. In despite, however, of the laughter of the illiterate, and of the malice of the prejudiced, I shall proceed to take a view of the disadvantages arising from trials by jury, in the first place, and conclude with considering the import of the expression, "a full proof."

Jurys then are not only competent to decide of the fact, but also of the law. To establish the former, a proof by writing or by witnesses must be adduced, and such evidences are to operate freely upon the minds of the jury. We must here note, that (in countries) jurys are more frequently composed of farmers than of gentlemen of landed property, and that in general the education of the first is greatly inferior to that of the latter. I have just now said, that jurys are to judge of the proof before them in order to ascertain the fact, however intricate and however difficult. The very want of practice, seeing the

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want of education aside for the present, must certainly prevent them from arriving at the truth, either when interrogating a witness (for the power of doing so is legally vested in them) or when comparing the jarring import of various writings. The degree of art and penetration requisite to enable the querist to examine the witness is altogether wanting from the want of custom, and the jurors simplicity serves only to puzzle and confound him. A designing witness, or a dishonest party, will easily evade his questions, and baffle his interrogatories. Besides, a person whose occupation is husbandry, and whose reading is confined to the Bible, the Berwick Museum, or the Kelso Chronicle, is utterly unfit from habit to lead proofs, or to reconcile a clashing written evidence. Were the question which they are to determine to relate to the sowing of a field, or the seeding of an ox, perhaps the jury would be more competent to decide upon it than Mr Perkins or Lord Mansfield! But numberless perplexing disputes arise amongst individuals relative to property or private right, which they are unable to comprehend, and error, gross error, must ever accompany their decisions. They are evidently more apt to be misled, and doubly so to be partial, since the cause takes its rise amongst their door neighbours; than a single judge who is fitted for the office by habit and education, and whose fortune exalts him above the reach of corruption. Such a magistrate is more capable of determining disputes than a hundred jurymen! I have stated above that jurys are also judges of the law. This is an attack upon common sense. What does an illiterate farmer know of the law? Or what does

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a booby 'squire know of it.) The knowledge of the law is only acquired by a long course of study ; but such is its intricacy that a liberal education alone can qualify a person for the purpose of knowing and understanding it. Where then are the mighty advantages arising from trials by jury ? Does not ignorance and the want of practice perpetually beget error ; and is not an illiterate jury more apt to be mistaken than a learned judge ?—But to enter upon the import of the expression “ *a full proof*.”

The expression literally means a sufficiency of evidence to condemn a criminal, or to establish a fact. This is indisputably its plain import—but suffer me to add, that there is no expression so well understood by every individual, and at same time so perplexing when considered by a jury of twelve or fifteen. Every one forms a different idea of the weight of the proof adduced, and what appears a positive and compleat proof to one, is faulty and defective in the view of another. A lawyer, for instance, will learnedly explain to you, “ that a full proof may be composed of certain parts ; and “ that six hearsays on one side, “ three on the other, and four “ fourths of a presumption,” amount to three full proofs. A countryman has no notion of a half or a third of a proof. The fact must either be established or not ; or in other words, he is either convinced or not convinced. When a man is convinced he must necessarily find the fact proven, so that conviction is naturally followed by condemnation. The proof, therefore, the instant it convinces amounts to a full proof, and ought to convict the criminal accordingly. It is true, indeed, that lawyers argue very differently, and they

will tell you, that whatever may be the circumstances which serve to convince a jurymen, yet he is not at liberty to condemn the criminal unless the proof amounts to a full one. According to this logical way of reasoning, a jurymen, who may have seen the murder committed (for no man is bound to offer himself as an evidence) must not find the prisoner guilty, for no other reason than because the proof amounts only to a strong presumption. I would hold, however, such a jurymen to be guilty himself of perjury. In a word, in spite of the sophistry of the bar, a *full proof* is that which convinces the jury, or any individual of it.

I am, yours,

PHILOSTRATUS.

Beaumont Banks, 1787.

### *An Essay on Improvement of Time.*

THE power of looking forward into futurity, though it is the distinguishing mark of reason, and evidences that most important truth, namely, the immortality of the soul, yet if misapplied or misused, will serve only to flatter the imagination, and mislead the mind into a mazy tract of errors, and embitter all the few comforts that are allotted to human life.

It is a misfortune incident to all men, more especially to people of volatile dispositions, that they know not how to enjoy the present hour. The mind of man is perpetually planning out schemes of future happiness, and contemplating distant prospects of pleasure, which he flatters himself he is one day to possess, instead of endeavouring to enjoy the present with solid satisfaction. This unhappy disposition, this sickliness of mind, makes us live in a continual state of uneasy

expectation ; for when we have gained any thing which we have long wished for, when the tardy resolution of time has brought to us what we have long impatiently expected, we soon grow cool with possession, and look with indifference upon that which so lately engaged our attention, and was the sole object of our hopes. Like children we long for a bauble ; no sooner have we got it but we are tired and long for another ; more pleased with the gratification of our wayward humours, than with the possession of the thing we wanted ; new objects, new pleasures then strike our imagination ; these we pursue with the same ardour ; these we long for with the same impatience, and possess them with the same disappointment and dissatisfaction.

One would imagine that so many fruitless endeavours, so many repeated disappointments, would effectually cure us, of the folly of indulging our minds in the fond expectation of future felicity ; that we should at last be prevailed upon to sit down contented in our respective stations, to enjoy the blessings that are set before us, and to make the most of that only portion of time which we can with any certainty call our own ; yet such is the imperfection of our nature, such the insatiation of our minds, that in spite of the most convincing demonstrations of the folly of building upon futurity, though we see people unexpectedly sink into the grave who were engaged in the same eager pursuit with ourselves, we still continue to persevere in the fond delusion ; we still pursue a phantom that mocks us at a distance, but always eludes our grasp.

Would every man, instead of indulging in vain and uncertain expectations, instead of forming romantic schemes of visionary happiness, em-

ploy his thoughts and the faculties of his mind, in studying how he may best improve the present hour, he would find solid advantages resulting from his conduct, and be enabled to cast a retrospective eye upon past life with pleasure and self satisfaction. Happiness, as much as our nature will admit of, it is in every man's power to obtain ; it does not require a great genius, or eminent abilities, to render life agreeable ; on the contrary, we often see great wits fall into great errors ; men of more vivacity than judgment, often wander in a fruitless search of happiness, by giving way to the delusions of fancy, while a man of plain common sense jogs on contented in the road of life, enjoys the pleasures that fall in his way with thankfulness, without flattering his mind with the hopes of future enjoyments, which would certainly disappoint his expectations.

The happiness of life does not consist in the possession of affluence or power, or the indulging in what the world calls pleasures ; our time is given us for more important purposes ; he alone can be said to enjoy life, that knows how to make a proper use of time, that labours with honest industry in his calling, and who does all the good in his power.

To speak in the Eastern phrase, life may be compared to a book, our days to the leaves of it ; we should be careful therefore to write nothing in any page which we should be ashamed to have seen by all the world. Happy will it be for us, when we come to give up our accounts, (and no man knows how soon he may be called upon) if we can produce records of virtuous actions ; but it will fill us with confusion to find many pages entirely blank, and others disfigured with foul and detestable

ent or are taught, that the duties of life  
 ated are commensurate to its duration,  
 t the and that every day brings with it  
 many a task, which if neglected, is  
 d the doubled on the morrow; we ought  
 alkind, not then to contract debts, which  
 e had we are not sure we shall live to  
 r, ex- discharge; we must curb all irre-  
 of re- gular desires, all anticipations of  
 ds, I time, and all expectations of futu-  
 rity. Were human life indeed to  
 be extended to the stupendous  
 ted in longevity of the Antediluvians, and  
 many were we blessed with the same  
 rown happy temperament of body, some  
 a suc- excuse for our folly, some extenu-  
 es, or ation of our guilt might be ad-  
 ey, mitted for trifling away a century;  
 little but since half that period of time  
 ed us, is more than what half the race of  
 certain man attain to, since we are liable  
 reach to so many accidents, our faculties  
 it, to may be impaired by a tedious ill-  
 be uty nefs, or a disease may hurry us out  
 y slip of life with unexpected rapidity;  
 thing what madness is it to defer living  
 and till to-morrow, to depend for hap-  
 little piness on a day remote, which  
 mor- though we may live to see, yet the  
 ty of same foolish passion will render us  
 but is incapable of enjoying? Since the  
 events of futurity are involved in  
 an impenetrable mist, why should  
 we be anxious about what we know  
 nothing of? why should we tor-  
 ture our minds with the dismal ap-  
 prehensions of chimerical dangers,  
 and conjectural calamities? The  
 heathen poets frequently exhort  
 us with earnest solicitations, to  
 make the most of time present, to  
 snatch the fleeting moments as they  
 pass, and to enjoy pleasures while  
 it is in our power; we ought to  
 follow their advice, but not in the  
 manner they would inculcate it;  
 we are not to wallow in extrava-  
 gant riot and debauchery: though  
 we may enjoy innocent amuse-  
 ments, we must endeavour to sup-  
 press bad habits, not to humour

them; to correct or  
 give way to them;  
 nitely of more advar  
 portance to practice  
 18 indulge pleasure.

On the Improving Si-  
 kind.

Tempora mutantur, &c  
 illis.

I BELIEVE it is the  
 lion, that vice is  
 more and more prevail-  
 and that every day is  
 worse than the preced-  
 reasons can be given for  
 ing that opinion, I am  
 to know; but I  
 thinking that such noti-  
 edingly gross, and  
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 sufficient reason to be  
 world was growing wor-  
 had forsaken us, and left  
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 frequent and comfortab-  
 ces of this not being the  
 even in the few past yea-  
 own lives, we may recoll-  
 awful instances of Divin-  
 tion, that might convince  
 hardy atheist, not only th-  
 is a God, but also, that  
 watches over us, and sees  
 secret thoughts and action-  
 It is remarkable, that th-  
 pretend most to religion,  
 most against the increasing  
 vity of the human race; b-  
 can these dismal complaints  
 concile the Omnipotence c-  
 with their ignoble opinion-  
 times?

We are told, and hav-  
 greatest reason to believe, th-  
 fore the final destruction c-

them ; to correct our vices, nor to give way to them ; as it is infinitely of more advantage and importance to practice virtue, than to indulge pleasure.

*On the Improving State of Mankind.*

*Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.*

I BELIEVE it is the general opinion, that vice is becoming more and more prevalent among us, and that every day is considerably worse than the preceding. What reasons can be given for entertaining that opinion, I am really at a loss to know ; but I cannot help thinking that such notions are exceedingly gross, and tend to derogate the infallible judgment of *Him*, who, for his own glory, made man a rational being.

There would, indeed, have been sufficient reason to believe the world was growing worse, if God had forsaken us, and left us entirely to live as we list ; but we have frequent and comfortable assurances of this not being the case, and even in the few past years of our own lives, we may recollect many awful instances of Divine Visitation, that might convince the most hardy atheist, not only that there is a God, but also, that he still watches over us, and sees our most secret thoughts and actions.

It is remarkable, that those who pretend most to religion, cry out most against the increasing depravity of the human race ; but how can these dismal complainers reconcile the Omnipresence of God, with their ignoble opinion of the times ?

We are told, and have the greatest reason to believe, that before the final destruction of this

world, every manner of wickedness will be banished from it ; and it is certainly more probable, (though no doubt the contrary is possible) that this glorious change should be gradually coming on for many hundred years, than that it should happen suddenly. Let us compare the present state of the world with what we have recorded in ancient writ, and we can see no reason to doubt that man is now actually regaining, by degrees, his original upright and happy state ; though, alas ! he is as yet very far from it.

It is certain that revealed religion was never in so flourishing a condition as at present. We see it, not only held in esteem over all Europe, but also spreading with inconceivable rapidity over the most distant and savage nations on earth.

We have not, indeed, such holy men as the prophets and apostles among us ; but it is evident, that those were only thought necessary, by the all-wise God, in the darknesses of former times, to diffuse knowledge amongst mankind :— We have now sufficient knowledge on earth to make us live happy, if we made a good use of it and took pains to communicate it to each other.

The number of good men in the world certainly bears a very small proportion to the bad, but I believe it was never greater than at present ; for even in sacred history, the number of truly good men bears no proportion at all to the number of people, who must then have inhabited the earth. Does history give us any account of an earthly monarch of a more immaculate character than he who now sways the sceptre of the British Isles ?— Was there ever a human being possessed of more philanthropy than the noble Howard ? Who ever travelled so far, or underwent so

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the wretched?  
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Let us set a  
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*A remarkable and true Story of a  
Dog finding out the Murderer of  
his Master.*

**T**HERE is at Nemours, in  
France, a castle of very an-  
cient structure. It was built by  
Charles the Fifth. On one of the  
chimnies in this building there is a  
remarkable piece of sculpture. It  
represents a battle between an uni-  
armed man and a mastiff, before a  
multitude of spectators. The story  
is preserved on record, and is as  
old as the time of Charles the Fifth.  
It is as follows:—"A person of  
some distinction was found early in  
the morning by some peasants dead,  
in the midst of an unfrequented  
wood, and with marks of violence  
on him; by his side stood a mastiff  
dog, that used to attend him in his  
walks. The monarch was on the  
spot: when the accident happened;  
he enquired with the utmost rigour  
after all that could be supposed  
guilty. An ancient animosity be-  
tween the deceased, and a man of  
fortune in the neighbourhood, had  
rendered him suspected. His ser-  
vants had sworn to his being in bed  
early; himself gave asseverations  
of his having made up the dis-  
pute; but the king suspected.  
Charles the Fifth was a man of dis-  
cernment; he thought guilt was in  
his face, in spite of all his asser-  
tions of innocence. He ordered  
the suspected person, and twenty  
others, to be set before him the  
next day. He produced the faith-  
ful dog, that had been found near  
his master's body; the creature  
singled out the murderer, who was  
the very person suspected, and  
would have torn him to pieces on  
the spot, if he had not confessed  
the fact, and changed the punish-  
ment.

MEM

SIR JOHN

**T**HIS gentleman  
threescore  
at his death, yet  
in the reigns of  
Henry the Eighth,  
Sixth, Queen  
Elizabeth; and  
fellow to them al-  
ness of the vario-  
vicissitudes of thof  
his latter end, be-  
bed, he called for  
steward, and deli-  
these terms:

"Lo! here have  
five Princes, and  
counsellor to four  
seen the most rema-  
bles in foreign parts  
present at most fit  
for thirty years to  
have learned this  
years experience,  
is the greatest wido  
the best physic, and  
ence the best estate  
to live again, I wou  
court for a cloister  
counsellor's oustles fr  
retirement, and the  
lived in the palace,  
enjoyment of God in  
all things else forsake  
my God, my duty, and

*Account of the Life of  
of Tiberius Cavallo,*

**I**N times of peace w  
most important char-  
those who have produ-  
cial discoveries to mark  
larged the bounds of sci-  
with these sentiments w  
satisfaction in presenting

MEMOIRS OF

SIR JOHN MASON.

**T**HIS gentleman, though but threescore and three years old at his death, yet lived and flourished in the reigns of four princes, viz. Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; and was a privy-counsellor to them all, and an eye-witness of the various revolutions and vicissitudes of those times. Towards his latter end, being on his death-bed, he called for his clerk and steward, and delivered himself in these terms:

“Lo! here have I lived to see five Princes, and have been a privy-counsellor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable observables in foreign parts, and have been present at most state transactions for thirty years together; and I have learned this after so many years experience, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate; and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my privy-counsellor’s outsties for an hermit’s retirement, and the whole life I lived in the palace, for an hour’s enjoyment of God in the chapel: all things else forsake me, besides my God, my duty, and my prayer.”

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*Account of the Life and Writings  
of Tiberius Cavallo, F. R. S.*

**I**N times of peace we deem the most important characters to be those who have produced beneficial discoveries to mankind, or enlarged the bounds of science; and with these sentiments we feel a satisfaction in presenting to the pub-

lic accounts of such persons as will be remembered when the faint hand of oblivion shall have erased every vestige of the destroyer of their species, and the disturbers of society. The gentleman at present selected, has furnished the world with several useful productions, and therefore deserves to be remembered as a benefactor to mankind.

Tiberius Cavallo, we are told, is the son of an eminent physician at Naples, the capital of the kingdom of that name, and was born the 30th of March, 1749. His education was liberal, and his acquirements did honour to his tutors. After arriving at the age of manhood, he felt a desire of extending his information by seeing foreign countries; and in Sept. 1771 arrived in England, where he has ever since continued his residence.

The first knowledge of him which the public obtained was by a volume entitled, “A Complete Treatise of Electricity, in Theory and Practice; with original Experiments,” 8vo. This work is divided into Four Parts; in the first of which the author treats of the fundamental laws of electricity, or lays down such propositions relating to it, as, being independent of any particular hypothesis, are deduced from the *phenomena* that have been constantly and invariably observed to take place among electrified and other bodies. After an explanation of the terms peculiar to the science, he gives an useful catalogue of *electric* and *conducting* substances, disposed in the order of their respective perfection, beginning with the most perfect in each class. He next treats of the two electricities, of the different methods of exciting electrics; of the phenomena exhibited by the electric matter

when communicated to conducting substances, and to electrics; and of the Leyden vial, where he relates the more general effects produced by charged electrics.

The second division is appropriated to the hypothetical part of the science. He briefly explains the theory of positive and negative electricity, and offers some conjectures on the nature of electric fluid. With equal brevity he enquires into the place occupied by the electric fluid in bodies, and into the nature of the principle which produces that difference in their composition, which constitutes some bodies electrics, and other conductors.

The third and principal part of the work is appropriated to the practice of electricity, and commences with a description, illustrated with plates, of the best electrical machines and their various appendages; together with an account of all the most material improvements which the apparatus has received down to the present time.

The fourth and last part of the work contains some new experiments made by the author; particularly a pretty large series respecting the electricity of the atmosphere.

In March 1779, he was elected a Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Naples; and in December the same year was admitted a Member of the Royal Society of London.

The next year he published "An Essay on the Theory and Practice of Medical Electricity," 8vo. a very valuable work, which has already obtained much praise. In 1781, he produced "A Treatise on the Nature and Properties of Air, and other permanently elastic Fluids. To which is prefixed, an Introduction to Chemistry."

4to. This work is also divided into Four Parts. In the first Part he briefly describes, under the title of An Introduction to Chemistry, the various substances, together with their principal properties, that are necessary to be known by a person before he enters on the examination of the different kinds of air, or other elastic fluids. In the second Part he instructs his readers in the principles of *hydrostatics*, so far as the knowledge of them is necessary for the performance of the experiments described. He likewise here treats of the principal properties of air and other permanently elastic fluids, and gives a description of the apparatus employed in performing the various experiments. In the third and fourth Parts he treats of the nature and properties of the different species of air in particular chapters, and discusses their theory and various interesting circumstances relative to them, terminating the work by the relation of some original experiments made by himself.

In 1785, he published "The History and Practice of Aerostation," 8vo. containing a history of the art and the practice of it; and in 1786, "Minerological Tables," folio. In this work the excellent system of mineralogy sketched out by Constedt, corrected and improved by Bergman, and further enlarged by Kirvan, is disposed in two tables, each filling one side of a large sheet. One of them (called the *second*) contains the four classes of minerals, divided into *orders*, and *genera*, with the principal properties of each; the other, all the particular *species* and *varieties*, ranged under the respective divisions; those which are compounded of two or more ingredients being placed in that class or order to which their principal in-

Gradient belongs. They are accompanied with a pamphlet, in octavo, containing their explanation and use, an alphabetical index of the names of the minerals, with references to their respective places in the tables.

Since this work, our author has published "A Treatise on Magnetism, in Theory and Practice, with Original Experiments," 8vo. He is also the author of several papers published at different times in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London.

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*Maxims of the late Dr. Jebb.*

**S**UICIDE is not a crime which should be deemed cognizable by the civil magistrate; but it is a sinful and vicious action, because it implies a want of trust in the goodness of Providence, and indicates the greatest degree of self-regard; hence frequent in lunacy, where self-regard seems to annihilate all secondary affections, such as modesty, piety, and benevolence.

If the production of happiness be pleasing to the Almighty, agriculture must be pleasing, as from thence the means of living are supplied, not to man only, but to innumerable kinds of other animals, who reside near the habitations of men.

The pleasure and love of the human mind, generated in granting favours, is greater than the love generated by receiving them, in order that men may be incited to the first glory of their nature, the practice of benevolence.

Men in England allow the use of one metal in planting religion in the human breast, viz. the use of

**VOL. III.**

**GOLD;** and why not then the use of **STEEL?**

Differences of style should be as the differences of dress in a prudent mistress of a family: one dress, when in domestic duties; another when she receives visitors; and a third, when she visits.

Every thing depends upon the husbandman: The earth, the common mother of us all, she produces, she supports us; and therefore Kings, Bishops, Lawyers, Physicians, Soldiers, Sailors, &c. &c. &c. to be kept within reasonable bounds, otherwise they may depopulate the world,

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**REMARKABLE CHARACTERS;  
MANNERS, &c. IN THE  
HIGHLANDS.**

[From Mr KNOX's "TOUR to the HESPERIDES," just published.]

**T**HE only boat upon Coll, in which any person, except those amphibious animals the Highland fishers, would venture himself, belonged to Mr Maclean, and had been taken to Sky by his family, who were upon a visit. In this dilemma, a venerable old man offered, with a degree of frankness that I little expected, to carry me in his vessel to Bara, or wherever I might think proper to go; not only so, "but faith," said he, "I can introduce you to any family in the Long Island, for every body knows William Macdonald, who has been a fisher these five and forty years, and was always respected by the first lairds in the Highlands.—I saw your book," added he, "in the isle of Sky; O! how you have trimmed that ~~some~~ ~~matter~~! He talk of fishing!

3 S

re about custom-  
how to harrafs in-  
who toil at sea ;  
is gibes by a good  
he wine bottle be-  
ou can be ready to  
morning, we'll get  
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ast a guide to the  
, in whatever re-  
fishing, curing, and  
When I came out  
id he, " they used  
goes Macdonald !  
tr anchors, there's  
this place for us.  
test among them  
ep up with us, but  
ay like birds, and  
best of them. I  
laif crowding after  
d been in pursuit  
. Then I hauled  
give them time to

bear up, for they had as good a  
right to the herring as myself :  
I shewed them the way, as if they  
had been my own children.—But  
I should not speak of children ; I  
have been ruined by my children.  
My two daughters married two  
brothers, who dabbled too far in the  
American trade, and were often  
obliged to me for assistance. At  
last, by cautionary, and by money  
advanced them at different times,  
I lost every shilling ; was put into  
prison ; and am now obliged, at  
the age of seventy years to go to  
sea again for a poor livelihood.  
The laird of Boisdale, good gen-  
tleman, has let me have a small  
vessel for 100l. though worth  
200l, which I am to pay when I  
am able. I take a freight or any  
thing that offers. But I am now too  
old for this business ; an arm chair  
would be more agreeable."

This being the history of poor  
old Macdonald, he is always a wel-  
come guest at the feasts of hospita-  
lity in the Highlands ; and here I  
found him in Mr Maclean's house,  
where he enjoyed all the conveni-  
encies of one of the family.

#### *Anecdote of Dr Johnson.*

AT Duntvegan, the seat of  
Macleod, the chief of that ancient  
clan, and proprietor of the south-  
west part of Sky, Dr. Johnson,  
who met with the utmost civility  
from the family, made a *faux pas*.  
Lady Macleod, who had repeated-  
ly helped him to sixteen dishes, or  
upwards, of tea, asked him if a  
small basin would not save him  
trouble, and be more agreeable.  
" I wonder, madam," answered  
he roughly, " why all the ladies  
ask me such impertinent questions ?  
It is to save yourselves trouble,  
madam, and not me." The lady  
was silent, and went on with her  
task.

*Salubrity of*  
TO one of the  
Sir John Elliot fle  
of his health, af-  
vain all the use  
fort, and every a-  
ters and medicin  
For this voyage  
vessel at Leith or  
round the north co-  
land Firth, and  
thence to Harris,  
acquaintance Capta  
vided a decent lodg  
the house of Mr C  
spectable tacksman.  
island of Bernera.

Upon his arrival  
was so far exhausted  
scarcely walk a hu  
from the vessel, and I  
so feeble that he coul  
ly articulate his word  
his regimen with goat  
ter-milk, vegetables,  
simples. His disorder  
stomach, which retain  
of even the weakest foo  
yet was at the same tin  
cious, that he could no  
from eating almost const  
with the greatest desire,  
of food that were the lea  
for him. He, who in his  
strictly forbade the use  
meat and butter, could no  
yented, by Mr Campbell,  
family, from devouring qu  
of both, which returned i  
into a tub placed before hi

He did not, however,  
the whey, &c. which, with  
of the wide ocean, probabl  
tributed to the change that  
to appear in his looks, after h  
been four or five weeks upo  
island.

In proportion as his stomac  
gan to retain proper nourish  
in the same proportion his u  
rual appetite abated ; and in  
weeks from the time of his arri

*Salubrity of the Hebrides.*

TO one of these islands the late Sir John Elliot flew for the recovery of his health, after having tried in vain all the usual places of resort, and every assistance that waters and medicine could bestow. For this voyage he hired a large vessel at Leith or elsewhere, sailed round the north coast by the Pentland Firth, and stretched from thence to Harris, where his old acquaintance Captain Macleod provided a decent lodging for him in the house of Mr Campbell, a respectable tacksmen in the pleasant island of Bernera.

Upon his arrival at Harris, he was so far exhausted that he could scarcely walk a hundred yards from the vessel, and his voice was so feeble that he could not distinctly articulate his words. He began his regimen with goats whey, butter-milk, vegetables, and other simples. His disorder lay in his stomach, which retained very little of even the weakest food or drink; yet was at the same time so voracious, that he could not be kept from eating almost constantly, and with the greatest desire, those kinds of food that were the least proper for him. He, who in his practice strictly forbade the use of flesh-meat and butter, could not be prevented, by Mr Campbell, and his family, from devouring quantities of both, which returned instantly into a tub placed before him.

He did not, however, neglect the whey, &c. which, with the air of the wide ocean, probably contributed to the change that began to appear in his looks, after he had been four or five weeks upon the island.

In proportion as his stomach began to retain proper nourishment, in the same proportion his unnatural appetite abated; and in six weeks from the time of his arrival,

his health came to be nearly restored. If he had set out earlier in the summer, and remained at least three months upon suitable diet, amusing himself in shooting, fishing, and sailing among these islands, it is thought that he would have recovered entirely.

He returned in September, by the north passage to Edinburgh, in a much better state of health than when he left that city, but died soon after at the seat of a nobleman in England.

*Manner of Living in the Hebrides.*

IN the Hebrides, and upon the coast of the main land, a gentleman can entertain twenty people with thirty or forty different articles, at an expence not exceeding fifteen or twenty shillings for eating, which in London would cost twenty pounds. The gentlemen in the Highlands have also the advantage in their wines and spirits, owing, however, in a great measure to a melancholy cause. Many ships are wrecked and broke in pieces upon their coasts every year, and the floating part of the cargoes is found at sea, or thrown upon the shore, where it is claimed by the proprietor.

Dr. Johnson, or his factor, in speaking of a Highland breakfast, makes a heavy complaint against the use of cheese at that meal. "In these islands, however," says he, "they do what I found it not very easy to endure. They pollute the tea-table by plates piled with large slices of Cheshire cheese, which mingles its less graceful odours with the fragrance of the tea." There is another article that is used universally upon the shores of the Highlands, and over the Hebride Islands, of which the Doctor takes no notice, viz. broiled fish, which must have been

e to him, and for we cannot account. In the particulars of dinner and supper \* in families, I shall com- fare of the day, by se of the breakfast,

whiskey, gin, rum, ain, or infused with ow among the heath. s; oat and barley

ffee: honey in the d black currant jel- ide, conserves, and m.

red butter, fresh and ire and Highland t very indifferent.

of very fresh eggs. ked herrings broiled. ocks and whittings, taken off.

of venison, beef and

se articles, which are ced on the table at are generally cold or fowl to those who for them. After e men amuse them- he gun, fishing, or the evening, when ich meal serves with for supper.

N I U S.

ll define what genius

ætherial fluid, the

cate beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork; venison, hares, pi- tame and wild ducks and geese, partridges, and great va- fowl; salt cod, ling, and tusk; fresh cod, whiting, had- d, skate, soals, flounders, lythe, salmon, trout, herrings, uddies, with the produce of a garden; all these luxurions r Knox says, are the articles which a Highland laird or at his table at dinner and supper.

nerves, and the animal spirits, its effects are observed and admired, whilst its nature and origin are unknown.

When we talk or write of it, we seldom mean more than brilli- ant talents, or a peculiar adoption and aptitude in the mind to excel in the various departments of life, or in some one of them more than the rest.

Thus we say, genius is necessary in the sciences, in the fine arts, in the formation of the character of a great man, or to render us ca- pable of an exquisite judgment in poetry, painting, or music.

In this instance, we find genius and taste inseparable; in that, we find them seldom disjoined.

Men of great genius there have been, with respect to some of the particular objects of life, or of sci- ence, who have not been posses- sed of that quick discernment of beau- ty and deformity, whether mortal or material, which is allowed to constitute the perfection of taste; but whenever we find an exquisite sensibility of the minutest differ- ences in those things which are the object of sense, thought, or imagi- nation, there we shall likewise dis- cover the highest perfection of genius.

Sir Isaac Newton was a man of wonderful genius, and of most ad- mirable discernment in that noble department of science to which he devoted his studies and speculations; but he does not appear to be re- markable for that delicacy of sen- timent and sensibility which is ne-

cessary to c of a man of

The abstr- vourable fo are either e- slication of t- ter and spirit- to raise in us of so sublim- objects of d- admired in s- and praised.

Many per- rendered ther- their writings, are entitled to of admiration, sidered as mo- perfection of g

From the e- characters, and of the various- nus, it is proba- chain in the int- in the material such a chain, so in the intrinsic mind, are so far- sistent with the responsibility of n on the contrary, ted by observati- and by the whole son and nature.

Certainly there of arguments, of the most puzz- that set against thi- are those which doctrines of necessi- phers, the mechani- man body, its imme- universal agency op- the original receptic- ments and ratiocinal- ternal objects.

It would be unnec- merate particularly a- reasonings which ha- the pens of writers on- and which, upon str- will be found to term-

cessary to constitute the character of a man of taste.

The abstract sciences are unfavourable for this purpose; they are either employed in the investigation of the properties of matter and spirit, or they are applied to raise in us ideas and reflections of so sublime a nature, that the objects of them are rather to be admired in silence than described and praised.

Many persons without having rendered themselves illustrious by their writings, or by their actions, are entitled to the highest degree of admiration, and are to be considered as models of the highest perfection of genius.

From the examination of such characters, and from a comparison of the various phenomena of genius, it is probable there exists a chain in the intellectual as well as in the material world; and that such a chain, so great a diversity in the intrinsic faculties of the mind, are so far from being inconsistent with the constitution and responsibility of moral agents, that, on the contrary, they are supported by observation, experience, and by the whole analogy of reason and nature.

Certainly there is a strong tide of arguments, and those too of the most puzzling directions, that set against this system. Such are those which flow from the doctrines of necessitarian philosophers, the mechanism of the human body, its immense and almost universal agency on the mind, and the original reception of all sentiments and ratiocination from external objects.

It would be unnecessary to enumerate particularly all those subtle reasonings which have employed the pens of writers on this subject, and which, upon strict scrutiny, will be found to terminate in ma-

terialism or unintelligible jargon; yet those brilliant ornaments to literature, who have enquired freely into the truth of these matters, should not be undervalued. Every man must admire the genius, the taste, and the depth of a Bayle, a Hume, a Helvetius, or a Locke, and many others, both ancient and modern, who have determined nothing absolutely with respect to this subject, but left the argument suspended in that doubt and equilibrium, which the limitation of our knowledge renders unavoidable.

If we suppose mankind to be produced simply with a mind that is capable of receiving impressions from external objects, and equal in that faculty where the organization of the body is similar, then all human agency, the whole series or concatenation of cause and effect, of virtue and happiness, of vice and misery, must be as fatal and necessary as the phenomena of the material world.

It is proved thus:

The mind has, no doubt, a faculty of comparing objects or ideas; but it is found invariably to judge and act from a preponderancy to that action and opinion which is most suited to yield it satisfaction, present or future; but if this preponderancy depends entirely on the organization of the body, and the complete effects of all the combinations of ideas and sentiments which have been produced or impinged upon it, from its first acquaintance with external objects, since it was a sheet of white paper, as Locke compares it to at its first entrance into the world. If these are the only possible causes for the preponderancy and choice, man is a machine; but still he is but a piece of mechanism, not responsible for his actions, probably not mortal, if matter is not indestructible;

## *The Undertaker and Valet.*

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thousands, and some few ingenious  
ones, to be presented to the world  
on these matters, which are con-  
nected with this subject.

These controversies are still as  
much undecided as they were at  
the time of the condemnation of  
Origen;—so let them remain  
where they are in doubt and dark-  
ness.

THE

## UNDERTAKER AND VALET.

### *A Dramatic Dialogue.*

*Undertaker.*

**I** Perceive he is gone, Mr Handy,  
—I am a man of no ceremony,  
you see; so returned when I saw  
the coast clear. I am seldom found  
guilty of being too late.

*Valet.*

So I see; and as I said before,  
I fancy the business of an Under-  
taker must be very profitable, to  
allow Mr Finis to give me ten  
pounds by way of present.

*Undert.* Confound the fellow!  
—Ten pounds! (*aside.*) He can  
very ill afford such a premium;  
he's but a novice in the branch.  
But a man of my establishment  
and reputation must not be outdone  
by a broken-down bungler neither.  
There, Sir, a fifteen pound note.  
(*Giving the note*)

*Val* Sir, this convinces me that  
you are a gentleman; and you  
may rest assured, when the breath  
pops out of the body—Meanwhile  
this money shall turn to better ac-  
count in my hands than your's,  
master Coffin.

*Undert.* (*alarmed*) What, Sir,  
when the breath pops out of the  
body:—What the devil, is your  
master not dead.

*Val.* In cu  
*Undert.* In  
law! Sir, I d  
The newspa  
dead.

*Val.* Very  
dead in custo  
you Mr Coff  
law.

*Undert.* (*in*  
your law and  
is your master

*Val.* Don't  
rate your heat  
hearing.

*Undert.* Ca ca  
my situation be  
dead, I say, or n

*Val.* (*low*) In  
before, but not  
physical tribe h  
fourths done him

*Undert.* Well,  
the matter, my  
the faculty have  
with him, I may l

*Val.* Yes, yes, t  
pronounced him  
have withdrawn th  
and voluntarily too,  
what singular, they  
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profitable.

*Undert.* True, Sir  
very strange protel  
does not become me t  
the faculty neither, so  
steady promoters of c  
for dispatch is the v  
principle of our trade  
teen patients out of t  
convey over to us, wh  
won't yield a fee, as  
in the way of business.  
Handy, with your leav  
your master's dimension  
pare for his deposit, as  
in the way of business.

*Val.* You'd not be  
feeling, as to take his m  
fore he's dead.

*Undert.* Custom make

*Val.* In custom, but not in law.

*Undert.* In custom, but not in law ! Sir, I don't comprehend this. The newspapers announced him dead.

*Val.* Very true ; that made him dead in custom ; but I can assure you Mr Coffin, he is not dead in law.

*Undert. (impatiently)* Confound your law and custom too ! I say, is your matter dead ? *(very loud)*

*Val.* Don't be so loud ; moderate your heat ; I am not hard of hearing.

*Undert.* Ca ca can any man in my situation be silent ? Sir, is he dead, I say, or not dead ? *(louder)*

*Val. (slow)* In custom, as I said before, but not in law : for the physical tribe have only three-fourths done him over yet.

*Undert.* Well, well, that softens the matter, my good friend. If the faculty have been tampering with him, I may have him soon.

*Val.* Yes, yes, the faculty have pronounced him incurable, and have withdrawn their attendance, and voluntarily too, which is somewhat singular, they should give up the chase when the scent lays so profitable.

*Undert.* True, Sir, true, it is a very strange profession ; but it does not become me to rail against the faculty neither, for they are—steady promoters of our branch—for dispatch is the very soul and principle of our trade ; and eighteen patients out of twenty they convey over to us, when the pulse won't yield a fee, as they call it, in the way of business. Well, Mr Hindy, with your leave, I'll take your master's dimensions, and prepare for his deposit, as we call it, in the way of business.

*Val.* You'd not be so lost to feeling, as to take his measure before he's dead.

*Undert.* Custom makes it fami-

liar to us. As for losing my feeling, Sir, ha, ha, ha, not that I say it, there's not a man in the city of Bath has a finer feeling than I have. Why Sir, I had intelligence the other day of a dying nabob, whom our good friends the faculty had turned over to our management, by declaring that he had not above five hours to live. This intelligence made it necessary for me to go post to his lodging, to secure his conveyance ; but unfortunately could not get a sight of the body : a Mr Shroud, a little, trifling, insignificant fellow, having got possession of the house before me, was promised the job. However mortifying the circumstance, I did not think it prudent to withdraw from the premises ; so hiding myself two days and two nights in a coal-hole, in the morning after the second night's watch, I heard a great confusion in the house : so I ventured out of my hiding place—whipped into the bed-room, and found my object in a very good way.

*Val.* What do you mean by a good way, Mr Coffin ?

*Undert.* A dying, a dying, Sir ; and as I said before, having a fine feeling, with this finger and thumb I felt the pulse in his throat rather quick—I concluded he must be in great pain ; so, out of pure humanity, I scientifically pressed it a little, and the poor gentleman gave it up very quietly. I then whipt this rule out of my pocket—I never move about without my pocket companion—took his dimensions, and secured the job ; and it turned out a very profitable one indeed.

*Val.* Had not your feelings been quite so fine, the nabob might not have wanted your assistance quite so soon.

*Undert.* O poor gentleman ! As for that matter, when the faculty have pronounced sentence that a

patient cannot live six hours from that time—I think if a patient might by chance, outlive the judgment of the faculty three or four days, 'tis of little consequence to a man, it comes to that you know, whether he lives four days or four minutes.

*Val.* Indeed !

*Undert.* Certainly. And, for my part, when a fellow-creature is in pain, or troubled with a bad conscience, as these nabobs in general are, I think one could not do a more humane action, than to give them a lift, as we call it, in our way of business. And if you please, Mr Handy, to give me a sight of your master, I'll soon determine the number of hours he has to live, only by grasping his wind-pipe a little.

### *Origin and Institution of the* **JANIZARIES.**

**A**MURATH emperor of the Turks, paid very great attention to his infantry, which he justly regarded as the principal force of his armies.

It was he who established the corps of the Janizaries as we see it at this day : and by the advice of Kara Ali, his grand vizier, he ordered that the fifth part of the prisoners that should be made from the enemy, should belong to the sultan, and that those foreigners having embraced Mahometanism, should form new corps, which Amurath fixed at ten thousand men, but it was afterwards considerably augmented.

He divided them into odas, or chambers, at the head of which he appointed particular officers, and he subjected the whole corps to a chief called an aga, who, by his credit and authority, became one of the principal officers in the empire.

As Amurath wished to give this corps of infantry the renown of great valour, he resolved to consecrate it by religion. The first enrolled were sent to a dervise, whose holy life rendered him commendable. As soon as these new soldiers were prostrated before him, the solitary assuming a prophetic tone, and placing the sleeve of his garment on the head of the first of them, "Be their names Janizaries," said he, "be their countenances fierce, their hands always victorious, their swords always sharp, their lances always ready to strike at the head of an enemy, and their courage the cause of their constant prosperity."

Since this period they have always retained the name of Janizaries, which signifies new soldiers, and their cap has retained the form of a sleeve.

This soldiery became very useful to the Ottoman empire, and sometimes fatal to its masters.

### *The SCHOLAR ; or, Elder Brother.*

#### *A Tale.*

**I**N Paris, the capital of France, lived a noted usurer, named Brisac. He had two sons, Charles and Eustace, opposites in natural endowments, mental acquirements, and dispositions. Eustace, the younger, just arrived from his travels, like many other travelling coxcombs, had been at courts and stews, drank much, gamed high, learned new fashions, and how to speak a set of phrases in a new tongue. He was reckoned a fine gentleman, because he wore fine clothes ; reputed a wit, though all his knowledge was acquired from his taylor. He was a man of taste,

because he had seen the relics and paintings at Rome. The ladies said he was a charming fellow, because he could kiss the hand, and with an enchanting singing cry, "An angel, by heaven!" He could ride well, dance well, fence well, and laugh heartily at his own nonsense, when every one else was serious. His face was that of a pretty gentleman, but the inside was a barren waste, a desolate void, where not a single flower, or plant of knowledge, had been suffered to take root. Such was Eustace, the younger brother.

Charles, the elder, was a wonder no less extraordinary. He had finished his studies at a university, and brought home a load of learning, which he valued more than rubies, and which he had acquired with much toil, patience, and indefatigable labour. He lived like an incased book-worm; broke his fast with Aristotle, dined with Homer, took his watering with the muses, supped with Cicero, and before he went to bed, walked in the milky way, where he held generally a conference of three or four hours with the stars. His faculties were so strongly fettered by study, that sometimes he forgot to eat or sleep; nor had he noticed any women but his mother and bed-maker, and those he generally suffered to pass by him like gliding shadows.

"What need have I," he would say, "of outward raiment, when I can clothe myself with learning? Have the stars and planets any taylor? Yet they shine more brilliant than courtiers. The seasons of the year are adorned with more variegated and richer colours; transparent green that refreshes the sight, and ice that glisters brighter than silver. To contemplate and make the knowledge of these mine own, is my greatest pride. The silk-worm spins her own suit and

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her lodging, and has no aid or partner in her labours. Why should we care for any thing but learning: or look upon the world, but to condemn it?"—His library he thought a glorious court; his books the best companions; his daily converse was with old sages and philosophers; sometimes, for the sake of variety, with kings and emperors; weighing their counsels, and calling their victories, if unjustly got, to a strict account: these were his pleasures; those of the world he thought uncertain vanities.

In the neighbourhood of a villa, belonging to Brisac, was a noble mansion, the seat of monsieur Delmot, a gentleman of ample fortune, but whose happiness consisted chiefly in the blessing of one daughter, lovely in form, and whose perfections, both of body and mind, compelled the tongues of all men to speak her worth. Angelina found in her parent an indulgent father; and in return, Delmot received from his lovely daughter an unlimited obedience. One day their conversation turned upon the two sons of Brisac, whom Angelina knew only by report; for their antipathy of dispositions made them the topic of general discourse, producing two parties, one inclining to the scholar, Charles, and the other preferring Eustace, as a complete gentleman. Delmot, after touching upon the outlines of the two brothers, desired Angelina to inform him, to which of them, were she disposed to make choice of a husband, her affections would tend. "To neither, Sir," said Angelina. "Let a courtier be ever so accomplished, yet, whatever his expectations may be, if he wants a present fortune, he cannot discharge a milliner's bill, nor maintain a family, nor live in full plenty; all which are necessary means to preserve a quiet bed at home; and as

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to the scholar, without the same requisite, not all his acroftics, epigrams, and philosophical discoveries, could constitute a perfect husband. Therefore, my honoured father, let me have a husband young, manly, valiant, active, and possessed of a full estate. Delmot observed, that Brisac had a fair estate, and was on this account lately made a justice of the peace ; but the principal thing to be attended to was, how the inclinations of the old gentleman stood at present, the younger had his favour, but the elder was his heir. This he would endeavour to find out, and let her know the result of his endeavours to serve her.

Accordingly Delmot paid a visit to monsieur Brisac, and in the course of a conference on the subject, informed him of his desire to join their ancient families, and make them one ; and perceiving Eustace to be the darling, he took notice that though a proper gentleman, yet he wanted one thing, which his brother Charles held in reversion. " You know," said he, " the elder being heir, and a joint purchaser, it is necessary he should seal to a conveyance, otherwise it can be of no validity." " He shall do it willingly," replied Brisac. " This shall make no difference. You know Charles has an aversion to women, and what is called the world. I will undertake to purchase his birthright for a case of books, nor will my estate alone be entailed on Eustace, for I am persuaded my elder brother, Miramont, however he may be affected at present with the love of learning, will add his," Delmot observed, that Eustace was a sprightly fellow, a fit bait to catch a woman, and he did not doubt but his daughter would like him, provided that all should pass from Charles. " Depend upon it," said Brisac, " the

whole ; a lot of books shall be his patrimony, and more than he can manage too. I will have the writings drawn without delay, then bring your daughter, and nothing will remain but to sign and seal."

No sooner had Monsieur Delmot taken his leave, than Brisac sought for his son Charles, whom he found reconciling a difference between Plato and Socrates. The old gentleman told him, it was his earnest desire that he would lay aside his bookish contemplation, and study to know what part of his land was good for the plough ; what for pasture ; especially how to buy and sell at the best advantage. He also recommended to him a well shaped, wealthy bride, who would make him rise with the sun ; one who would walk, or dance, or hunt with him ; visit the grove, and springs, and learn from his instructions the virtues of plants and simples. Charles observed, what concerned tillage, no one could better deliver it than Virgil in his Georgicks ; and to cure herds, his Bucolicks is a master piece ; but when he describes the common-wealth of bees, their industry, and knowledge of herbs, their government, their order in going forth, and coming laden home ; their obedience, rewards, and punishments ; here is a rich harvest, far exceeding what could be reaped from the management of worldly business. " Respecting women," said Charles, " I can read in history of all kinds, virtuous and vicious, the antient Spartan dames, and Roman ladies, their beauties and deformities. When I meet with a Portia, or Cornelia, I love such rare examples of goodness ; but when I compare the multitudes of guilty with the few innocents, I look upon the whole as ignorance and atheism : but know, my father, that the wings on which my soul is

mounted, have long since borne her too high to stoop to any prey that soars not upwards: be it your care then to augment your wealth, it shall be mine to increase in knowledge. Excuse, Sir, the liberty I take in returning to my study. I have indulged already too long an interruption. Man's life is short, and the way that leads to the knowledge of ourselves so tedious, each minute should be precious." "Was ever a father so vexed," returned Brisac; "or was ever a man, that had reason, thus transported from all sense of his proper good? Georgicks, and Bucolics, and bees! A pretty flourish! And I am to have all the subtilties from Adam to this time for my posterity. Excellent grandchildren! Very well, I will seek for comfort from my young Eustace; he will not put a period to my name."

The old gentleman soon found his conclusion a just one; for Eustace, when informed of his father's inclination, assured him his duty should take any form he pleased; nor, in the proposed marriage, should Monsieur Delmot, nor his fair daughter, ever have any cause to repent their choice of him. Brisac was much pleased with the easy compliance of young Eustace; but from his brother Miramont he met with a very different reception than that which he expected; for when he had unfolded his plan, and touched upon the part of it which related to the depriving Charles of his inheritance, Miramont could no longer contain his swelling rage.—"Brother, brother I must tell you hartily, and home too, that you are a fool, an old fool, and that is two. What, would you dispossess your eldest son, only because he studies to know things excellent? I say, Charles shall inherit." "I say no," replied Bri-

sac; "he must not. Can he, do you think, manage six thousand crowns a year by metaphysics? Can astronomy look to my vineyards? Can history cut my hay, or get in my corn? And can geometry vent in the market? You that are old should understand. I suppose, Sir, you know what learning is; perhaps you can speak all languages." "Faith," replied Miramont, "not I; yet though I cannot speak Greek, I love the sound of it; and Charles speaks it lustily. Were you a man, or had ever heard of Homer's Iliads, Hesiod, and other Greek poets, you would rejoice in having such a learned son. Oh, he has read such rare things to me! And must a piece of ginger-bread, a lump of ignorance, supplant him? I tell thee, brother, thou art an ass, a dull, old tedious ass; a monstrous piece of ignorance in office, having no more knowledge than thy clerk infuses. Thou irretrievable dunce! Thou shalt not have thy will. I will certainly put a rub in your way. And should not this affect your bias Charles shall not want books; the university of Louvain for his sake, shall taste of my bounty; and mark me, old dotard, you and Monsieur, and master powder-puff, shall not share a single sol of mine between you. So, farewell; raise up your dirt and dunghills as soon as possible."

The old honest gentleman immediately posted away to Angelina, and was introduced into her dressing room, Monsieur Delmot having gone out upon business, relative to the approaching wedding. Miramont paid her so many handsome compliments, and said so much in praise of his adopted son Charles, as greatly excited her curiosity, and not being inclined to Eustace from any other motive than obedience to her father, she expressed a desire

to see such an extraordinary scholar. This was what Mir. mont wanted ; and immediately invited Angellina to drink tea with him in the afternoon ; to which, understanding Charles would make part of the company, she readily consented. Having succeeded thus far to his wishes, and looking upon it as a favourable omen, he lost no time in going to Charles. " My dear nephew," said he, " I am come to tell you of a curious manuscript, which a friend of mine has sent for your inspection. Such a fair character, Charles, as your eyes never beheld ! All velvet, smooth, white, and clear ! In reading it you will, I don't not, meet with wonders. In short, I assure you it is a curious piece of learning, and of a dainty letter. You must drink tea with me this afternoon. I shall have only the possessor of the manuscript with me, and you may promise yourself a delicious entertainment, if you examine the curiosity thoroughly." The bait took, and Charles promised his uncle to be punctual in his visit at the appointed time.

Charles was as good as his word, and after a few minutes spent in conversation, the tea equipage was brought in, followed by Angellina. When she was seated, Charles smiled, and laid aside his book. " This," said he, " is indeed, uncle, is a curious manuscript, covered with modest blushes. The rosy fingered morn never broke so sweetly. I am a man, fair Angellina, and have desires ; affections too, which the spring of your lovely modesty has raised. I am an heir, sweet lady, however by my clothes, my scurvy clothes, I may appear a poor dependant." " They have," replied Angellina, " rich linings ; I would your brother"—" His," continued Charles, " are gold and gaudy. But say, can you love with honour

as I will ever do ? Is it wealth or lands you covet ? Old men are not immortal, as I take it ; and now I know my land, and now I love too. Though land and money constitute not happiness, yet they are counted good additions ; and he who neglects a blessing though he may want present knowledge how to use it, neglects himself. But, perhaps, I do you wrong, lady ; your love and hope may have gone hand in hand together. I do confess my brother is a handsome gentleman ; but he shall give me leave to lead the way. Can you return love for love ? My father shall not love more his heaps of gold, than I dote on you ; the young man his delights ; the merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea, shall not with greater joy embrace his safety. Fair Angellina, we will live together like two luxuriant vines, circling our souls and loves. We will spring together, and bear one fruit ; one joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn ; one age go with us ; one hour of death shall close our eyes ; and one grave shall make us happy."—" And one hand," said Angellina, (offering her's to Charles) " shall seal the match : you have taught me, Sir, what it is to love, and I am your's for ever." Mir. mont, jumping up from his seat, danced about the room ; he laughed and wept by turns ; then coming up to Angellina, " Sweet smelling blossom," said he, " I will now be an uncle to thine own content : thy husband's estate shall be a thousand better, a yearly thousand. You have now a triumph, having conquered a man who will weigh down bundles of empty Coxcombs ; but, Charles, the writings are drawn, and to-morrow is fixed for executing the deeds ; should you refuse to set your hand, we may have but work, Can you hold

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ween them.  
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hand to a little  
it; only your  
Charles, a rea-  
lo unreasonably  
at intent, Sir!

Br. Only to pass the land I have  
over to your younger brother.

Ch. Oh, is it no more?

Br. No, no, a mere trifle; you  
shall be provided for, and have  
one as usual to attend you.

Ch. You are very tender, father.

Eu. The deed is ready, brother.

Ch. Brother, do not disturb my  
contemplation here.

Eu. You will not subscribe then?

Ch. I tell you, I am taking the  
height of this bright constellation.  
(Here both Delmot and Miramont  
were seized with a fit of laughing.)

Br. Come, leave trifling, and  
let us dispatch.

Ch. Dispatch what?

Br. The conveyance of the  
land.

Ch. Never. The contract was  
conditional; if he had the land,  
he was to have this maiden; but  
I am the heir, and will maintain  
my right.

Eu. Come hither, friends, we  
must remove the lady.

An. Hold off your hands, rude  
Sir; nor I, nor what I have, de-  
pend on you. I cannot love such  
vanities as you are; let that satisfy  
you. This is my love, my choice,  
and here will I fix.

Eu. I claim you as my own, and  
you shall come to me.

Ch. Let her alone, [drawing his  
sword.] Stand off, fools, I advise  
you. This is the first sword I have  
handled in anger, and I will so  
hunt your intolerance!—It is a sharp  
one, and I will put it home: it is  
ten to one I shall new pink your  
fattins. Come, teach me to fight,  
I am willing to learn. Why stand  
you gaping, all aghast? Why, am  
I fleshed on cowards? Who now  
touches her? Who will name her  
as his own? Who dares look on  
her? That shall be mortal too; to  
think is dangerous. Art thou,  
brother, a fit man to inherit land,  
and Angellina, but hast no wit nor

spirit to defend them? Go seek your safety quickly.

Eustace retired instantly with his two dependants, and Charles coolly put up his sword. "Well," said Monsieur Delmot, "the brave scholar has won fairly my daughter and let him wear her." Britac was soon brought over to give his consent; and the heads of a settlement being drawn up by the notary,

and formally signed, the priest came forward, and united Charles with Angellina, who had soon the happiness of seeing the scholar and complete gentleman combined in her beloved husband. Charles was blessed with a sweet progeny, and, on the death of his father, took for the motto of his coach, "Love makes the man."

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

SIR,

I am not a little surprised to see that you have inserted the erroneous Solution of J. B. to the first Question in the Museum for August, merely on account of its brevity, and his asserting it to be correct, and rejected mine because not so concise, which I can prove to be true, from principles that none in Berwick, at least none of the sons of science, can controvert; and if called upon, shall do it under the signature of *Corrigendor*.—For your own satisfaction please to observe, that if  $x$  denote the linear edge of any Tetraedron, the perpendicular of the triangles will be  $= \frac{x}{3} \times \sqrt{3}$ , the altitude of the folio  $= x \times \sqrt{\frac{1}{3}}$ , and its area  $= \sqrt{x^6}$ . This expression being equated with 3 and 21 respectively will give two values of  $x$ , which being multiplied by  $\sqrt{\frac{1}{3}}$ , give 2.4018, and 4.5946 for the required altitudes.

T. H.

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

SIR,

The following is a Solution to the Question proposed in the Museum for October, 1787.

From the property of the data the diameter of the inscribing circle will be 52, and  $\frac{16 \times 20}{12.5} = 38.4$ , the perpendicular of the triangle; so

we have that side, the line bisecting the right angle, and the including angle 45, to find the vertical angle 51; consequently the other angle will be 39, from which the other two sides will readily be found to be 61 and 47.3

N. B. The answer given by J. B. to the Question on page 376 of the Museum for August, should be 2.401 and 4.588, and not 1.074 and 2.843.

G. — m.

R. S.

## P O E T R Y.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

[Continued from page 470.]

THE second powers and office Rod-  
mend bore:

A hardy son of England's furthest shore!  
Where bleak Northumbria pours her  
savage train

In sable squadrons o'er the northern  
main;

That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd,  
resort,

A sooty tribe! to fair Augusta's port.  
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,  
They claim the danger; proud of skil-  
ful bands!

For while with darkling course their  
vessels sweep

The winding shore, or plough the faith-  
less deep,

O'er bar and shelf the watery path they  
sound,

With dexterous arm; sagacious of the  
ground!

Fearless they combat every hostile wind,  
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course  
inclin'd.

Expert to moor, where terrors line the  
road;

Or win the anchor from its dark abode:  
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,  
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.  
Such Rodmond was; by learning unre-  
fin'd,

That oft enlightens to corrupt the  
mind.

Boisterous of manners; train'd in early  
youth,

To scenes that shame the conscious  
cheek of truth;

To scenes that nature's struggling voice  
control,

And freeze compassion rising in the soul!  
Where the grim hell-hounds prowling  
round the shore,

With soul intent the stranded bark ex-  
plore—

Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks  
they board,

While tardy justice slumbers o'er her  
swore—

Th' indignant muse, severely taught to  
feel,

Shrinks from a theme she blushes to re-  
veal!

Too oft example, arm'd with poisons  
fell,

Pollutes the shrine whose mercy loves  
to dwell:

Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unbel-  
lov'd crew,

The sacred social passions never knew:  
Unskill'd to argue; in dispute yet loud;

Bold without caution; without honours  
proud:

In art unschool'd; each veteran rule  
he priz'd,

And all improvement haughtily despis'd;  
Yet too full oft to future perils blind,

With skill superior glow'd his daring  
mind,

Thro' snares of death the reeling bark  
to guide,

When midnight shades involve the rag-  
ing tide.

To Rodmond next, in order of com-  
mand,

Succeeds the youngest of our naval  
band.

But what avails it to record a name  
That courts no rank among the sons of  
fame!

While yet a stripling, oft with fond  
alarms,

His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless  
charms.

On his fair science dawn'd, in happier  
hour,

Awakening into bloom young fancy's  
flower:

But frowning fortune, with untimely  
blast,

The blossom wither'd, and the dawn  
o'ercast.

Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,  
Condemn'd reluctant to the last scene,

With long interval he left the laurel  
grove,

Where science and the tuneful sisters  
rove.

Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore  
Antiquities of nations now no more:

To penetrate each distant realm unknown,  
 And range excursive o'er the untravel'd zone.  
 In vain!—for rude Adversity's command,  
 Still on the margin of each famous land,  
 With warrenting ire his steps oppos'd;  
 And every gate hope against him clos'd.  
 Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian trains,  
 To call Arion, this ill-fated swain!  
 For, like that hard unhappy, on his head  
 Malignant stars their hostile influences shed.  
 Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,  
 And both the raging surge in safety bore.  
 Amid destruction, panting to the shore.  
 This last our tragic story from the wave  
 Of dark oblivion haply yet may save:  
 With genuine sympathy may yet complain,  
 While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

Such were the pilots; tues'd to divine  
 Th' untravel'd courts by geometric line:  
 Train'd to command, and range the various shill,  
 Whole various force transforms to every gale.  
 Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came  
 A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:  
 A father's stern resentment deem'd to prove,  
 He came, the victim of unhappy love!  
 His heart for Albert's beautiful daughter bled;  
 For her a secret flame his bosom fed.  
 Nor let the wretched slaves of silly scorn  
 This genuine passion, Nature's eldest-born!  
 'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,  
 While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.

Grateful of form by Nature taught to please;  
 Of power to melt the female breast with ease,  
 To her Palemon told his tender tale,  
 Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale,  
 O'erjoy'd he saw her lovely eyes relent;  
 The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.  
 (To be continued.)

## THE ORIGIN OF GROG.

Written on board of His Majesty's ship  
 Berwick, the day before the memorable  
 Engagement betwixt Admirals  
 Parker and Zoutman, on the Dogger  
 Bank; never before published.

By Dr. Trotter.

Tune.

"Vulcan contrive me such a cup."

'TIS sung on proud Olympus' hill,  
 The Muses bear record,  
 E'er half the gods had drunk their fill,  
 The sacred nectar sow'd.  
 Around in birth-day vestments bound,  
 Conven'd at Jove's command,  
 Each with a rosy goblet crown'd,  
 To drink his far'rite land.  
 At Neptune's toast the bumper flood,  
 Britannia crown'd the cup,  
 A thousand Nerieds from the flood  
 Attend to serve it up.  
 This nauseous juice the monarch cries,  
 Thou darling child of fame,  
 Tho' which each earthly clime denies,  
 Shall never bathe thy name.  
 Ye azure tribes who rule the sea,  
 And rise at my command,  
 Bid Vernon† mix a draught for me,  
 To toast his native land.  
 Swift o'er the waves the Nerieds flew,  
 Where Vernon's flag appears,  
 Around the shores they sing "True  
 Blue,"  
 And rung three British cheers.  
 A mighty bowl on deck he drew,  
 And fill'd it to the brink,  
 Such drank the Burford's‡ gallant crew,  
 Add such the gods shall drink.  
 The sacred robe which Vernon§ wore,  
 Was drench'd within the same,  
 From hence his virtues guard our shore,  
 And Grog derives its name.

† Admiral Vernon was the first who  
 ordered Grog to be served to His Majesty's ships.

‡ Flag Ship at the taking of Porto  
 Bello.

§ Admiral Vernon in bad weather,  
 usually wore a cloak made of Grogam,  
 from which the sailors called him Old  
 Grog; and hence the name was trans-  
 ferred to the Rum and Water served  
 to the ships crews, in compliment to  
 Admiral Vernon.

To heav'n they bore the pond'rous vase,  
 The glad celestials smile,  
 Fame bade the sparkling bumpers blaze,  
 To toast the British isle.  
 Gay with a cup Apollo sung,  
 The Muses join'd the strain,  
 Mars cried encore,—and Vulcan sung,  
 Let's drink her o'er again.  
 Some signal gift they all exclaim,  
 And worthy of the skies,  
 Shall long protect this island's name,  
 And make her glories rise.  
 Henceforth no coast her foes shall brave,  
 Her arts and arms shall crown,  
 Her dauntless tars shall rule the wave,  
 And freedom be her own.  
 With three times three the deed was sign'd,  
 And seal'd at Jove's command,  
 The mandate sent on wings of wind,  
 To hail the happy land.

Chorus.

This cup divine, ye sons of worth;  
 Was fill'd for you alone,  
 And he that drinks is bound by oath,  
 To sink with Britain's sun.

FOR THE BERWICK MUSEUM.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Inscribed to a Young Soldier in the  
 20th Regiment of Foot.

All other goods by fortune's hand are given,  
 A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.  
 Pope.

NEAR Beaumont's Banks there dwelt  
 a handsome swain,  
 And Delia shone the foremost on the plain;  
 The Fate's decreed that they should joined be,  
 (Who can oppose whate'er the Fates decree!)  
 They met, convers'd, without design  
 or art,  
 Her charms deprived Damon of his heart.  
 Impatient now his passion to discover,  
 He sighs, he swears, he vows, he acts the lover.  
 The nymph enamour'd heard the love-sick swain,  
 In love-sick terms consents to ease his pain.

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Where'er the pains reciprocal you're sure;  
 That each will lend a hand to make a cure.  
 The banhs proclaim'd—the day of marriage fix'd,  
 Betwixt and which their hopes with fears were mix'd.  
 The hour arriv'd—both deck'd in best array,  
 The priest performs the rites, without delay;  
 (For priests are always in a wondrous haste,  
 No doubt the sooner to get at the feast;  
 'Tis somewhat strange, of every guilty sinner  
 A priest should be the fondest of a dinner!)  
 A flying grace presides the rich repast,  
 The priest appear'd t' enjoy himself }  
 at last,  
 He ply'd so long, and chew'd so very }  
 fast.  
 Damon and Delia seated side by side,  
 (A thousand Cupid's dance around the bride)  
 Seem'd of the whole to eat the least inclin'd,  
 Perhaps some happier thoughts now sip'd their mind.  
 The cloth remov'd—the guests as they were bound,  
 In flowing bumpers drank their health around,  
 With'd them much joy and happiness below,  
 As much at least, as heav'n did e'er bestow.  
 The music now fill'd ev'ry vacant space,  
 And mirth, and gladness, shone in ev'ry face.  
 The toast and reel went round, each courteous guest,  
 And ev'ry swain, and every nymph was bless'd.  
 Bacchus himself presided o'er the bowl;  
 Each drank the lass he lov'd with all his soul.  
 Damon alone was often heard to say,  
 The ling'ring hour was longer than a day.  
 The wish'd for hour of twelve was scarcely come,  
 When Delia and her train forsook the room;  
 Her train officious help'd her to undress,  
 The guests behind to Delia drink the glass.  
 Each modest nymph with cheeks in fullest glow,  
 Now begg'd that Delia would the stocking throw.

The blushing bride agreed, and let it fly,  
 But hark ye fair! it hit Belinda's eye.  
 Belinda, lovely nymph! hard was your  
 case,  
 But with one eye you'll conquer half  
 our race.  
 The curtain's drawn, and Delia out of  
 view,  
 In trembling accents bid each maid  
 adieu;  
 They in return, (if we believe report)  
 Comforted Delia, and wish'd her sport.  
 To Damon now, the proper signal given,  
 In haste he rose, and thought himself in  
 heav'n,  
 Like lightning quick he darts across the  
 floor,  
 And in an instant locks the bed room  
 door.  
 Thou virgin, modesty! be not afraid  
 I'er reveal what thou hast secret made.  
 To their apartments all the nymphs  
 withdrew,  
 Slept their eyes and rest their bod-  
 ies too,  
 They toss, they scratch, they tumble all  
 night over,  
 And ev'ry thought is Delia and her  
 lover,  
 Each yawns, may single lives be  
 quickly over.  
 Endless the pleasure which the pair en-  
 joy'd,  
 Such transports surely never can be  
 cloy'd!  
 Such raptures ne'er from celibacy rose!  
 'Tis sacred truth the happy Damon  
 knows.  
 Heav'n soon discover'd that a single life,  
 Was but a curse without a loving wife.  
 When Sol began t'illumine the Eastern  
 skies,  
 When rakes in brothels are in use to rise,  
 When restless lovers find relief in sleep,  
 When drunkards o'er the door begin to  
 peep.  
 Just then—the pair contented clos'd  
 their eye,  
 Soon to awake and to renew their joys.  
 I wish them ease,—but lets return to  
 view  
 The seats of Bacchus, and his jovial  
 crew,  
 But note, that Bacchus to obtain a rest,  
 Had deputed the Epicurean Priest.  
 The Lord's anointed fills the armed  
 chair,  
 With neck awry he cries, "God bless  
 the pair!"  
 Two jolly boys, to walk it seems unable,  
 Prostrate they lie beneath th' oppressed  
 table.  
 Four crimson streams from mouths ex-  
 tended wide,

Form four cascades, and deluge ev'ry  
 side.  
 Two sons of Mars alone retain their  
 sense,  
 And swear they'll leave the bowl on no  
 pretence.  
 At last the priest and party leave the  
 dome,  
 And chairs, and chairmen lodge them  
 safe at home.  
 Each broken glass swept by, the field  
 now clear,  
 In statu quo does every thing appear.  
 The restless damfels now rose out of bed,  
 (Pale were their faces, and their eyes  
 were red!)

Prepar'd the breakfast, and rapp'd up  
 the pair,  
 And Damon soon led in his blushing fair.  
 I've heard him say it, and 'twas then he  
 swore,  
 That such a night he never spent before.  
 Ye graceless tribe! who rail without  
 all measure,  
 'Gainst wedlock's blessings, and 'gainst  
 wedlock's pleasure,  
 Whose sole delight from celibacy springs,  
 Whose comforts are the curses which it  
 brings.  
 Ah! thoughtless mortals, not to plainly  
 see  
 Without a wife—there's no felicity;  
 No pleasure equal to conjugal bliss;  
 Ye pow'rs what other joy can equal this!  
 Young Damon now, he leads the hap-  
 piest life,  
 And Deha proves the kindest, sweetest  
 wife.  
 Go! take them for example, change  
 your lives,  
 And live forever blessed with your  
 wives.

Beaumont Banks, 1787. P.

## A N E L E G Y.

YE Muses strike the trembling string,  
 In verse an Elegy to sing,  
 Of one, whom death unto the grave  
 hath brought  
 The richest work, that ever nature  
 wrought.  
 Nature was wanting, that she took no  
 care,  
 To make more lasting what she made  
 so fair;  
 But ah! the false deluding tongue of  
 man,  
 Which does the virgin's heart so oft  
 trepan.

PHILETES PARTHENICOS.

## STATE OF POLITICS.

FOR OCTOBER, 1787. —

*From the English Review.*

UPON the conclusion of the American war in 1783, there appeared to be good grounds for expecting every where a long and general peace. A passion for commerce, a spirit of calculation, attention to the balance of political power, the progress of humanity and philosophy, even the improvements in the art of war; all these seemed to lay no slight foundation for indulging a hope that the two leading nations in Europe, no longer competitors for American territory, and both sensible of the permanent advantages of trade, manufactures, and general industry, would sit down together in peace, and co-operate, with sincerity and good faith, for the mutual advantages of both empires, according to a treaty ratified for that purpose.

Events, however, have sufficiently proved how little we are able to penetrate into futurity. At no period was there ever greater reason to apprehend a general war than the present; — the MILLENNIUM, the speedy approach of which was plainly assumed as a lemma in the plan that has been adopted for the reduction of our national debt, seems yet to lie at a great distance. Two millions sterling, expended to express French ambition, proclaim the necessity of our exertions; in some way or other, in order to secure public tranquillity by reducing that power by which it is disturbed.

Public appearances justify the opinion, under which this country has risen to its highest prosperity and glory, that Gallic ambition is inveterate and incurable; that it

appears in various forms, now in the field of battle, and now in negotiations and treaties of peace. In England, and in all free commercial countries where there are objects dearer than military glory, war is the means, and the end is peace. In France, on the contrary, peace is only the means, the end is war and extended power. It would be otherwise in the French monarchy were the people admitted to a share in the government. Commercial advantages, and security of property, would succeed to a blind and slavish reverence for an hereditary, and therefore, not unfrequently, a weak monarch. The public councils of the nation would be more under the influence of good faith. Their neighbours might enter into commercial treaties with them on principals of mutual advantage; and general tranquillity might be preserved.

If this be so, what interest ought not Great-Britain, and the few free states that remain in Europe, to take in that spirit of liberty which has been prevailing for some time in France, and which must one day burst forth into an unquenchable flame? The court of Versailles has undoubtedly departed from the constitution of the monarchy, whose first law is that of self preservation, when it adopted measures that could not but tend to revive ideas of assemblies of the states, and the privilege of subjects being taxed by their own consent. The light of science, and the expanding spirit of liberty, have united the minds of men in the French monarchy in a system

of opinions and views diametrically opposite to those on which the existence of the monarchy depends. This spirit we ought, by all means, to cherish. Princes and states formerly placed their interest and their glory in taking aside in religious disputes; and the nations of Europe were divided between the king of Navarre, and the catholic league governed by the princes of the house of Guise. As Queen Elizabeth supported Henry the Fourth of France in this contest, so it is our interest, and, if there be room for such a term in politics, it is our duty to support the friends of liberty in France, and to effect, in their favour, such a revolution in government as may restore freedom to them, and confidence and security to us.

The parliament of Paris has, indeed been banished from that capital, but was suddenly recalled. This last circumstance infallibly proves that the king is afraid to oppose a royal edict to the general voice of his people, which is able to render itself audible, even without those forms which obtain in free constitutions. One concession, in all political disputes uniformly produces another; the recall of the parliament from Troyes is the undoubted forerunner of other concessions to the partizans of freedom.

That plain honesty is the best policy between man and man, is grown into a proverb; and nothing can be more certain. This maxim would hold equally true with regard to nations, if they had respect, not to temporary advantages and false glory, but to the happiness of individuals, and the permanency of government. What has the court of France gained by her late intrigues? General suspicion, and the detestation of other nations. If the principals of human

nature remain the same in united Provinces as in other tries, the Hollanders must hate French with a perfect *haine*.

The Turks too, it is said, to be sensible of the perfidy of Gallic allies. The latter have, as is generally believed, planned, as the Empress of Russia expelling the former from Europe and partitioning their territory to Russia, Austria, and the great branches of the house Bourbon. The share expected France in this wreck, is the kingdom of Egypt; the possession which would render her the first commercial and maritime power in the world, and beyond all possibility of competition. A jealousy of the politics of France has, for this reason, it is said, taken place in Sweden, Denmark, and the states of Italy. It seems indeed probable, as we have uniformly observed that a triple partitioning alliance among the Russians, imperialists, French and Spaniards, is the just solution of several appearances in the political hemisphere, which seem to be otherwise inexplicable. And hence it follows as a direct corollary, that the most natural ally of Great-Britain, in the present juncture of affairs, is the Grand Signior. The Russian and Turkish war must, in its progress and consequences, involve all the great nations of Europe. If the Russians, the Austrians, and the French, are suffered to make a partition of Poland and the shores of the Mediterranean and Red seas, what is there left in Europe to oppose to this three-headed monster?

The present crisis is most delicate and important to Great-Britain; a nation which has most to lose if an overbearing power should be established, first in three, afterwards in two, and lastly in one monarchy, on the continent; and

to which other nations, till our late commercial treaty, naturally looked up for alliance and protection. In the present enlightened and refined period, when policy is more profound than formerly, and the shafts of war are wielded at a greater distance, it is necessary for every nation to call to the public councils, men, not only honest and active, but endowed with enlightened understandings, with suavity of views, and extent of invention. Happily these talents are not often found in conjunction with sordid and selfish passions; not with dispositions from which a vigilant people have much danger to apprehend. But, were it otherwise, and that talents for conducting the state vessel between Scylla and Charybdis were nowhere to be found but in union with some failings and imperfections; even in this case it is necessary to call in the aid of transcendent abilities, in order that new and bold expedients may be adopted, and in which more is necessary to the conduct of administration than the possessing of popular or royal favour, or an acquaintance with the common routine of business and forms of government. The use of fire-arms may be attended to with danger to those who employ them; yet who will affirm that they are, for that reason to be laid aside, when we have determined either to attack or to defend ourselves against our enemies? Absolute monarchs easily command, on any emergency, whatever genius or ability is to be found in their dominions. The popular currents of passion, and the factious intrigues that sometimes elevate the weak and the worthless places of power and trust, are among the defects and disadvantages of free governments.

If the Prussians should demand exorbitant charges, or, to speak plainer, insist for an exorbitant ransom from the citizens of Amsterdam, this conduct may, indeed, bring an odium on the cause of the Prince of Orange; yet it does not follow that such a ransom will not be demanded. Self-interest is a stronger principal with the Prussians than a regard to the interests and honour of the family of Orange. The treasures amassed by the late king of Prussia teach his successor, who adopts his maxims and imitates his example, the advantage of more. If the Prussian army should quit a city which has thirty millions deposited in the vaults of the senate-house, without a handsome premium, they would exhibit an instance of moderation not to be paralleled in history. The people of Great-Britain would have no cause of regret if old fashioned method of a war sustaining itself were revived, to a certain extent, by their own commanders and statesmen. Whether are the French or the English to pay the two millions which we have already incurred by our present military preparations? This is a grand question, that will first occupy our senators at the approaching:

Either there was a strong necessity for our preparations or there was not. If there was, what blow has been struck? what advantages gained by us, or nerve of power uniting to the enemy, that may secure us against the threatened danger in future? If no danger either existed, or now exists, why subject the nation to enormous and unnecessary expences? But this will not be alledged; and it will doubtless be urged by government that the preparations were necessary to anticipate the hostilities

meditated against us, as ally to the Prince of Orange. And here the question stated above recurs; What advantages have been gained that may secure us against the threatened danger in future? If

nothing of this kind has yet been gained, something must certainly be intended; war therefore, tho' suspended for a little, seems to be inevitable.

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

*Warsaw, Nov. 1.*

**T**HE Turkish army daily augments near Choczim, but we learn that a body of 3000 Arnauts, a thievish and savage people, having joined them, a quarrel arose between them and the Janissaries, which occasioned a smart combat, in which a great number were killed on both sides. The Bacha even ran a risk of his life, and to calm his troops caused a report to be spread, that a Turkish Squadron had sunk a number of Russian vessels.

We receive different accounts relative to the present affairs, by which we learn, that the Russians are resolved to attack Oczakow on all sides, whilst the Emperor's army advances towards Belgrade, where we are assured there are not above 8000 Janissaries, and no other troops in Servia; but we learn from Walachia, that a body of 20,000 Turks is arrived there, commanded by the rebel Colonel Hoozz.

*Warsaw, Nov. 3.* The levies of recruits which the Waiwode Rusky still continues to make, excites the attention, not only of the public, but even of his Majesty. Prince Adam Czartorisky contributes 700 men. They even speak of a confederacy going to be made in favour of Russia, at the head of

which is Count Branicki. They add, that the above consideration will be balanced by a counter one of another and not less numerous party. All the Senators are convened to come and assist at the General Assembly to be held here.

*Frankfort, Nov. 3.* Prince Edward of England passed through this place in his way to Darmstadt.

*Brussels, Nov. 16.* His Excellency Count Trutmanndorff has, since his arrival, conducted himself with so much good sense and affability, that he has the affections of all ranks of people. By his management the States of Brabant have unanimously passed the previous declaration of the 1st of September, so as to give it the full force of a law; that the general seminaries at Louvain and Luxemburgh will be put upon a permanent footing.

*Hague, Nov. 13.* Their High Mightinesses the Lords States-General, as well as the council of State and Council of Committee of the States of Holland and West Friseland, held an extraordinary Assembly last Sunday in the evening, on the arrival of the news of a revolt having happened in the city and mayoralty of Bois-le-Duc, the particulars of which are not yet known.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*London Nov. 28.*

**T**HIS day at two o'clock, his Majesty went in the usual state to the House of Peers; and opened the Session of Parliament with a most gracious Speech to both Houses of Parliament, the substance and purport of which is as follows:

The Speech begins with reminding Parliament, that his Majesty, at the close of the last Session, had informed them that dissensions unhappily prevailed among the States of the United Provinces.

It then proceeds to recite the effects and consequences of those dissensions, and his Majesty's intimation to the Court of France, that he could not remain a quiet spectator of the attempts to overthrow the lawful government of the United Provinces, (with those in whom the same was vested; he was nearly connected,) but that he should use his utmost exertions to assist in its re-establishment. That having had information that the persons who had possessed themselves of the government of the United Provinces, had applied to France for assistance, and having a notification from the Court of Versailles of their intention to interfere with an armed force, in support of those persons, he had thought it incumbent on him to give orders for the most immediate and vigorous preparations for the increase of his military strength by sea and land. That happily an end had been put to the dissensions, and the lawful government of the United States restored, without his people having been deprived of the blessings of peace. That

the rapid and brilliant successes of the arms of the King of Prussia, who had felt himself stimulated to the most active measures in order to obtain redress for the insult that had been offered to the Princess of Orange, had so effectually restored tranquillity in the United Provinces, and re-established the lawful Government, that it had rendered the interference of Great Britain and France no longer necessary; and that in consequence a declaration and counter-declaration of the pacific intentions of the two Courts had been exchanged, and they had mutually agreed to disarm.

That his Majesty had entered into a Treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, during the existence of the dissensions of the United States, in order to assure the assistance of such of the Landgrave's forces as might have been necessary, had a war with France ensued.

That a convention had been entered into and ratified by the Ministers of the respective Courts, for the explanation of the 13th Article of the last Treaty of Peace, the better to prevent any jealousies that might arise between the subjects of each kingdom, upon the construction of that Article, and by way of additional security to our possessions in the East-Indies.

His Majesty informs the House of Commons that estimates of the expences of the respective public services for the ensuing year, and of the extraordinary expences incurred by the late preparations shall be laid before them, together with copies of the Declaration and

Counter Declaration, and of the Convention above stated. He assures, that all the economy prudence would admit, has governed the late expenditure; and declares that he relies on their zeal and public spirit for their ready provision for the same.

He laments, that a war had broken out between the Sublime Porte and the Court of Russia; but informs his Parliament, that he had received assurances from all the other powers, of their pacific intentions towards this country.

He desires his Parliament to turn their attention towards providing on adequate force for the defence of his foreign possessions, and congratulates them on the flourishing and increasing state of the Revenue, and doubt not but they will, on that account, concur with him in such measures as are most likely to preserve the tranquillity of Europe, and tend to secure the continuance of peace.

The Speech concludes with a compliment from his Majesty to his people on the zeal and readiness shewn by all ranks of his subjects in the late preparations, which he considers as a flattering proof of their being determined to stand forward, whenever circumstances shall arise that can in the most distant degree affect the honour of his Crown, and the safety of his Kingdom.

### BERWICK,

*November 29.*

We hear from Etall that the Sunday Scholars amply gratify their amiable patrons, Lady Charlotte Hay, with the progress they make. Happy would it be for the poor inhabitants of this

country, if people of distinction who are able, would incline to take such exalted example.

### A Caution.

There are several counterfeit Half Guineas now in circulation at Edinburgh, which may find their way here. They are of copper gilt, stamped Geo. III 1734, well executed, and appear rather thicker and larger than the real ones. Being new and not worn, some people have taken them without weighing; but upon weighing them the fraud is immediately discovered by the deficiency.

29. About a quarter after five o'clock in the evening, a fiery meteor from the North West of Berwick Parade, made a most awful appearance, it flew in a South East direction with very great velocity. Its magnitude was like that of the full moon, with a tapering tail like a comet's. In its motion emitted large portions of fire.

### MARRIAGES.

*Nov. 20.* Mr Thomas Liddle, Sadler, to Mrs Tate, sister to Mrs Tunnell, of the Hen and Chickens.

27. Mr John Bell, Excise-Officer, to Miss Elizabeth Smith.

### BIRTHS.

*Nov. 7.* Mrs Miller, in the Parade, of a daughter.

26. Mrs Ridpath, Surgeon, of a daughter.

### DEATHS.

*Nov. 14.* Mrs Allon, at Lowick, aged 54.

21. Mrs Grey in the Parade.

23. Walter Young, Ship Carpenter.

T H E  
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 O R,  
 M O N T H L Y  
 L I T E R A R Y I N T E L L I G E N C E R.

BEING A VIEW OF THE  
 HISTORY, POLITICS, AND LITERATURE  
 OF THE TIMES.

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T H E  
BERWICK MUSEUM:  
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MONTHLY LITERARY INTELLIGENCER.

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F O R . D E C E M B E R , 1787.

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THE HISTORY OF HOLY-ISLAND.

[From Hutchinson's View of Northumberland.]

*Continued from page 486.*

THE remains of St. Cuthbert rested here till the year 1069, when the Northumbrians with other northern powers rebelling against the Norman King William, he entered the city of Durham, and laid it waste with fire and sword; the church being miraculously preserved by the sudden springing up of an eastern breeze. Such was the horrid devastation made on this occasion, that the whole territories of York and Durham are said to have lain waste and uncultivated for nine years.

The Ecclesiastics bearing of his horrid approach from York, fled from the enraged sword of the Conqueror, and sought the island of Lindisfarn as their refuge, bearing with them the holy relics of their Saint. They rested the first night at Gyrum or Jarrow, the second at Bellingham, the third at

Inghala, now Ellingham; and now preparing to pass over to the island, at the approach of night, they found the tide at height, and the sea which flows over the neck, in width about half a league, which intersects Lindisfarn from the main land, was then impassable. The severity of the season, it being midwinter, and the perils of the night greatly distressed the Ecclesiastics: but to their tears and prayers, the God of Nature, thro' his abundant favour to the pious adherents of the Saint, reverted his ordinary rules; and behold the sea fled backwards, and gave passage to the holy labourer's dry foot. The Saint's bones rested a very short time; for on the re-establishment of peace, on the 8th of April, 1070, the sacred remains were restored to the church of Durham, where they have since rested, and will rest for ages.

The catalogue of holy remains which Symeon says were translated from Lindisfarne with the body of St. Cuthbert, is not unworthy observation: The head of the holy Martyr St. Oswald — Part of the bones of St. Aidan, who founded the monastery; the rest being carried away by Colmannus into Scotland. — The bones of Eadbert, Eadfride, and Ethelwold. — To these, from Leland's Collect. we must add, the remains of Eata, Ceolwulfus, and Quidiaulfus, an Anchorite.

Aidan's monastery at its foundation was under the government of the Bishops, and Ecclesiastics, of the cathedral Clergy.

In the year 941, this island suffered greatly by the ravages of war. In 1061, under Malcolm King of Scotland, the inhabitants were again distressed.

In the treaty entered into by King Stephen with David I. King of Scotland, A. D. 1139, when the Earldom of Northumberland was settled on Prince Henry, David's son, it was especially excepted, that the power of the Prince should in no wise extend to the lands of St. Cuthbert, or those of St. Andrew in Hexhamshire.

Holy Island was the retreat of William de Sancta Barbara: during part of the time, William Cuming, Chancellor of King David I. of Scotland, held the See and Castle of Durham, in confidence that by the support and influence of his Sovereign and many considerable Barons of the Bishopric, he should obtain his election to the See. William on the 18th of October, A. D. 1144, was installed Bishop, after Cuming had held possession near four years.

*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

NEVER, Mr Printer, had I a stronger desire to make a figure at an assembly, than I have at present to flourish in your Museum. Do, my dear Sir, gratify my wish, I cannot pretend to write with such elegance as some of your learned correspondents do. But young performers, especially those of my sex ought to meet with some indulgence. Should you give me a corner, Philostratus, and some of your cynical fellows perhaps may snarle, but don't mind them. No man of spirit will ever find fault with what a *Young Lady* says or writes. The poet and the hero, have for time immemorial been our admirers. To begin then.

I thank you, Sir, for the valuable collection with which you favoured us in your last number. As a learned friend of mine said the *utile and dulce* were mingled together. However, in my opinion, the well-written story of Lord Warton fell greatly off. The Essay on Time deserves high approbation, the language in general is elegant, and the sentiments are just and striking.

Dr Trotter promises to be a valuable correspondent. Tell him, Mr Printer, that for another piece like his last, I will give him a bowl of his favourite Grog as large as would fill Jove and all his crew as drunk as your Burgesses at an Election. Or if he will favour me with a visit, I will give him what a brother poet of his lately said was sweeter than nectar. But hold what shall I then have to bestow on that Bard of Bards the flower of Beaumont. Sure all the pine

attended at his birth. In his last beautiful production, harmony of numbers, strength of expression, delicacy of sentiment, and picturesque description, are all happily united. Every person possess of a musical ear, must be charmed with the following extracts.

“The fates decreed that they should married be.”

The fates have no doubt decreed him to be a poet. But again, “Impatient now his passion to discover,

“He sighs, he swears, he vows, he acts the lover.”

Oh delicious morsel of poetry.

But,

“The banns proclaim’d, the day of marriage fixt,

“Betwixt and which their hopes with fears are mixt.”

The sound of these harmonious lines, Oh, Sir, it comes o’er my ear like the sweet south breathing upon a bank of violets.

The triplet was never more happily introduced than by this inimitable bard, when speaking of poor old maids, he says,

“They toss, they scratch, they tumble all night over,

“And every thought is Delia and her lover,

“Each sighs may single lives be quickly over.”

It is not only in sweetness of sounds, but also in delicacy of sentiment, that Emeritus Poet Laureat excels. Out of many, take the following examples, where speaking of the maids, he says,

“They in return, if we believe report,

“Comforted Delia, and wisht her sport.”

And,

“Just then the pair contented clos’d their eyes,

“Soon to awake and to renew their joys.”

And,

“I heard him say it, and ’twas then he swore,

“That such a night he never past before.”

But, Sir, was I to enumerate all the beauties of this inhabitant of Parnassus, I should transcribe his whole poem, which I dare say every reader of taste is already able to repeat. Fain would I give some fit eulogium on this illustrious poet, with a little variation, I may say in the language of Pope,

“To speak his worth demands a thousand tongues,

“A heart of brass, and adamantine lungs.”

In short, Sir, Euterpe, I hope, will step forth from his den, and give him five hundred—lashes—And you, Mr Printer, twenty, which you richly deserve for disgracing your paper with such low indelicate stuff—How much better would it be to follow the plan you seem to have adopted, of favouring the public with extracts from late publications.

I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

OPHELIA.

*Berwick, Dec. 21st.*

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

*Tuesday, December 13.*

*Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey.*

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT rose about five o’clock, and began a speech, elegant, animated, nervous, and ingenious, with an exordium, such as a young and learned orator would think of, such as all would wish, and such as few could execute. He engaged the attention of the House for an hour, on the important subject of which he had given notice.

The Hon. Baronet said, that the first, or almost the first time, he had the honour of addressing that audience, was in a cause of the first importance—it embraced the interest of distant nations, the honour of our own—the free scope, the due administration of justice, and the guilt of mal-administration on the political interests of an empire, and upon the universal interests of mankind. Free from the bias of party, and free from the influence of prejudice; as little acquainted with *Sir Elijah Impey*, as he was with the wildest native on the banks of the Ganges, he stood there an advocate for distant oppressed nations, in whose favor, being immensely separated from them, both by time and place, he could not be supposed to feel any predilection, but what arose from and for ever existed in, the invisible, but indivisible tie and bond of one common nature—from the duty which the powerful owed to the oppressed—the free to the slave—the happy to the miserable. To those nations for whom he pleaded, and who counted in their number groaning millions, we did not owe protection alone; we were indebted, in gratitude. From their blood, too, too many of us had drained our riches; from their groans tortured our music; from their misery, their despair, our happiness and our exultation. Yet there was a time come to stop the cruel tribute, to deal them justice, as we had dealt them injustice, and to shew them the virtues as well as the vices of refinement. Distant were they from us, and the voice of misery was faint before it reached our ears; we were slow in believing, because we thought the mischief was done, and the remedy would arrive too late. Sir Elijah Impey had been long delinquent. With a view,

first, to administer justice among the servants of the Company in India; and secondly, among the natives under our subjection, an Act of Parliament had passed establishing the office of Chief Justice in India, free from the controul of the Company, and invested with a large salary, to secure the judge from even the temptation of wrong. In the latter end of the year 1774, Sir Elijah had arrived in India as Chief Justice; early in 1775, complaints were made of his misconduct; those in 1776, took a more regular form, were transmitted, with documents, from India to the Court of Directors, and by them, accompanied with their approbation, laid before His Majesty's Ministers. Parliament had become possessed of the business, and a Committee had been appointed to investigate the subject. Sir Elijah, however, had never yet been tried. From the charges preferred, and which he hoped to substantiate, against him, it would appear, that not all the solemnity of the important character wherewith he was invested, not the independence and dignity attached to his situation, not the ample field afforded him of relieving the distressed, of displaying the mildness, the magnanimity, the equity and the power of English laws, could seduce or soften, exalt, or impart one sacred feeling to the profane and miscreant heart of the man he accused. To delineate his guilt, to detail those enormities here obscurely alluded to, was to be his task, who stepping forth a voluntary advocate in this cause, and feeling a responsibility proportioned, stood before the first assembly in Europe, or the World, to impeach Sir Elijah Impey of High Crimes and Misdemeanors. Humble was the Advocate, but not so the Cause. Yet he derived confidence

from the reflection, and the assurance from all sides and every corner of that House, of liberal and just support. From the party with whom he differed in general politics, he confidently expected justice, because he had known them do justice on former occasions. He did not apprehend, that any one would attribute his saying this to views of general conciliation. He never opposed but where his conscience led him, and where that dictated he would still continue to oppose—to oppose with candour, with liberality, with openness to conviction; nor could such opposition ever make him hesitate one moment in ascribing merit where merit was due.

He had reduced into writing the particulars of his several charges against Sir Elijah Impey. The first was for the trial and condemnation of Nuncomar, commonly known by the name of the Patna Cause, wherein he charged Sir Elijah, with cool, deliberate, and wanton Murder, aggravated by every circumstance, which could aggravate a crime so heinous. It was not for crimes, for the infraction of laws, that this Murder was committed. It was committed in open violation to the Laws of Nature and Nations, and, he gloried to say, of the particular and defined laws of this kingdom. As this first charge was for a Murder the second was for a Robbery, under the sanction of judicial authority. These two came under one class, of stretching his power beyond its legal limits. The second head of charge, was, the accepting of a lucrative place, subject to removal at the will of the Chief Governor, contrary to the oath and principles of his office. The Third was, his quitting of the place where he should have stayed to administer justice, and travelling

over the country to collect affidavits for Mr Hastings, and of having suborned evidence, and given to falsehood the sanctity of an affidavit. Falsehood in the administration of an oath by a judge was like blasphemy in the mouth of a churchman, and was of a quality so heinous and offensive as to call for the most exemplary correction.

Having thus briefly enumerated the mere heads of his articles of charge, he would not take up for a moment the time of the House. The papers might be submitted to a Committee who would be able immediately, or soon after the Recess, to make their report; and in the mean time he should conclude with moving, "That his complaints against Sir Elijah Impey, charging him with High Crimes and Misdemeanors in India, should be received, and laid on the table." Which being seconded and put, was unanimously agreed to.

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*Sketch of the Life and Character of the Right Rev. Dr. ROBERT LOWTH, late Lord Bishop of London.*

**DR. ROBERT LOWTH**, by the force of his own abilities, and attainments, gained by indefatigable application, raised himself to a step, next to the highest elevation of ecclesiastical preferments. This great man, equally famous in the Christian and literary world, was born at Winchester in the year 1711, and received the rudiments of his education in Winton school. He took the usual degrees at Oxford, where he completed his studies, and was afterwards made poetry-professor in New College. He was preferred to a prebend in Winchester cathedral, August 4, 1759, and, the ensuing year, was made Arch-

deacon of the same diocese. His Lordship's first Bishopric was that of St. David's; his next remove was to the See of Oxford; from whence he was translated to London, of which he was made Bishop in April 1777. In May he became Dean of the Chapels-royal, a dignity always annexed to the Bishopric of London. Before his preferments, this eminent Prelate travelled with the late Chancellor Legge, to whom he dedicated his highly esteemed Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews, which he read while Professor at Oxford. He remained some time abroad, we believe under the patronage of the Emperor of Germany. His Lordship's titles were D. D. and F. R. S. of London and Gottingen, and he was Governor of the Charter House.

His Lordship married the daughter of Dr. Cheney, Dean of Winchester, and has had a family consisting of two sons and two daughters. His town house was in St. James's square; and his country residence was at Fulham, in Middlesex, where he died on Saturday, November 3.

His literary character is better known from its own efforts, than by any thing now to be said about it. Few men attempted so much, and with more success. A victory, and on the right side, over such an adversary as Warburton, is no small distinction. His triumphs in Hebrew learning were yet more gratifying. But perhaps the most enviable, as the most useful, achievements of his labours, are what refer to his own language. His own language owes to him what nothing said in it can ever pay—the first Institutes of Grammar—And, in his translation of Isaiah, the sublimest poetry in the world.

His lamentations on his daughter's tomb will be cherished every

where, till pathetic elegance shall be no more. When his other daughter dropped in sudden death at his tea-table, and his only son, with all that scholarship and honour could do for him, was given prematurely to the grave, he exemplified the resources which God has given to man, when reason is invigorated by faith, and the spirit of man is "to sorrow not without hope."

He conversed with lettered elegance. His taste in the arts was very refined; and of the subjects in which the imagination loves to revel, landscape scenery appeared to interest him most. He was rather above the middle stature, having a gravity of expression in his countenance, which seemed eminently the natural result of immense study. His features were engaging and striking; his voice solemn, yet harmonious.

The Bishop of London has precedence before all Bishops of the Realm, next to the two Archbishops, and is Dean to the Archbishop of Canterbury, an office of great dignity and trust. The See of London has given to the church of Rome five Saints, and to the English nation nine Chancellors, seven Lord Treasurers, one Chancellor of the Exchequer, and two Chancellors to the University of Oxford. The diocese has five Archdeacons, viz. London, Middlesex, Essex, Colchester, and St. Alban's, and is valued in the King's books at 1119l. 8s. 4d. but is computed to be worth yearly 6200l. The Clergy's tenths amount to 821l. 15s. 1d. The Diocese contains the counties of Middlesex and Essex, and a part of Hertfordshire, wherein are reckoned 622 parishes, of which 189 are impropriated.

## HISTORY OF

## LORD WARTON.

*Continued from page 495.*

THOUGH it undoubtedly appeared plainly to me that the honest Italian greatly exaggerated the folly of his countrymen, yet the very idea was laughable. I shall not pretend to give you a description of all the rarities of art and nature contained in the gallery of the Grand Duke; suffice it to say, that they are such as have cost immense sums, which, in my opinion, might have been better bestowed; nor shall I endeavour to give you a detail of the statues I was obliged to admire, or the number of churches I was forced against my will to see; the chapel of St. Laurent, alone, contains a treasure which would be sufficient to enrich numberless individuals; it was built for a sepulchre for the great Dukes, and seems as if intended to convince us, that death itself cannot terminate the vanity of the great. It was insisted upon by my Ciceroni that I should enter the library, in which it is said there are a great number of valuable manuscripts; the only observation I shall make on this subject is a very short one, which is, "that if there are, they had much better be published to the world than let them remain there useless; indeed, a large library serves not any other purpose than to mortify the ignorant, by shewing them what they might have known; and great scholars the very little share of knowledge they have been able to acquire." As we were returning home, we were stopped by a very great croud, who seemed to be assembled to see some extraordinary sight; before I had

VOL. III.

time to enquire the reason, we perceived a great number of coaches at a distance, drawn by horses, richly harnessed, and followed by several servants on foot; the carriages were full of ladies and gentlemen, elegantly dressed, and the smiles of mirth and good humour which enlivened their countenance, seemed to proclaim their satisfaction, and indicate that they were going to celebrate some festival. "What, (said I) is the meaning of this numerous procession undorned? Is it the entry of an ambassador?"—"So far from it, (said the Florentine) it is a young woman going to take the veil."

This answer seemed to me a very unaccountable one; as I had ever looked upon a young woman thus situated, as a victim whom the cruelty or avarice of her parents had reduced to submit to a dreadful imprisonment for life, and it was absolutely impossible to reconcile an idea so very opposite, with the apparent mirth of the joyous troop before me. "You are, I perceive, absolutely incredulous (said the Ciceroni) but I am determined that you will be convinced of the manner in which our nuns make their profession. I am intimately acquainted with some of the young lady's relations, and they will look on the company of a stranger on this occasion, as a particular favour; this is the last day of the cavalcade, and they are going with the future nun to shew her whatever is worth seeing in this city before her retirement; we will, if you please, follow them directly, and be witnesses to the ceremony: if you are astonished to see them so merry now, before the day is over, you will be infinitely more surprised." We looked about, and followed the procession, and thus paraded several streets lined with specta-

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tors, and stopped at the gate of a palace, where the whole company retired. As this was the habitation of the lady's father, my conductor presented me to the master of the house as his friend, and I was permitted the honour of saluting the future vestal, who wore a great number of very fine jewels, and was adorned with all the graces art and nature could bestow, and dressed more like an elegant bride than a virgin consecrated to heaven. We had an excellent dinner, at which the beautiful nun drank very freely with the gentlemen who requested her to grant them that favour, and joined in several *chansons a boire* very devoutly. After this repast the coaches were again ordered, and I presumed that some very pious act of religion was to consecrate the remainder of the day, but on the contrary, the nun and the whole company were carried to the theatre, where it is most probable they only waited our arrival to begin, as they instantly drew up the curtain, and began a serious opera, but in the midst of the second act, our party again rose up, and went from thence to a comic opera, and from thence to a third, where they played an Italian farce, and the *bon mots* of Harlequin, though not always consistent with the strictest delicacy, seemed to entertain the young lady exceedingly, as she laughed louder than any other person; here we staid till it was entirely finished, and then returned to the palace.

A splendid supper waited for us, after which we went into a large hall, illuminated with lustres, where the nun opened the ball, and danced very gracefully; we continued dancing till break of day, when we conducted the young creature to her convent;

she went into it, and through the grate of the chapel, the curtain being thrown back, we soon after beheld her, divested of her fashionable attire, and covered from head to foot with the dismal dress of the order, and a veil thrown over her head: she pronounced her vows with a smile, embraced those ladies who assisted at the ceremony, and we retired home, having been much pleased, well entertained, and undoubtedly most extremely edified by so very religious a prelude to a monastic life.

My extreme impatience to arrive at Rome, made me quit Tuscany soon after, and I entered Rome at the very gate through the which Charles the Fifth and so many other heroes had passed before me. When I got to the inn, I again chose a Ciceroni from among the officious gentlemen who presented themselves for that purpose. I had no sooner settled this important point, than my conductor desired leave to wait on me the following morning, that we might proceed to visit the most famous antiquities; I endeavoured in vain to persuade him, that moderns were to me infinitely more entertaining—he insisted upon it that it was a custom every one complied with, and I was obliged, much against my inclination, to spend whole mornings in viewing statues, obelisks, and triumphal arches, without number; and the more they were broken the more he expiated on their beauties, but my sentiments on these occasions did not perfectly coincide with his; and the ruins of those baths (which he appeared almost to reverence) gave me not any other idea, than, that the ancient Romans, were a very cleanly people: the demolished amphitheatre was a proof that they had a taste for public diversions, and their magnificent

*mausoleums*, that in fondness for sepulchral pomp, they even exceeded the moderns. I contemplated all these with the eye of a philosopher, that is to say, with the most perfect indifference, which is the light one certainly ought to see every thing which bears not the least analogy to the customs and manners of the present age; and I frequently asked my conductor, whether the amphitheatre of Vespasian, or the pyramids of Egypt (though those were rather foreign to the subject) could possibly instruct our artists to lodge us more commodiously, or more splendidly than we were at present? but he looked on me with so much contempt for these observations, that I determined for the future to conceal my thoughts; and, in order to attain the reputation of a *connoisseur*, become the faithful echo of all his expressions of admiration. He took me to all the principal palaces, many of which contain paintings and antiquities of more value than the structures themselves. I was absolutely wearied, fatigued, and tired to death with seeing all these things, and would gladly have paid double the sum agreed on, to have been at rest, but must then have given up every hope of being looked upon as a man of taste and virtue, to obtain which, I daily suffered ten thousand inconveniencies, one of which, (and not the least) was the horrid custom of rising at day-break, which lengthened the morning to as many hours as compose the day of a man of fashion, either here or in England.

At length having performed all the duties of a modern traveller, I began to think of my departure, but my Cicero finding it would be greatly against his interest, thought of a method to detain me. "My Lord, (said he) you suppose

that you have now seen all that is worth your notice in Rome; but can you possibly prevail on yourself to quit this city unacquainted with the privileges and duties of a *cicisbeo* or *cavaliero servante*? a lady of my acquaintance has just lost one of hers, she is inconsolable for his death, and none but a cavalier of merit and rank can form the least hope of replacing him in her esteem; will your lordship deign to accept the post, and permit me to introduce you to the lady?" I consented with pleasure, but as I had hitherto looked upon this custom as chimerical, I desired him to give me a full explanation of the rights and attendance expected from me. "You must know, my lord, (said my instructor) that the ladies of Italy are attended by two gentlemen, who are (or supposed to be) slaves to love; but whose passion is confined within the proper bounds of the most delicate reserve, and require nothing more to complete their happiness than the sight of the beloved object; to converse with her, to receive now and then a smile, and sometimes the permission to kiss her hand: this is the whole amount of what they have a right to expect; but the services demanded from them are of a very different nature, the one presents his arm to *la Signora* when she goes abroad, calls up her servants in public, takes care of her cloak, and sometimes carries her lap dog; the other passes the morning in her apartment, assists at her toilet, presides at her *conversations*, and is at all times to entertain her with his wit when she is inclined to listen to it; and this custom has been of so long a continuance that the jealous Italians are never alarmed on the account of the *cicisbeo*, but look upon them as the most vigilant

guardians of the fidelity of their wives."—"But is it true in fact, (returned I) that your *cicebes*, is really the harmless innocent animal you describe."—"O that (answered he smiling) is another affair; it is quite sufficient that hitherto it has as yet never happened, that they have dared publicly to deviate from Platonic love; for which reason the husbands are perfectly content, and quietly submit to the observance of this custom."

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*Extracts from Cook's Voyages.*

*Continued from page 454.*

*Curious account of some Boxing Matches at Hapaee.*

A Number of men, armed with clubs, entered the circle, or area; where they paraded about for a few minutes, and then one half of them retired to one side, and the other half to the other side, seating themselves before the spectators. Presently after, they successively entertained us with single combats; one champion from one side challenging those of the other side, partly by words, but more by expressive gestures, to send one of their party to oppose him. The challenge was, in general, accepted; the two combatants placed themselves in proper attitudes, and the engagement began, which continued till one of them yielded, or till their weapons were broken. At the conclusion of each combat, the victor squatted himself down before the chief, then immediately rose up and retired. Some old men who seemed to preside as judges, gave their plaudit in a very few words, and the multitude, especially those on the side of the conqueror, ce-

lebrated the glory he had acquired in two or three loud huzzas.

This entertainment was sometimes suspended for a short space, and the intervals of time were filled up with wrestling and boxing-matches. The first were performed in the method practised at Otaheite, and the second differed very little from the English manner. A couple of stout wenches now stepped forth, and, without ceremony, began boxing with as much dexterity as the men. This contest, however, was but of short duration, for, in the space of half a minute, one of them gave it up. The victorious heroine was applauded by the spectators, in the same manner as the successful combatants of the other sex. Though we expressed some disapprobation at this part of the entertainment, it did not hinder two other females from entering into the lists; who seemed to be spirited girls, and if two old women had not interposed to part them, would probably have given each other a good drubbing. At least three thousand spectators were present when these combats were exhibited, and every thing was conducted with the most perfect good humour on all sides; though some of the champions, of both sexes, received blows which they must have felt the effect of for some time after.

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*On the peculiar Baseness of Vice in Nobility.*

[From Vicesimus Knox's Essays]

MANY, who have been raised to titles and estates by the virtue or good fortune of their ancestors, seem to consider themselves as privileged to infringe all

the common restraints established by a regard to decency, by moral philosophy, by natural and by revealed religion. They have noble blood in their veins, therefore they presume that the world was made for them to take their pastime in it. Who, they exclaim (with a volley of oaths and execrations), who shall dare to say to us, thus far shall ye go, and no farther? Rules, laws, and *modes of superstition* were made for the canaille, for the mushroom race, who sprung from dunghills, and on whom the sun of royalty has never shed its lustre. Scarcely any of the ancient philosophers could boast of this noble blood, and shall they presume to dictate to a nobleman, that is, perhaps, to a bastard of King Charles's strumpet, or to the diseased offspring of a leprous, scrophulous, sorry race of puiſne lordlings, whose names are only recorded in the books of ruined tradesmen, and whose illustrious exploits are limited to the regions of a cock-pit, a horse-race, a tavern, and a bawdy house? Shall a carpenter's son dictate to a Fitzroy? His lordship pleads his privileges: Let him riot in debauchery, seduce innocence, break the peace of private families, laugh at all that is sacred and serious, for is he not a duke?

You are indeed a duke: or, in other words, your great-grandfather, by good fortune or good deeds, acquired for you that noble old mansion-house, that park, those woods, those lands, those titles, all of which you basely dishonour. Though in your appearance you have not much of ducal dignity, yet we see your ducal coronet on your prostitute's vis-a-vis: we see you glorying in your shame, neglecting to pay your tradesmen, yet lavishing your gold on horses and harlots: stooping to the mean-

est company and diversions, yet retaining all the petty insolence of family pride: we see you meanly sneaking in a court; we see you rewarded, notwithstanding the infamy of your private life, with offices of trust and honour; we therefore acknowledge that you have all the common attributes and outward signs of the title which you happen to inherit. You have also had the honour of a divorce, and enjoy the envied and brilliant reputation of a professed adulterer. With a character and qualities so noble, every Briton must acknowledge how justly you are saluted by the appellation of your Grace! how justly are you made the companion of a prince, and the privy counsellor of the king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, *defender of the faith*, and over all causes, *ecclesiastical* as well as civil, supreme! But, irony apart, who can be surprised, or who can lament, when such wretches as yourself are the counsellors of kings, that the subjects rebel, that the empire is dismembered? Under a ruler like you, who would not glory in the illustrious character and conduct of a Washington?

When we read the list of dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons, and baronets, exhibited in the Court Calendar, we cannot help wondering at the great number of those who are sunk in obscurity, or branded with infamy; and at the extreme paucity of characters to which may be applied with justice, the epithets of decent, virtuous, learned, and devout. Here we see a long list of titled-shadows, whose names are seldom heard, and whose persons are seldom seen but at Newmarket and the chocolate-house. There we mark a tribe whom fame has celebrated for those feats of gallantry called, in an old fashioned book, *adultery*.

Here we point out a wretch stigmatized for unnatural crimes, there a blood-thirsty duellist. Debauchees, drunkards, spendthrifts, gamesters, tyrannical neighbours, and bad masters of families, occur to the mind of the reader so frequently, that they almost cease by familiarity to excite his animadversion. All this may be true, it will be said; but will it not be true of any other equal number of men? I venture to affirm that it will not. The power, rank, and opulence of the nobility, added to bad company, and often to a bad education, lead them beyond the line of common depravity. There is this also which distinguishes their errors from the usual errors of human infirmity; they boast of their enormities, and glory in their disgrace; exorbitant profligacy is considered as a mark of manly spirit; and all who are decent and regular, are ridiculed by the majority as tame, pusillanimous, hypocritical, superstitious, methodistical, prejudiced, or narrow-minded.

But allowing, what experience refutes, that the enormities of the enormities of the nominal great are not worse than those of others, yet it cannot be denied that their influence on the community is infinitely more detrimental. The greater part of mankind are weak and ill-educated; but to a feeble and ill-informed understanding, riches and titles appear to be the noblest distinctions of human nature. Whatever is said or done by the possessors of them, operates both as precept and example with irresistible force. It is sufficient, in the opinion of many a silly man and woman of fashion, to justify any eccentricity of behaviour, that a lord or a lady, whom they proudly name among their acquaintance, has set the example. Deformity

itself, awkwardness, rudeness, become grace and politeness, when exhibited by some duchess who affects fame by an impudent singularity. The court in Doctors-Commons exhibits frequent proofs, in the present times, directly repugnant to the law of God, pregnant with injuries to society, and fatal to private virtue and private happiness, are become fashionable. It is a pride and pleasure among the blasted lordlings of the day, to stand forth in a court of justice, and avow themselves the destroyers of female virtue and nuptial felicity. They are travelled men; and, like true patriots, emulating the manners of that nation which is endeavouring to destroy our political existence, they attempt to introduce the loose principles of conjugal libertinism into their own country. Those who have not travelled, imitate the noble youths who have; and thus is the sweet cup of domestic felicity almost universally embittered among those who, in the regions of fashion, pretend to superior skill in the art of enjoying life.

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FREDERIC AND HARRIET;  
*Or, The Discreet Parent.*

*A Genuine Narrative.*

MR GARLAND was a gentleman of good sense and fortune, in the west of England; he was beloved by all who were so happy as to be acquainted with him; but was particularly intimate with Mr Harvey, a near neighbour and a valuable friend; who at his death committed his daughter to Mr Garland's protection, who brought her up with all the tenderness of a parent.

Miss Harriet Harvey was in the tenth year of her age, when her father died; she was at first inconsolable for his death; but at length by the care and affection of her guardian, time wore away the extremity of her grief—Mr Garland discovered in Harriet a promising genius, and therefore took particular care of her education.—She was beautiful to admiration, and had a sweetness of temper, even in her childhood, that procured her universal esteem.

When Harriet was fifteen, her excellent accomplishments, joined to the beauties of her person, gained her many admirers; some of whom were of rank and fortune superior to her own.

Mr Garland had three sons: the eldest, who was named Frederic, was happy in a generous temper and graceful deportment: This young gentleman beheld with heart-felt uneasiness, the crowd of admirers that presented themselves to Harriet: he was sensible he had ever retained the highest esteem for her; but when others were about to deprive him of that dear object, the spark which lay concealed in his bosom burst into a flame, and he found he loved her even to distraction. He used every means in his power to render himself agreeable to her, and gave her every demonstration of the violence of his passion, but could never receive an adequate return: for though she secretly loved him above all men, yet, conscious that her fortune was inferior to Frederic's, and fearing to offend Mr Garland, she resolved never to discover her passion for him, unless some unforeseen accident brought it to light.

Frederic, in the extremity of his passion, abandoned himself to despair: no longer were the dictates of his reason sufficient to guard

him against the power of love! He sought solitude, and indulged himself in a melancholy, which in a short time brought his life into the most imminent danger: Harriet secretly kept a watchful eye over him; she saw with anxiety the fatal period to which the violence of his passion was hurrying him; yet, so strong were her sentiments of honour and gratitude to her guardian, that though she lived only as it were in the person of her dear Frederic, she chose rather to offer a sacrifice of both their lives to obedience, than indulge a passion which she feared would be contrary to his will.

Among the physicians who attended Frederic, one had the penetration to discover, that the presence of Harriet produced very extraordinary symptoms in his patient; and immediately told Mr Garland, it must be some secret grief or affection of the mind which caused his disorder, and advised him to examine Frederic on the subject. On this information, Mr Garland went to his son's chamber, and conjured him, if he had any value for his own life; and as he regarded the commands of his father, to tell the cause that had brought him to that melancholy condition. Frederic, who had the highest reverence for his father, after some little hesitation, declared, that the occasion of his disorder was the love he bore the beautiful Harriet.

Mr Garland, ever the worthy man and the indulgent parent, bade him be comforted, and assured him that the love he had for Harriet was no way disagreeable to him; with this assurance he left him, in order to consider what was to be done in this important affair. He was extremely anxious for the safety of his son, yet he determined not to lay any re-

straint on Harriet's inclinations ; though her fortune was much inferior to his son's, yet as she had admirers whose estates were far superior to Frederic's, the glittering allurements of riches might ensnare her heart, and she perhaps approve the lover for the sake of affluence : or for aught he knew, she might have given her affections to another, who might merit them by his love and honour.

He therefore resolved, if possible, to discover whether Harriet had a regard for any particular person ; and if he found she had, he determined his son, dear as he was to him, should fall a sacrifice to love, rather than he would be guilty of a dishonourable action.

He went directly to Harriet's chamber, where he found her attended only by her maid ; and he observed, that an air of melancholy appeared in her countenance. When the servant had withdrawn, he addressed himself to her in the following words : " You know, Harriet, when your father was on his death-bed, he sent for me, and committed all that he had, and *you* in particular to my care ; hitherto I have, to the utmost of my power, attended to the charge of my dying friend ; but there is still one obligation, and that too of the highest importance, incumbent on me, which is, to see you honourably disposed of in marriage to one who may be deserving of you." This speech crimsoned the cheeks of Harriet with a modest blush ; she rendered him notwithstanding all possible acknowledgements for his care, and assured him she would yield an entire obedience to his commands ; adding, that she considered him as her parent, and would rather die than give him the least uneasiness.

He then intreated her ingenuously to declare whether she had

placed her affections on any particular person ; at the same time assuring her, that he had such an entire confidence in her discretion, that his approbation should confirm her choice.

Finding this conversation had put the beautiful Harriet into a tender confusion, Mr Garland soothed her with the real affection of a father, he bade her look up with cheerfulness, and be assured, wherever her choice had fallen, both his esteem and approbation should accompany it. He then named some of her admirers who had been most frequent in their visits, and asked if any of them had obtained her affection.

Harriet, cheered by the inexpressible tenderness of her guardian, told him frankly they had not ; he then proceeded to name several others, but still found his question answered in the negative.

" Is there," continued Mr Garland, " any in my house then so happy as to have obtained your love ?" Harriet remained silent ; and on his naming Frederic, he observed a visible alteration in her countenance : Mr Garland seeing her disorder, concluded Frederic was the real object of her affection, and therefore thus addressed himself to her : " Beautiful Harriet, if you think Frederic worthy of your love, be assured of my free consent ; but if any other is so happy as to have gained your affections, be under no apprehensions on my account, for whoever you honour with your love shall certainly be entitled to my esteem. In me you have not only a guardian but a father ; I would have you consider me as such, and unfold to me the secrets of your heart, which the modesty of your sex might lead you to conceal from others, be assured that your confidence shall never be misused, nor

your hopes of satisfaction ill-founded.

It is impossible to express the sudden transport of Harriet's soul, the extremity of joy overwhelmed her, and she was ready to sink beneath the weight; however (thus encouraged) recovering herself, she said, "Much honoured Sir, I acknowledge, that both what I am, and what I have, are owing to your care and tenderness; and that all the happiness I now enjoy, and all that I am likely to possess, proceeds from you: as it will be impossible for me to return you such thanks as are adequate to the sensations I now feel, please to accept my silence, and to form to your own imagination what tribute a grateful heart would pay, which has received such numerous and unmerited favours."

Mr Garland, after many tender expressions of the regard he had for her, and receiving a modest acknowledgment that Frederic alone had won her heart, took his leave, telling her he would go and comfort his son, who loved her to distraction; and whose love of her was the chief cause of his illness, adding, that he hoped soon to see Harriet and Frederic the happiest couple in Europe. No sooner had Mr Garland left Harriet's chamber, than he hastened to Frederic in order to tell him the regard Harriet had for him. He found his fever greatly abated, which he attributed to the disclosing his passion for Harriet, he therefore communicated to him the success his love was likely to meet with, and the obliging manner with which Harriet received him. Frederic rendered his father the most dutiful acknowledgments for his tenderness, and was re-invigorated with the idea of Harriet's esteem.

A few days being spent in kind enquiries after each other's health,

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Frederic, with the permission of his father and his physicians, had an interview with his beloved Harriet; but as it is impossible to describe this tender scene, the reader will excuse me when I only tell him, that Frederic and Harriet were soon after united in the sacred bands of matrimony, and thereby made the happiest of the human race!

From this narrative, my fair countrywomen may learn, that an honest passion for a worthy man is a principle that may dwell in the chastest breast, provided the heart is firmly resolved not to let this laudable passion overleap the bounds of duty and gratitude; for whatever you may suffer from the concealment of your pain, till a particular occasion offers to declare it, consistent with your duty to your friends, yet Heaven will at last reward your virtue, and bless every HARRIET with her FREDERIC.

And let each fond parent mark the road to domestic peace and happiness, by watching the first emotions of virtuous love, and repaying filial obedience with actual tenderness and compliance, that marriage may no longer be made a bargain, but fixed on the basis of mutual love and esteem, may afford solid joy and felicity to the parties, and make their relations confess what Mr. Pope has so finely hinted:—"That they live a third time in their race."

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*Particulars relative to the Person, Government, &c. of PIUS VI. late Cardinal Breschi, and now the Sovereign Roman Pontiff.*

POPE PIUS VI. succeeded immediately to the famous Ganganelli, whom, as we presume, most of our readers have heard of

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read of. The late pope was indeed a character worthy of remark, since, notwithstanding the peculiarity of his situation, he frequently could not go through the formalities and parade of his office with satisfaction. He generally displayed indifference to them at least, and sometimes even exhibited marks of disgust. Besides all this, (which indeed might not be agreeable to numbers around him) he appeared in a great measure divested of prejudice, and ruled with equal sway as a temporal sovereign.

Pope Pius, his successor, chosen by the Conclave, as it should seem, on account of a contrary disposition to Ganganelli, was raised to the pontificate on Feb. 15. 1775, is not one who bows beneath age or infirmities. He has a fine person, of which it is to be presumed that he is not insensible, though in the decline of life; being near seventy years of age. He is well made, graceful, and has much agility, and his garments are put on in such a manner as to shew that he is not insensible of the additional charms of neatness of dress. Though his pontifical uniform little contributes to set off the elegance of his person, yet he knows how to display a well turned leg and foot to the best advantage. It is to be remarked that the women often break forth into praises of him. One day in particular, as his holiness was carried along a certain street, a young woman exclaimed, "How handsome! O how handsome he is!" whilst an old lady at an opposite window, mixing her veneration for his office with her admiration of his person, raising her eyes to heaven, answered, "He is as *handsome* as he is *holy*!"

The present pontiff differs from the late, in performing every function of his office; nor do the

most bigotted papists kiss his slipper, or perform their obedience to him in a manner so warm and sincere as he does to the image of St. Peter; bowing as he enters the church, kneeling, kissing the foot, and rubbing his brow and head (with what is conceived to be undissembled reverence) against the relics of that saint's foot, which not being made of flesh and blood, has already been more than half worn away by such salutes of pious devotees. And in 1775, the year of the jubilee, reduced from a Centennial Period to one of fifty, and lastly only of twenty-five years, his Holiness is said to have displayed uncommon splendour, and such an apparent vein of devotion in his benedictions, as failed not to engage at once the attention and affections of all those catholics that were present at the performance. It has been described in the principal of its circumstances, by a modern English traveller, in the following manner:

"After mass, the Pope (Pius VI.) gave the benediction to the people assembled before St. Peter's. —The horse and foot guards were drawn up in their most shewy uniform. The pontiff seated in an open portable chair, with the tiara (the papal crown) on his head, in his wardrobe's splendour, was carried out of a large window that opens in the front of the church. The silk hangings and trappings of his chair concealed those who carried it; so that to such as were below, he might seem to sail to the window, self-balanced in the air. The instant he appeared, the music struck up, the bells rang, and the cannon pealed from the castle of St. Angelo, St. Peter's, the Vatican, and the Tiber's banks, re-echoed the shouts of the populace. The pope pronounced the benediction after

a solemn pause during an awful silence. He elevated his out-stretched arms, then closed them together, and bringing them back, with a slow motion, as if he had laid hold of the blessing, and had been gently drawing it from heaven. Finally he threw his arms open, waving them for some time, as if his intention had been to scatter the benediction impartially among the people."

The author above quoted adds, That no ceremony can be better calculated than this, for striking the senses, and imposing on the understanding. This can be no proof of true religion, but rather an indication of the contrary. But we mean not here to meddle with the pope's ecclesiastical concerns, and merely noticed the ceremony of benediction as a striking pageant in a catholic country. It is however to be observed that the gentleman from whose works we extracted the above relation, acknowledges he sacrificed so far to vanity, love of novelty, or whatever the reader pleases to call it, as, in company with others, to kiss the pontiff's toe or slipper.

To a graceful person, his Holiness joins at once a polite and respectable behaviour. It appears that though zealous, he is not a bigot, nor countenances any thing that looks like persecution. A cardinal protector is assigned to the English, and a consul is established by him for them at Civita Vecchia, the importation being free; places for devotion are allowed, only in their discourses for instruction, they are enjoined not to meddle with affairs of state.—The rector of the English college, who is always since the jesuits have been dissolved, an Italian not treating the nation well, was lately removed by the pontiff's order. The cardinal minister, and most of those about the

court are masters of the English language, which is taught and encouraged to be spoken throughout the pope's dominions.

## ACCOUNT OF THE K A R M A T H I A N S.

*Continued from page 503:*

IN this project he was disappointed, for though Abdallah got his ambassadors admitted, the terms he proposed were rejected.

Abu Thaber was greatly surprised when his ambassadors, on their return, related to him the Caliph's answer. Insensibly his surprize was turned into rage; he resolved to take revenge for the slight that had been put upon his terms, which were indeed highly advantageous to him, but would, at the same time, have restored quiet to the empire. He therefore retook the field the following year, and made new conquests in the Mussulman territories. He attacked and seized many towns, and in particular, made terrible havock in the country round about Cufah. He besieged that city, took it by assault, gave it up to be plundered for several days, and slew the greatest part of the inhabitants; such of them as escaped the fury of the conquerors, were reduced to a state of slavery.

It is not said that any steps were then taken at the court of Bagdat, to curb the insolence of this rebel. He therefore continued his ravages without interruption, till about the 927th year of the Christian Era, when the Caliph sent out a body of troops against him, under the command of one of his officers named Joseph. The Karmathians, encouraged by their success de-

spised the Caliph's army; and Joseph having risked an action, his troops were defeated, and for the most part put to the sword, and he himself taken prisoner.

This victory was a fresh incitement to Abu Thaher to persevere; however, his intention was rather to intimidate the Caliph, than to make conquests; for having formed a design of approaching Bagdat, he only took with him a flying camp of four hundred horse, with which he threw the whole neighbourhood, and even the capital, into the greatest consternation. Moctader caused ten thousand men to march out, and to endeavour to carry off the detachment; but the Caliph's troops returned without having made the least attempt.

Abu Thaher having retired with the same expedition as he came, appeared again, and made a shew of attacking Aubar a city of Arabian Irak, twenty leagues from Bagdat; but it was no more than a feint, and he again marched back. The court was so terrified at this new proceeding, that so soon as they heard of the Karmathians departure, the Caliph, the ministers, and the ladies, who had a share in the government, returned thanks to God for the happy event, and distributed fifty thousand crowns in alms to the poor. Abu Thaher was not idle; he soon appeared and alarmed them in other parts, and retired almost as suddenly. The poor were likewise benefited by this event; for they received, on this occasion, alms to the amount of one hundred thousand drachmas.

In 928, the Karmathian spent his time in making incursions, in order to exhaust the Caliph's treasury in alms-giving: He was not indeed, obliged to think of making a defence, for they did not cause any troops to march out against

him till a long time was passed. He suspended his incursions to give rest to his troops; and made use of that juncture to go to Hajar, where he built a magnificent palace."

In 930, the Karmathians marched from the province of Baharein, where Abu Thaher had fixed their quarters, and took the road to Mecca, under the conduct of that prince. Their march was but one continued ravage, which became more furious as they approached the neighbourhood of that city: They afterwards laid siege to Mecca, carried it by storm, and slew more than thirty thousand persons. But what must have given infinitely greater concern to all true Mussulmen, was their profanation of the temple of Caabah: They took away the famous black stone, which, ever since the days of Mahomet, had been held in the highest veneration by the Mussulmen. They filled with dead bodies the well of Zemzem, so famous, and held in so great reverence by the Arabians: In short, they did all in their power to insult the whole nation, and the Caliph in particular, who, as the head of religion, must have been affected, and in a most lively manner, with the indignities committed in a city, which had been the nursery of Mussulmanism.

In 931, having thus pillaged Mecca, Abu Thaher marched towards Bagdat; and leaving the main body of his troops in a place at a considerable distance, he went with about one thousand men to skirmish in the neighbourhood of that capital; after which he passed the Tygris, and advanced so near, that it was high time to think of stopping his progress. The Caliph appointed to the command, on that occasion, one of his captains named Abu Sage, who having assembled about thirty

thousand men, marched out and encamped at some distance from the post which Thaher occupied. He sent one of his officers to reconnoitre the rebel's forces, and finding that they amounted to no more than one thousand men, he wrote to the Caliph, and with great confidence assured him, that he would soon deliver up Thaher to him as a prisoner, to be dealt with according to his pleasure. Meftader being delighted with this promise, and being always apprehensive that the enemy would elude him, wrote back on the spot, and commanded his general forthwith to break down the bridge on the Tygris, that he might not make his escape.

Abu Sage, relying on his superior numbers, did not deign at first to draw a sword against the Karmathians; and as he had formerly been acquainted with him, he sent an officer to inform him, that out of regard to the friendship that had once subsisted between them, he would now advise him to surrender, or to take the most speedy means for making his escape.

Abu Thaher, who was one of the most unlikely men in the world to relish such advice, asked the number of Abu Sage's troops? The officer answering, that he had thirty thousand men. "Tell him from me," replied the Karmathian, "that if he has thirty thousand men, he has not three such fellows as mine are." Thereupon he caused three of his soldiers to be called, and commanded the first to stab himself, and he obeyed without the least hesitation. He ordered the second to throw himself into the Tygris, and he forthwith precipitated himself into the river. And the third he commanded to ascend a lofty tower, and throw himself down to the bottom, and he immediately did so.

Then addressing himself to the Mussulman officer, who had been a witness of what had passed, "Do you think," said he, "that a prince who has such soldiers, need fear the great number of his enemies? For your part, I will give you quarter, because you do no more than your master has commanded; but depend upon it, you shall soon see your general chained up amongst my dogs."

The Mussulman officer being returned, and having given an account of what he had seen and heard, Abu Sage treated the speech of the Karmathian as a ridiculous bravado, for which he would soon give him due correction; and he deferred taking the necessary steps to surround him (as he had promised the Caliph) till the next day; but the Karmathians did not give him an opportunity. As he was persuaded that the Mussulmen, depending on their superiority of numbers, would be off their guard, he resolved to be before-hand with them, and to attack them, as soon as possible, in their camp: And therefore, on the envoy's departure, Abu Thaher sent out some persons to reconnoitre the posture of the enemy; and having considered the account they gave him of the Mussulman encampment, he issued orders for an attack the following night.

The Karmathians, assisted by the darkness, having approached undiscovered, fell on a sudden upon Abu Sage's camp with such fury that great part of his troops were slain, before it was well known that the enemy was in the camp; and the slaughter continued for a long time. This terrible alarm so intimidated the Mussulmen, that they could not be prevailed on to make use of their weapons in their own defence. A great number of them took to flight;

and some of the fugitives, not knowing whither they went (so dark was the night) fell in amongst the Karmathians, who knocked them on the head. Abu Sage assembled round about him a number of his bravest soldiers; but their resistance was ineffectual; the Karmathians cut them in pieces, and at last seized Abu Sage himself, whom they brought to their general Abu Thaher dealt with him as he had threatened to do, when the Mussulman officer came to persuade him to surrender; he chained him up amongst his dogs.

Abu Thaher contenting himself with having gained so considerable an advantage, in the very sight of the court, retired with his prisoners and the booty he had taken; and, by his departure, tranquillity was restored to the city of Bagdat.

In 937, the Caliph, or rather his Emir al Omara, was forced to make a treaty with Abu Thaher, and to agree to pay him an annual tribute of 50,000 Denarii of gold, in consideration of which he was to cease his ravages, and allow the caravans to pass unmolested to and from Mecca; but the treaty was not long observed on either side; for, in 947, the Karmathians, under their leader Murrasek, penetrated as far as Emeffa, the governor of which they defeated, and made prisoner; but near this place the grand Mussulman army came soon after up with them, when a most bloody battle ensued, in which they were totally defeated, and their leader killed.

This probably was the cause of their sending back to Mecca the famous black stone before mentioned, which they did in 950. It was matter of wonder, that after an interval of about twenty years, and after having many times refused immense sums which had been offered them, in case they

would return the stone, they should now bring it back gratis. The only reason they gave was, that they had carried it off by order of the superior powers, and that by a like order they were enjoined to return it.

Monsi, D'Herbelot observes, it was the common opinion that the order came from Ali; and that the Karmathians having fastened the stone to the first pillar, then to the second, and afterwards to the others, it always changed place till they fixed it to the seventh, which Ali had pointed out to them. From that time, the seventh pillar was called Rahmat, that is to say, Mercy of God. Some historians (says the same author) relate, that when the Karmathians carried away the stone from Mecca to their own country, they made use of forty of the largest and stoutest of their camels, and that they were all successively rired with the weight of it; but when it was to be brought back to Mecca, one very meagre camel only, carried it with great ease, and even grew fat on the journey.

After this last defeat we hear no more of any inroads or ravages made by the Karmathians; and probably, as they found themselves disappointed as to all the flattering prophecies, by which Abu Thaher, and their other leaders, had deluded them, they found afterwards but few followers. However, the sect was far from being annihilated, for some of them in the year 1090, established themselves, and formed a kind of Dynasty, under one Hassan Sabah, in Persian Irak. They were called Batineans or Assassins, from whence the word Assassin took its rise, because they professed a principle of privately murdering any man their leader should direct, though certain of perishing in the

attempt; and their leader was called by the title of Scheik al Gemal, that is to say, prince of Persian Irak, which was called Gemal, because of its being a mountainous country. But as Scheik in Arabic likewise signifies an old man, and Gemal signifies a mountain, the prince or chief of these banditti is by our historians called *The Old Man of the Mountain*, upon whose history the famous French antiquarian Pasquier has given us a dissertation; and though he does not upon this subject, shew such a thorough knowledge of antiquity as appears in most of his other writings, yet it is certain, that such an enthusiastic sect of treacherous banditti did exist in Asia, and continued long to exist, under a succession of what may be called popes or chief priests, for by them the wise and good Nezam el Mulk, vizir to the Sultan of Persia, was assassinated in 1091, as appears from this Arabian History, and from our own histories we know, that our brave and wise Edward the First, was, in 1271, attacked treacherously, and wounded by one of these Batineans, sent on purpose to murder him whilst on his expedition to the Holy Land; and we have accounts of several other princes, Mahometan as well as Christian, that were treacherously murdered by them, for they made no difference, if their chief so commanded, which, together with their principle of absolute active, as well as passive obedience, seems to be a full proof of their having been a spawn of the Karmathians, though distinguished by a new name.

This I think, Sir, is an entertaining piece of history; and we may draw these two useful inferences from it. 1. That there is nothing a government ought to

guard more carefully against, than the propagation of any ridiculous superstition or enthusiasm, because a very wicked one may be easily ingrafted upon it, as was the case in this instance; and, 2. That persecution is the very worst method for this purpose; for if Karmath had not been sentenced to die, his enthusiasm might, perhaps, have died with himself; at least it could never have drawn in such multitudes as to encourage any ambitious soldier to put himself at their head. Till then even multitudes of enthusiasts are despicable, and may, without danger, be exposed to ridicule by the governing powers; but when an ambitious, brave, and enterprising soldier gets himself, by chance or cunning, at their head, they become formidable even to an established government. I am,

SIR, &c.

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*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

SIR,

I'LL hold you fifty pounds to as many shillings, that neither you nor any of your readers can possibly guess, what is to be the subject of this short paper. All the augurs of Rome, all the witches and familiar spirits that ever were (not excepting the good old mother at Endor), and all Glanvilles devils into the bargain were they now to surround me, would be as ignorant of this matter as yourselves. It is neither a race nor a cock-fight, although I have offered to lay you a bet—and since no divination can discover my intentions, you will certainly permit me to divulge my own secret.

Be it known therefore unto all men that I have taken upon me to write, the adventures, amours,

and repulses in fight, of a matchless hero. I durst not, however, entrust the world with the production which is founded on facts, without first intimating, that I am the undoubted author, compiler, and collector, of every material of which it is composed. The illustrious writer of *Don Quixote*, before he ventures to put his hero upon action, thinks it proper in the first place to make us acquainted with his character. In imitation of him, I think it absolutely requisite to make the world intimately intelligent in this—and indeed the very salvation of my book depends upon this single article. Unless we have read a play it is a folly to see it acted. Had not the neighbouring nations been well versant with the character of Charles the 12th, when he opposed forty thousand Turks at Bender, with a force not exceeding forty-four persons, they would instantly have concluded them to be lunatics—or immortals. But being acquainted with his character, his courage, and his resolution, the action was only equal to their united expectations. A young author is very apt to run into errors, and this is my case exactly. I have discovered my mistake, and to make amends for the fault of not setting out with giving you my hero's character, I am now forced from various motives (prior to the publication of the book which is a small one) to give you a description of him.

To begin at the top of him—he has a round head, somewhat resembling a cannon ball—short light-coloured hair—two little blue eyes, which twinkle astonishingly among the ladies—a neck, an inch and a half long—and a person from head to foot about five feet five. This is pretty nearly an exact portraiture of my champion—and now

for his mental and other powers. In every thing he apes the orator, and speaks learnedly (without learning) upon any topic whatever. Perpetually prating—constantly chattering—invariably inconsistent—and always pert. He is the grossest vitiator of his Majesty's language, and will mangle and distort a word all to pieces. Though fifty years old he is still the young man among the fair sex, and is incapable of blushing because his face is already red. Extremely incorrect and incoherent in point of elocution, jarring in his ideas, and his tongue at open variance with his lips. It is of no consequence whether he understands any thing of the subject which he is to speak upon, for he can deliver himself for any length of time upon any subject. He confounds himself and all around him, and renders the clearest doctrine obscure and unintelligible. He has one property more, and that is, he will fight with a *sea* about a lady. He will strip to the skin, and get wounded and bruised in her defence, and never fights but with his natural weapons the fists. Two predominant passions arise out of this singular character, and these are loquacity and bruising.

Gentle readers! after looking over the out-lines, would you not wish to see the original himself! Look around you for such a character, and if you can find any one like it, let me but know, and I will constitute him my hero's squire. Be content therefore with the character at present, and by and by you shall have the adventures, &c.

I am, Mr Printer,

Yours, &c.

PHILOSTRATUS.

*Beaumont Banks, December 1787.*

## THE CASTLE OF ERASMUS;

Or, BERTRAND and ELIZA.

*A Legendary Tale.*

THE pipe was mute in the valleys, and the hills were no longer responsive to the vocal reed.—Three years had elapsed since the young and generous Bertrand was assassinated by Caled, near the Castle of Erasmus,—his lance hung inverted on his tomb, and his honours were mingled with the dust of his fathers.

“O when shall my sufferings have an end, and the grief worn frame return to its kindred clay?—Never shall thy lovely image be erased from my memory; thy virtues are engraven upon my heart!”—It was the voice of the amiable Eliza, offering her evening orisons at the shrine of the beloved Bertrand.

Silence held her still domain throughout the fertile plains, save where the distant watch-dog mark'd the rural hamlet.—Cynthia had gained the summit of the azure throne,—and smiled in lucid majesty o'er the blue expanse.—All nature aided the solemnity!—A row of aged oaks led to a cluster of spreading firs, which discovered a marble sepulchre adorn'd with military trophies.—The beautiful Eliza, amiable in sorrows; and patient in affliction, graced the awful scene.—She was kneeling in a posture of adoration and prayer,—her sable garment hung loose in melancholy folds, and mingled with her auburn tresses; the round tear of affliction stood in her languid eye, and the cypress groves reiterated the sighs of a broken heart.

In the midst of her orisons, Clifford (by whose command the

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assassination of Bertrand was perpetrated) appeared before the sorrowful Eliza.—Rage instantly kindled in her cheek, and reproaches burst from her lips.—“Dar’st thou, *perfidious and profane*, approach this hallowed place?—Ye Gods where are your avenging bolts? Why sleeps the thunder when this wretch draws near?—Dost thou not fear the anger of almighty power? Or is thy heart more hard than adamant; leagued with the demons of revenge to ward the stroke of justice.”

“Chide not too lovely fair one (replied the repentant Clifford) it was love for thee that led me on to madness: I beheld a favoured rival in the happy Bertrand;—I considered life, *without thee*, as an ocean opposed to incessant tempests,—but *with thee* all that heaven could bestow, or I could wish.—I vainly thought one bar alone remained between me and my fancied joys:—in a rash moment I employed the cursed Caled to execute my fell design; he obeyed, took his reward, and fled, since which time peace has been banished from the breast of Clifford, and soon must the cold hand of death bring him to an expiation of his crimes.”

“And dost thou talk of Love; abhorred assassin? thou who hast laid low the image of perfection—my Bertrand was the first, and shall be the last, my bleeding heart ever own’d.—Hear me, beloved shade! and witnesses for me all ye cherubs watching round his tomb, ne’er shall Eliza taste of pleasure more till we again shall meet in fields of joy:—then shall the rays of endless peace and love dispel the earthly mists of pain and woe.” Eliza again prostrated herself before the shrine, and Clifford, de-

jected, returned through the avenue to the castle.

Alwin, surnamed the good (who was then on the throne) hearing of the sorrows of Eliza, resolved to undertake the cause of injured innocence, by offering a considerable reward to the Champion who would meet Clifford, in single combat. The time of the approaching tournaments drew on apace, at length the day arrived, appointed for the cause of Eliza. The Circus was crowded with spectators. The king was seated beneath a canopy adorned with the riches of the east, and the constant fair one sat at his right hand;—every eye was centred on one object—the injured Eliza!—Clifford appeared in the lists,—and the trumpets were thrice sounded—a stranger instantly appeared, and accepted the challenge; his helmet of massy gold covered his face, it was studded with diamonds, and the nodding plumes shook defiance to his foe;—his armour of exquisite workmanship, darted a splendid radiance throughout the circus, and the blood red cross on his breast displayed a knight zealous in the Christian cause.—The dignity of his appearance, the symmetry of his shape, and the graceful manner with which he took up the glove charmed every beholder.—Clifford, all trembling, approached, and thus addressed the multitude.—“You see before you a wretch destined by the hand of fate, to meet eternal vengeance—fall I must, if not by the sword of my accuser, the weight of my own sins must soon bring me with sorrow to the grave.”—The martial trumpets were again flourished, and the champions engaged.—For some time the victory was doubtful, till at length the powerful arm of the stranger laid the lofty Clifford in

the dust, and the circus re-echoed with repeated acclamations.—His wound was mortal, and his friends gathered around him, even the injured Eliza sympathised in the tears shed on the dying penitent. While the crowd was attentive to the departing Clifford, a man muffled in a pilgrim's habit pressed forward, and throwing open his garment, thus addressed the vanquished champion.—“Thou man of sorrows, behold in this disguise, the person of Caled, once thy vassal, at whose command I undertook the murder of the worthy Bertrand, if thou hast enough of life to hear the event, attend and learn.”—The eyes of Clifford were nearly set in night, but agitated by a thousand emotions, seemed to express a desire to hear the narrative of Caled, who thus proceeded,—“Urged by your entreaties and the horrid purpose, I relented and discovered my intent to the gallant youth, whom I pressed to depart.—I have since heard he rendered himself famous on the plains of Palestine, by insisting in the Holy War. You insisted on my privately burying the corpse in the grove leading to the Castle of Erasmus; this I told you was performed, and the amiable Eliza, caused a superb shrine to be erected to his memory.—I received my reward and fled;—disguised in a pilgrim's habit, I followed Bertrand to Jerusalem—but my search was vain—for soon I heard that Bertrand was no more:—Flush'd with success, he joined the Croisades led by the gallant Richard, and met the shaft of death before the walls of Cyprus.”—Hope, horror, and despair, alternately reigned in the bosom of Eliza during the narrative, at the conclusion of which she fell lifeless at the feet of the victor.—The Champion, lifting up his helmet caught her in

his arms, "Behold (cried the stranger), one whose soul's link'd to thine,—revive thou paragon of excellence.—'Tis Bertrand calls thee back to life and me!"—At the well known name, Eliza awakened from her trance, and after gazing some time with speechless admiration, at length articulated:—"It is—it is—my long lost Bertrand!" Clifford lived but a few moments after the discovery—he received the pardon of the injured pair, and closed his eyes in peace—Bertrand turned to the astonished Caled, and embraced him as a friend,—every eye sparkled with joy, and every heart participated in the happiness of Bertrand and Eliza.

It is recorded in the annals of the Castle, that Virtue shall meet her reward, and Vice be humbled at her feet.

After paying the funeral rites to the manes of the unfortunate Clifford,—the nuptials were consummated in the utmost style of magnificence at Alwin's palace.—Eliza by degrees recovered her native bloom—Love glistened in her eye, and the roses revelled in her cheek. Bertrand again displayed his trophies in the hall of the Castle, and again assumed the hero!

The pipe once more gladden'd the vallies, and the hills were rendered vocal by the responsive notes of the reed. Peace spread her airy wings athwart the verdant plains,—and the vaulted roofs reverberated the found of the harp in the happy Castle of Erasmus.

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*To the Editor of the Berwick Museum.*

*Continued from page 394.*

SIR,

**H**AVING left the last place in haste to avoid the charge or

the suspicion of theft, I had not secured another service, and was forced to take a lodging in a back street, I had now got good cloaths. The woman who lived in the garret opposite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a mistress. I knew not why she was so kind, nor how I could recompense her, but in a few days I missed some of my linen; went to another lodging, and resolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In six weeks I became under-maid at the house of a mercer, in Cornhill, whose son was his apprentice. The young gentleman used to sit late at the tavern, without the knowledge of his father; and I was ordered by my mistress to let him in silently, to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, while the rest of the family was in bed, I considered as supernumerary; and having no business assigned for them, thought myself at liberty to spend them my own way: I kept myself awake with a book, and for some time liked my state the better for this opportunity of reading. At last, the upper maid found my book, and shewed it to my mistress; who told me, that wenches like me might spend their time better; that she never knew any of the readers that had good designs in their heads; that she could always find something else to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that such a fine lady should sit up for her young master.

This was the first time that I found it thought criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was dismissed decently, lest I

should tell tales, and had a small gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a small fortune. This was the only happy part of my life; my mistress, for whom public diversions were too expensive, spent her time with books, and was pleased to find a maid who could partake her amusements. I rose early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or listen, and was suffered to tell my opinion, or express my delight. Thus fifteen months stole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to servitude. But a burning fever seized my mistress, of whom I shall say no more, than that her servant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place; and was rather too delicate for the conversation of a kitchen; so that when I was hired in the family of an East-India Director, my behaviour was so different as they said, from that of a common servant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in disguise, and turned me out in three weeks, on suspicion of some design which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obstruction from my new accomplishments, and was hired under a housekeeper in a splendid family. Here I was too wise for the maids, and too nice for the footmen; yet I might have lived on without much uneasiness, had not my mistress the housekeeper, who used to employ me in buying necessaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's expences. I suppose it did not quite agree with her own book, for she fiercely declared her resolution, that there

should be no pen and ink in the kitchen but her own.

She had the justice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation; and I was easily admitted into another house in the neighbourhood, where my business was to sweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was for some time the favourite of Mrs Simper, my lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of some education. Mrs Simper loved a novel, though she could not read hard words, and therefore when her lady was abroad, we always laid hold of her books. At last my abilities became so much celebrated, that the house steward used to employ me in keeping his accounts; Mrs Simper then found out that my sauciness was grown to such an height that nobody could endure it, and told my lady, that there had not been a room well swept since Betty Broom came into the house.

I was then hired by a consumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her years, and though she was never pleased, yet when I declared my resolution to leave her, she burst into tears, and told me that I must bear the peevishness of a sick bed, and I should find myself remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in less than a week, when I set her gruel before her, I laid the spoon on the left side, and she threw her will into the fire. In two days she made another, which she burnt in the same manner, because she could not eat her chicken. A third was made and destroyed, because she heard a mouse within the wainscot, and was sure that I would suffer her to be carried

away alive. After this I was for some time out of favour, but as her illness grew upon her, resentment and fullness gave way to kinder sentiments. She died and left me five hundred pounds, with which I am going to settle in my native parish, where I resolve to spend some hours every day, in teaching poor girls to read and write.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble servant,  
BETTY BROOM.

*To the Editor of the Berwick  
Museum.*

SIR,  
YOU'LL please to insert the following memorandums in your useful Repository; and in doing so, you possibly may oblige others, as well as your correspondent,  
INQUISITOR.

*An Account of the old Newcastle  
Bridge.*

**N**EWCASTLE BRIDGE which fell in the year 1771, stood above 500 years, according to Matthew Paris. The former Bridge which was of wood, was burnt in the year 1248, together with a great part of the town.

After this misfortune, the Bishop of Durham and several other prelates, granted indulgences to all who would assist in rebuilding it: By which means it was completed, and stood till the dreadful flood on the 17th of November, 1771, which reduced it to a state of ruins.

The violence of the flood (being the highest ever known) at first

threw down two of the arches, and two more fell down two days after, together with these four arches, fell 23 houses and shops, which stood upon them, and six of the inhabitants perished in the ruins of the two first that fell.

*An Account of Moffat Wells.*

MOFFAT is a village in Annandale, 35 miles S. W. of Edinburgh. The mineral waters called Moffat Waters, lie at the distance of a long mile from the village. The springs are situated on the declivity of a hill, and on the brow of a precipice, with high mountains at a distance, almost on every side of them. The hill is the second from Hartfield, adjoining the highest hill in Scotland.

A vein of spar runs for several miles on this range of hills, and forms the bottom and lower sides of the wells. It is a greyish spar, having polished and shining surfaces of regular figures interspersed with glittering particles of a golden colour.

There are two medicinal springs, which are separated from each other by a small rock. The higher well is of an irregular square figure, and is about a foot and a half deep. The lower well is surrounded with naked rocks in form of a small arch of a circle. Its depth is four foot and a half, and by a moderate computation the two springs yield 40 loads of water in twenty-four hours, each load containing 128 English quarts.

These waters are strongly sulphureous, and resemble the scourgings of a fowl gun, or a weak solution of sal-polychrestum.

The colour of the water somewhat bluish.

## STATE OF POLITICS.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1787.

*From the English Review.*

THE supposed confederacy of European powers to expel the Turks from Europe, and to divide the dominions of the Sublime Porte, renders the rise, the duration, and possible fall, of that great empire an interesting subject of inquiry and speculation. Near 5 centuries have elapsed since the rise of the Ottoman power. Motamalem, the eighth caliph of the Abbassian line, introduced this race of barbarians to the throne of Mahomet. The numerous body of Turcomans, a ferocious people who had sprung from Scythia, whom he kept in his pay and attached to his service, becoming conscious of their own strength and the weakness of their masters, gradually assumed the reins of government. Having embraced Islamism, they rose to the honours of the state; admitted to an intimacy with the caliphs, they fomented quarrels between the princes of the blood, and destroyed the one by the other. When the caliphate had become a vain title, and the empire was torn to pieces by the Selgicucid Turks, the Ottomans, descended from the Ogusian Turks, who had been expelled by intestine wars from the borders of the Caspian Sea, effected another revolution. Othman, the bravest of the emirs, who led these ferocious barbarians, having seized Bythynia, became the founder of the Ottoman empire, which, under his successors, continued gradually to extend its territories and augment its power, till Mahomet the Second having taken Constantinople, annihilated the last remains

of Roman greatness, and seated himself on the throne of the Cæsars.

The finances, the military forces, and the power of this formidable government, are but little understood by the generality of readers. The chief imposts, which are authorised by the Alcoran, are of four kinds: 1. The *Moukaleaton* is properly the domain of the sword of Othman, the portion which the prince reserved for himself at the division of the conquests; of which three lots were made, the first for the monarch, the second for the mosques, and the third for the troops. The last was divided into timars, or military benefices, which were distributed to the soldiers. The lands belonging to the prince in each of the provinces are farmed by the bashaws. In this are likewise comprehended the maritime or frontier taxes, the confiscations, which are very frequent in Turkey, and the property of those who die without heirs.

The second object of revenue is an impost called *Awaris*, similar to our land-tax, which is collected indiscriminately from all the lands situated in the domains of the emperor, in those of the mosques, or in the timars. The occupiers of land are liable to the tax conformably to a certain rate, whether in the country or in the town, by whatever title they may hold their estates.

The third impost, of which frequent mention is made in the Alcoran, is the *Bacharadg*, a sort of poll-tax, paid by all those whom

the musfulmen call *Giaurs*, or infidels, such as the Roman Catholics, the Greek church, the Armenians, and Jews. It consists of an arbitrary imposition, according to the ability and religion of those whom the Turks call infidels. The Roman Catholics and the Jews are rated the highest.

The fourth impost is called *Edgolebkachan*, and has for its object the carrying of commodities, and other necessary effects, whether for the journeys of the sultans or the march of the troops. The necessity or avarice of the emperors or their ministers, has made this impost like the poll-tax of the *giaurs*. This exaction has not a little contributed to the troubles and insurrections that have harassed the empire.

The product of these four imposts amounts to about one million five hundred forty one thousand and sixty-six pounds sterling. The products of Egypt, and the province of Bagdad, are not included in this account. These two states pay the Porte a tribute in natural productions, such as flax, coffee, sugar, rice, lentils; they entertain all the troops employed in their defence; support the whole expence of the administration; and, besides the commodities just mentioned, send the Porte a tribute in money of fifty-eight thousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds sterling for Egypt, and forty one thousand six hundred and sixty-six for Bagdad.

Such is the amount of the Turkish finances, according to the account of M. Degirardin and the Count of Marfigli. This does not give us a high idea of the riches of the Ottoman empire; but it is far from including all its resources. It includes not the funds and revenues of the mosques, amounting to a third of the conquests, which

belong to the ulema, or body of ecclesiastics. When the priests and cadis have received a salary, which is fixed, the remains of the revenues, saved under the inspection of the Kassar Aga, are deposited in a treasury, and are not permitted to be touched but for wars of religion. But, as all their wars are against heretics, they are all counted religious; and thus the property of the mosques is applied to ease the burdens of the state.

Besides these regular sources of revenue, the emperor frequently avails himself of that text in the Alcoran, by which he is established the representative on earth to govern mankind by his sovereign pleasure. Although he is not "the sole proprietor in his empire, and the heir of all his subjects," as has been asserted by some authors, yet he can punish with death or confiscation of property whomsoever he pleases, without the form of a trial, or even the crime being known.

The Ottoman soldiery consist of the Timarians, or holders of military benefices, who are obliged to entertain at their own expence, and to conduct to the army or the frontiers, in case of necessity, a number of troops in proportion to the value of their Timars. The Spahis, an order of cavalry better disciplined, and more frequently assembled together, are paid out of the public treasury, have greatly contributed to the numerous conquests which the emperors have made. That formidable body of infantry the Janissaries, have often supported and often shaken the throne. Two less considerable corps, the Jebeggis and Topas, assist the Janissaries to enlarge the boundaries of the empire, or intimidate the emperor. The Asaps, or Zegbans, are troops occasionally assembled to serve in the moment

of necessity, like the coast-guards and *arriere-ban* in France.

The military and fanatical fervour of the first Mussulmen, who were equally animated by the love of plunder and the glory of martyrdom, has in some measure evaporated. Still, however, the Turkish soldiery is high spirited, brave, and obstinate. Their firm belief in predestination corroborates the native ferocity of the Turks; but valour is their chief if not their sole virtue. While the European nations, with whom they have been accustomed to engage in hostilities, have introduced improvements, and even revolutions into the art of war, as well as into all other arts, the Ottomans continue stationary, and follow the example of their fathers. Attached to all the prejudices of past times, ignorant of military discipline, and unacquainted with the European improvements; how have they been enabled to preserve such extensive and such vulnerable dominions, and to defend themselves against the meditated hostilities of powerful nations so far advanced in civility and the arts?

This inquiry becomes the more curious and important when we consider the short and transient duration in general of the Oriental kingdoms. The first Assyrian empire is said to have subsisted fifteen hundred years; but that belongs to the region of fable rather than true history. When we come to the period of authentic record, we know that the sovereignty of Nineveh and of Babylon had a sudden termination. Even the empire of Cyrus, though established by consummate wisdom as well as heroic valour, lasted only two hundred years. Modern Persia has experienced the same revolution as the ancient; and the throne of Isfahan has often been shaken.

But the Ottoman power, though situated in the neighbourhood of the most enlightened and warlike nations of the earth, remains invulnerable; as if the Turkish creed were true "that the house of Othman is to last coeval with their empire, which is only to terminate with the world."

Without attributing any thing miraculous or even marvellous to the interposition or protection of Mahomet, we may trace the paladium of Turkey in the political situation and jealous spirit of the European nations. The powers of Europe form a kind of regal republic, in which no one kingdom can bear the transcendent elevation of another. Such a rich prize as the dominions of Turkey, if grasped by any European potentate, would awaken the jealousy and animosity of the neighbouring states. The empress of Russia has frequently cast an ambitious eye to Constantinople; has projected a new Greek empire; and given the name of Constantine the Second to a prince of her blood. But her great distance from the scene of hostility would expose her armies and navies to accidents often more fatal than the sword. Notwithstanding the attention she has given to her marine, she is far from being powerful at sea. Besides, the strength of Russia at present is stretched beyond its natural dimensions. The empire is not alive in all its parts. The improvements which have taken place in the capital are not diffused among the provinces. While the motion of the heart is preternatural the extremities are frigid and motionless.

At the late conference between the emperor of Germany and the empress of Russia at Cherson, it is probable that this duumvirate might divide in imagination the

Spoils of the crescent. But the character of the emperor is no longer problematical. His ambition is without nerves; and his activity is impotent. He has never been successful but in his war against priests and nuns. Joseph may have dreams and visions of future greatness; but he is not likely to overturn empires, or to make a revolution in the world.

In the event of a Turkish war France, and of consequence Spain, would secretly or openly assist the Sublime Porte; and England would not remain neuter in the contest. The king of Prussia would keep the emperor of Germany at bay. The political observer of human affairs must therefore postpone the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and the fall of Mahomet, to a distant period. And happy it is for Christendom that Turkey should remain in the possession of its ancient lords.

Should war be carried on with vigour between the Porte and Russia, it would be more terrible in its operations, and desolating in its effects, than hostilities between other powers. The Tartar tribes, who are subject to the Turks, would, according to their usual custom, commit general devastation by fire and sword. The apprehension of consequences resulting from a desolated country affects not them; as they feed on the spare horses which they carry along with them, they are unconcerned at the ravages of the countries through which they pass. The Cossacks of the Ukraine, who acknowledge the authority of Russia, act in a similar manner, and inflict the most dreadful cruelties. If the furies of war were let loose in these ferocious regions, a scene of havoc and destruction would be the certain consequence.

On the event of a successful ter-

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mination to the supposed confederacy of the emperor and empress, the funeral of Ottoman greatness would be celebrated with obsequies of blood. The finest provinces of Europe would furnish a theatre of combats, and a scene of carnage to the conquerors as well as the conquered.

In another corner of the political hemisphere, where there seemed to be *a cloud bigger than a man's hand*, that portended tempests and destruction, unexpected tranquillity and peace are apparently established. But appearances in the political as well as in the natural world are often deceitful. There is a swell in the sea when the tempest is over; and when a conflagration seems to be extinguished, embers are often concealed in the ashes. The strong feelings of nations, like those of individuals, may be defeated without being subdued; and from the restraint of temporary power the passions of men may recover their bias, and return to their natural bent with redoubled vigour. No such appearances, however, can at present be discovered in the Dutch Netherlands. While daily accessions are made to the power of the stadtholder, and the limits set to his authority are becoming more obscure and invisible, the republican zeal of the people has ceased to flame, or is changed into a spirit of submission and accommodation. In former times revolutions have been incident to free governments as well as to despotic; republics have been overturned, but seldom without the horrors of civil war; a copious effusion of blood, and a violent convulsion of the whole political system. Such a rapid, and at the same time such a peaceful revolution, as that which has lately taken place in Holland, is unprecedented in history. Time

4 B

only can instruct us in its progress and its consequences. A cordial alliance between great Great-Britain and the Dutch Netherlands would restore these provinces to their natural station in the system of Europe, and perhaps to their former prosperity and ancient splendour. The progress of America in opulence, refinement, and the arts, has been arrested by the premature assertion of liberty and independence; the decline of the Dutch may be prevented, and their public felicity restored, by their recognizance of ancient leagues, and their return to legal authority.

A spirit, and ideas with regard to the rights of mankind, have now pervaded the French nation. An enthusiastic admiration of freedom has characterised the literati of France for half a century past; and as the influence of letters is more powerful in that kingdom than in any part of Europe, that enthusiasm is now diffused among the people. The amiable and benevolent Fenelon was the first of these speculative patriots, who even during the reign, and at the court of Lewis the Fourteenth, exhibited in his *Telemachus* a bold portrait of despotism, and a satire on the ambition of that prince. Since Montelquieu's "*Spirit of Laws*" began to enlighten Europe, and taught men to think like citizens, it has been a point of honour and of fashion among the French to espouse the cause of liberty, and to diffuse the feelings of patriotism. Philosophy, history, poetry, and romance, have united their forces to break the chains of slavery and to vindicate freedom. So strong was the current of republican fervour, that even Voltaire, who, though he spurned at the altar, kneeled humbly at the foot of the throne, caught for once the con-

tagion of philanthropy, and invoked the dramatic muse to celebrate the patriotism of Brutus. The vicinity of England, the favoured land of freedom; the introduction of English books, and even newspapers, which are read with avidity and enthusiasm and the recent emancipation of America, at which the subjects of a despot became the assertors of liberty; have given the French nation a sense of rights and privileges from which they are debarred, and a relish for blessings which they are not permitted to enjoy.

This general adoption of new political opinions in France forms an era in the history of that country. At the period of the reformation fanaticism was the powerful ally of patriotism in England, Switzerland, and the Low Countries; perhaps the fashionable freethinking which at present characterises France may prove an auxiliary no less useful to the cause of freedom. Both these extremes deprive authority of its most powerful support, superstition. Fanaticism, by consecrating men in their own eyes, and raising them to immediate communications with heaven, gives an extraordinary elevation to the mind, from which it looks down with disdain on all human establishments. Freethinking operates in a different manner. By teaching the natural equality of mankind, it takes away the charm from crowns, sceptres, thrones, and all the appendages of majesty; and regarding the regal office as intended for the benefit of the people, considers the king as amenable to the tribunal of his subjects.

A change of political sentiments in a nation, however, does not necessarily imply a change of government; and no revolution was ever brought about by the mere

force of speculation. The strong pressure of particular incidents must concur with the general passion for freedom to call forth and concentrate the energy of a whole people. To this happy concurrence of particular circumstances to corroborate general feelings, Athens, Rome, England, and Holland, have been indebted for their liberty. Nor have particular causes of discontents and murmurs against the government been wanting in France. During the administration of nine successive ministers the annual expenditure of France has exceeded the annual revenue. The enlightened and patriotic administration of M. Necker forms the only exception. That upright statesman and able financier, during the crisis of an expensive war, rendered the receipt superior to the expence; and by his vigilant administration, would in a few years, have extinguished a great part of the national debt, if jealousy and cabal had permitted him to remain in office. By an incredible and incomprehensible dissipation of the public money M. de Calonne has left a deficiency of a hundred and forty millions of French livres. New taxes, always odious in the time of peace, became necessary; those proposed by the monarch were particularly obnoxious; the voice of the people has reached the throne; and the king has made concessions to his parliaments.

The French nation, however, is by no means ripe for a revolution. A temporary disgust or indignation at an unpopular ministry, and even of the royal family, has excited a general spirit of opposition and murmuring, and roused the subjects of despotism to a freedom of speech and conduct seldom discovered even in free governments. But violent passions are not the

most lasting. It is probable that the tide will ebb as it has flowed. The character of the French is too volatile to be permanent. They are composed of materials too fine or frivolous to retain a durable impression. In France there is a fashion and a rage in philosophy and politics as well as in dress. Some concessions in favour of the subject may be granted, as has been usual during the reigns of weak princes. Some mitigations of arbitrary power may be made; perhaps *Lettres de Cachet* may be abolished; the mode of levying and collecting taxes rendered less oppressive; and a LITTLE CHARTER of French privileges distinguish the reign of Lewis the Sixteenth.

No minister ever met parliament in a more dignified point of view than Mr Pitt has done at the opening of the present session. The members of the House of Commons have for once unanimously expressed the general satisfaction and cordial congratulations of the nation which they represent. The events which have taken place during the recess of parliament, have promoted the public prosperity, and added to the national honour. A dangerous rebellion has been suppressed in the Dutch Netherlands, a party who have usurped dominion have been removed from power; an ancient ally has been restored to his hereditary dignity, and the blessings of legal government recovered to a country which was threatened with subjection to aristocratic tyranny. The subtle machinations of French policy have been detected and defeated; and the ambition of a restless rival humbled and depressed. After a long and calamitous war, in which this kingdom fought for its existence, it rose instantly to arms when summoned by the call of jus-

tice and of honour; by meritoriously stepping in to succour the distressed, and to preserve the independence of a country to which they were indebted for liberty at the glorious revolution, Britain has retrieved her rank among the nations, and resumed her ancient dignity in the system of Europe. While the objects of war have been gained abroad, the blessings of peace have been enjoyed at home; and tranquillity restored to the continent without the effusion of blood.

The commercial advantages acquired by the nation have kept pace with the progress of its political importance, and to whatever point we look in the wide extended circle of our dominions, we discern the most auspicious omens of public prosperity. The affairs of India are not only retrieved but rendered flourishing; the disorders in Ireland composed, and

tranquillity restored to that turbulent island; the trade of America reverting to its ancient channel; an extension and increase of commerce beyond the examples of past times; the annual revenue exceeding the annual expenditure by a million and a half; commercial capital, ingenuity and industry, giving us the superiority in every foreign market; and the balance of trade in our favour with all the nations of the world, are indications of present and promises of future felicity, that must give the most cordial satisfaction to every lover of his country, and inspire a confidence in the measures of those ministers by whom such advantages have been gained. So strong, indeed, at present, is the current of popular favour, that faction has ceased to murmur, and opposition to oppose.

To Mr T. H.

SIR,

Before you had taken upon you in so rash and arrogant a manner to censure my Solution as erroneous, you should at least have duly considered the data.—The Solution is *correct*, and founded upon undeniable principles, which you must *now* see.—Please to observe, it is the difference of *areas*, &c. of the tetrahedrons that is given, that is, the difference, &c. of their superficial contents, the word *area* implying the superficial contents, or measure of any body or figure whatever, and not its solidity; though from the *ingenious* Proposer's *Nota Bene*, the latter appears to be his meaning; he must therefore deem *area* and *solidity* synonymous terms; though it is well known their import is as different as day and night; and

Night to Day's as opposite

As Black Fryars are to White.

The altitude of the triangle will be  $x\sqrt{3}$ , and that of the tetra-

hedron  $x\sqrt{3}$ , as you justly observe; and I beg leave to observe that its *area* or superficial content will be  $\sqrt{3}x^2$ ; which equated with the respective *areas* the values of  $x$  will be obtained, and thence the required altitudes 1.074 and 2.840, as before stated.—But if *area* must imply *solidity* instead of *superficial measure*, its real import, the alti-

tudes will be as you have stated them: But the expression for the solidity (which you call *area*) will be  $\frac{\sqrt{2x^6}}{12}$ , not  $\frac{\sqrt{x^6}}{12}$ ; but this we

deem a press-error, and remain,

SIR, yours, &c. cordially,

J. B.

*N. B.* Mr R. S's Solution to the Question in the October *Museum*, is not only erroneous, but founded upon false principles.—“From the property of the data,” he says, “the diameter of the inscribed circle will be = 5” = 25, which is a false assertion; but even granting it to be true, the equation he exhibits can only hold good when the legs of the triangle are equal. But, the said diameter is, in fact, =  $\sqrt{200} + 20 = 24.142$ , thence by similar triangles, or other well known Theorems, the sides are found to be 38.57, 44.33, and 58.76.

J. B.

The Mistake has been acknowledged and rectified by Mr Short.

## P O E T R Y.

### FOR THE BERWICK MUSEUM.

#### A Meditation for Christmas Morning.

THOU heav'nly muse, so good and kind,  
O help me now to call to mind  
The loving Saviour's lowly birth,  
And raise my grov'ling thoughts from  
earth!

He liv'd (for us) to purchase heav'n,  
And died that we might be forgiven.  
Amazing grace! what love divine  
Thro' each of these transactions shine:  
Imagination's utmost flight  
Falls far below its wondrous height.

Sweeter the heav'nly love he brought,  
Than ancient sage or scribe e'er taught;  
Nor can our modern days produce  
Ought half so fit for mankind's use:  
Nor Kaims, nor Hume, nor Bolingbroke,  
Nor all that Shaftsbury e'er spoke,  
Can satisfy the human mind  
Like what we in the gospel find.

They for one sin cannot atone,  
Yet, strange! the Saviour they disown;

Beyond the grave they cannot go,  
Alas! such guides! to leave us so.  
But in the gospel we can see  
(What with our reason doth agree)  
God just and true, yet sin forgiven,  
And humble men receiv'd to heaven.

We'll to the sacred fane repair,  
And triumph in our Saviour there,  
For haughty hearts that will not now,  
Ere long shall be compell'd to bow.

### THE COMPLAINT,

Written under an Elm Tree, by a  
Young Lady.

GO gentle breeze, and waft my sighs  
To sweet yet faithless Charles's ear,  
Tell 'tis he alone I prize,  
'Tis he alone's my constant care.

How oft beneath this lonely shade,  
At rising morn and setting day,  
“E'er I for sake these arms, (he said)  
“Time shall fade and die away.”

And you, ye winding waters clear,  
That pearly through the wild brook  
    roam,  
O! bear in pity, bear this tear,  
To faithless Charles's peaceful home.

Tell him I'll ever constant prove,  
If he will all his vows fulfill,  
O grant it all ye pow'rs above,  
That he be true and constant still.

And you sweet echo deign to hear,  
Awake dear sylph, and bear thy part,  
Convey the sigh to Charles's ear,  
That bursts his Mary's bleeding heart.

Tell him that heart where he presides,  
Next setting sun shall beat no more,  
The stream that by his cottage glides,  
Shall leave me lifeless at his door.  
    Berwick, 1787.

These are thy triumphs, thou inconstant fair,  
These the sad havock of thy broken vow.

Behold the ruins of the man you lov'd,  
How chang'd, how wither'd now his  
    youthful bloom.  
Ah cruel maid! can you behold unmov'd,  
The youth you bring to his untimely  
    tomb!

Though all my love with falsehood is  
    repaid,  
For thy compassion I will never sigh;  
Thy pity I did vain, thou perjurd maid,  
For if I cannot suffer—I can die.

LEANDER.

December 3d, 1787.

### E L E G Y,

On the Death of Miss ——— who died  
    December 1st, 1787.

### T O C E L I A.

SOON, Celia, soon this aching heart  
    shall rest,  
Securely rest from all those crowding  
    woes;  
Within this silent grave this troubled  
    breast,  
Shall shortly find an undisturb'd repose.

Misfortune's rigorous hand I oft have  
    borne,  
Yet all her wounds could not extort a  
    tear;  
Till from my Celia's heart by falsehood  
    torn,  
My Celia's loss, ah me! what heart  
    could bear?

Riches are trifles I have long despis'd;  
I thought them treasures for a silly mind;  
Celia was all that in the world I priz'd,  
Now thou art gone, ah what is left be-  
    hind?

Why did I taste the sweets of Celia's  
    love?  
Why in my arms her heaving bosoms  
    press?  
O'er all her charms permitted not to  
    rove  
I ne'er had lov'd to such a wild excess.

It is not time has thin'd my flowing hair.  
Nor age has drawn these wrinkles on  
    my brow,

Procul O procul, este, profani! Virg.

DARTS, arrows, death's voraciousness  
    away!

Woe wrings my heart, and anguish fills  
    mine eyes,  
That joy we know, to see it but decay,  
That man should be so frail and yet so  
    wise!

This earth's no heav'n—yet would we  
    still be blest;  
Had high ideas of blisses ne'er been  
    known,  
This anxious day had never pain'd my  
    breast,  
Nor Flora here, so singular had shone!

I'll weep—not murmur: words may  
    here fulfil  
What men think grateful to the souls  
    they mourn:  
Weep world—the acted as it were her  
    will  
That all thy course of evils might be  
    borne!

Was't fancy's flight that led me to a sigh?  
Did partial judgement teach my heart  
    to glow?

If not, I cannot raise a thought more  
    high,  
At least no flatt'ry calls her angel now!

Else what is erring man?—Your pity spare,  
Ye few : whose griefs a little while endure :  
She needs it not—yet drop that bitter tear,  
That few, like her, can make this life allure !

And must these vulgar lines her worth proclaim ?  
These lowly strains, alas ! must I compose ?  
While common sorrow grows a public theme,  
Shall not one line sweet Flora's fate disclose.

### CHLOE TO DAPHNIS.

Say ! is not absence death to those who love.  
Pope.

THOU'RT gone, alas ! and I am left to mourn,  
(Ye Gods will Daphnis never more return !)

Must I in tears for ever here remain ?  
Of your departure always to complain.  
You oft affirmed with sincerest air,  
That never shepherdess was half so fair ;  
That neither change of season, climate,  
Not space,  
From your remembrance could erase my face ;  
That the whole world might to destruction move,  
That time itself could never change your love.

Our plighted vows and faith each other bind,  
Why then my Daphnis leave me thus behind ?

Where lies the merit for to stroll afar ;  
To court ev'n death amidst the broils of war ?

To risk a life, and cause a thousand sighs,  
To torture her who for her Daphnis dies,  
'Tis madness sure to ramble after fame.  
To die content because you've gain'd a name ;

The honour's small, tho' marching in the van

Of millions more from Beer sheba to Dan.  
Eternal toils corrode a soldier's life,  
His days are full of trouble, pain and strife,

No place of rest—no comfort does he find.

He's subject still to change with ev'ry wind.

(Fate, now and then on shore a soldier saves,

Only to drown him midst the boist'rous waves )

Agon'rous heart will e'er relieve distress,  
Return then Daphnis and your Chloe blest.

The pleasures which await you far exceed,

Such as arise from any martial deed.  
Return, return, from every peril fly,  
Your Chloe begs—oh ! do not her deny ?  
By all our vows—and every star above !  
You have my heart—and all my boundless love !

I'll share with you each joy and woe of life,

I blush to say—I long to be your wife.  
Ah ! hear me Daphnis, to the gods I vow,  
I cannot—will not—brook the loss of you.

Since you departed—woods nor lawns delight,

Each object darkens in your Chloe's sight,

Where'er with you I stray'd—still there I stray,

Silent and sad I pass each ling'ring day.  
Of Daphnis absence Chloe still complains,  
Daphnis is absent, echo all the plains.

The brave (I'm told) can never sickle prove,

If so, then Daphnis cannot change his love.

Your presence still 'bove ev'ry joy I prize,

Return my Daphnis—or your Chloe dies.

CHLOE.

Beaumont Banks, Dec. 1787.

### THE WISH.

GIVE me, ye gods, a calm retreat,  
Far from the bustle of the great,  
From empty pomp and noise ;  
Where envy weaves destructive toils,  
Where malice basks in dimpling smiles,  
And smiling—most destroys :

Give me alone content to know,  
Content, our richest bliss below,  
Which gilds the orient morn :  
Content, which heals the wounds of pain,  
Which yields a cordial for disdain,  
For infamy and scorn.

Tho' fluck from honours loftiest tread,  
 Drawn to misfortune's poorest shed,  
 By proud oppression's frown;  
 Like yon perch'd wood-lark void of care,  
 I'd sing my sorrows into air,  
 Or give them—to a crown!

### THE SHIPWRECK.

Continued from page 525.

**O**FT in the mazes of a neighbouring  
 grove,  
 Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows  
 of love;  
 By fond society their passion grew,  
 Like the young blossom fed with vernal  
 dew.  
 In evil hour the officious tongue of Fame  
 Betray'd the secret of their mutual  
 flame.  
 With grief and anger struggling in his  
 breast,  
 Palemon's father heard the tale confess-  
 Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,  
 And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.  
 Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart  
 he knew;  
 A heart to Nature's warm impressions  
 true!  
 Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless  
 toil,  
 With avarice to pollute that generous  
 soil:  
 That soil impregnated with nobler seed,  
 Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.  
 Elate with wealth, in active commerce  
 won,  
 And basking in the smile of Fortune's  
 fun,  
 With scorn the parent eyed the lowly  
 shade,  
 That veil'd the beauties of this charm-  
 ing maid.  
 Indignant he rebuk'd the enamour'd  
 boy,  
 The flattering promise of his future joy!  
 He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to re-  
 claim  
 This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:  
 Oft led the youth, where circling joys  
 delight  
 The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms  
 the sight.  
 With all her powers enchanting Music  
 fail'd,  
 And pleasure's fiery voice no more pre-  
 vail'd.  
 The Merchant, kindling then with  
 proud disdain,  
 In look and voice assum'd an harsher  
 strain,

In absence now his only hope remain'd;  
 And such the stern decree his will or-  
 dain'd.  
 Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his  
 doom,  
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening  
 gloom.  
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,  
 No tender pity touch'd that fordid  
 mind;  
 To thee, brave Albert, was the charge  
 consign'd.  
 The stately ship, forsaking England's  
 shore,  
 To regions far remote Palemon bore.  
 Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth  
 Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth:  
 From clime to clime an exile doom'd  
 to roam,  
 His heart still panted for it's secret  
 home.

The moon had circled twice her way-  
 ward zone,  
 To him since young Arion first was  
 known  
 Who, wandering here thro' many a  
 scene renown'd,  
 In Alexandria's port the vessel found;  
 Where, anxious to review his native  
 shore,  
 He on the roaring wave embark'd once  
 more.  
 Oft, by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,  
 With him Palemon kept the watch of  
 night;  
 In whose sad bosom many a sigh sup-  
 press'd,  
 Some painful secret of the soul confess'd,  
 Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd  
 Tho' shunning still to probe a wounded  
 mind;  
 He felt the chastity of silent woe,  
 Tho' glad the balm of comfort to be-  
 stow,  
 He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er  
 The tales of hapless love in ancient  
 lore,  
 Recall'd to memory by the adjacent  
 shore.  
 The scene thus present, and its story  
 known,  
 The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his  
 own.  
 Thus, tho' a recent date their friend-  
 ship bore,  
 Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'n-  
 ing ore:  
 For in one tide their passions seem'd to  
 roll,  
 By kindred age and sympathy of souls

## FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

*Constantinople, Nov. 10.*

THE fleet having suddenly returned from its cruise in the Black Sea, consisting of forty-two sail of ships; to the great surprise of every one here; without having struck a blow, the Vice-Admiral, who commanded, has been put under an arrest, and the fleet is ordered to proceed again to sea. The valour and capacity of this Vice-Admiral had been greatly boasted of.

According to the reports of the Ministry, they have hitherto lost only one ship of war, which was blown up, with its whole crew, consisting of 300, excepting about 30, who had the good fortune to escape.

The Russians, according to the most authentic accounts, have lost in all four vessels, two of which perished by the violent gale, at the mouth of the Nieper. One of the others was wrecked, and the fourth is now a good and serviceable ship in the haven of Constantinople.

The Captain Pacha is arrived at Rhodes from Egypt, with 26 or 27 ships, with a large supply of provisions, and a great sum of money. He is expected at Constantinople; and we are assured that the affairs of Egypt are settled in a manner very advantageous for the Porte.

*Vienna, Dec. 3.* By all that we can learn of the movements of the Russian army, they are not likely to remain inactive during the winter. The Turks seem to reckon on a reinforcement of Tartars, relying on which succours they turn a deaf ear to all proposals of accommodation with Russia.

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The floating batteries, which the Russians brought against Ocza-kow, were under the direction of a French Engineer. A Russian courier, charged with dispatches for the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, an Austrian General, brought the news of an action in the Crimea. We hear that the Turks have been obliged to abandon the Isle of Taman, which they took from the Russians.

*Paris, Dec. 16.* The sitting of the Peers and Parliament was on the 14th inst. very short. The Bishop of Beauvais spoke with a great deal of force against the restoration of the Protestants, so that that affair has been put off till the 19th instant. It is true the King is not to answer the second supplication of the 7th instant. till the 18th. They want to defer the registering of it as long as they can, that they may previously obtain the return of the three exiles.

*Hague, Dec. 20.* Sir James Harris, the British Ambassador, has been in conference with the deputed Council of the States General this morning, upon the alliance to be entered into between this Republic, Great Britain, and Prussia.

*Dec. 10.* The Grand Vizir superbly entertained the India Ambassador from Tippoo Saib, at the Imperial palace called the *Kiosque de eaux douces*; and this festival was honoured with the presence of the Grand Signior. The river leading to the Kiosque, was covered with boats and barges of all kinds, and being ranged along the shore, they formed a most agreeable spectacle. The diversions exhibited for the entertainment of

the Indian Ambassador, consisted in the discharge of cannons and the game called Girids, military evolutions performed by a body of Turkish cavalry, superbly clothed, and representing the customs of different people of the Ottoman Empire, as the Persians, Armenians, Medes, Turcomans, Arabs, Africans, Syrians, &c. The 300 Indians of the Ambassador's suite performed military exercises. and 200 Sypais, part of the above number, went through divers Eu-

ropean manœuvres. Gratuities were distributed to such of the soldiers as had signalized themselves by their expertness. This brought together upwards of 200,000 spectators, and the expence attending it is said to exceed 50,000 piastres. On this occasion the Grand Signior testified his approbation of the conduct of his Vizir, by presenting to him a rich robe of black fox skins, with a bow and arrow of great value.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

*London, Dec. 1.*

*Copy of a letter sent by the Grand Signior to the Grand Vizir, investing him with full Power to act in the present War :*

**M**Y Grand Vizir, To give you a signal mark of my esteem, I have sent you a sabre set with diamonds, with which you must destroy our enemies ; I send it you by my Cadvergi Bachi : as soon as you have girded it on your mighty thigh, you will without delay take the measures necessary for the defence and preservation of our empire. You will station the troops in the proper places. I trust to your care the Nobles of my empire, my soldiers, and subjects. You must justify this confidence. I recommend you to the protection of the Most High, and have invested you with unlimited power.

“The whole world knows the usurpation the Russians have made in the Crimea, and the number of

their vessels on the Black sea. What ought the sentiments of those who have any spark of our holy religion left in their hearts to be upon this occasion ? May the Supreme Being shower his grace on you, my Nobles, my soldiers, and myself ; may the Russians, our pernicious enemies, be exterminated !

“The countries possessed by my ancestors have been usurped by the Russians in violation of all treaties : in consequence of which war has been declared, and an oracle, issued from the sanctuary of laws, has confirmed that resolution to fulfil our duty in the war against the infidels, and to accomplish the laws of the Holy Prophet I have published my will throughout my empire. The preparations ought to be the first objects of our concern. I desire you, my Grand Vizer, who are animated by the most ardent zeal and justice, to make all the necessary dispositions to depart immediately,

and take the command of the army in person. I recommend to you harmony and a good understanding with all those who will be under you. Give the most rigorous orders that the officers who make the campaign keep themselves within the bounds of their situation, and in good economy, to avoid those disorders which happened in the preceding wars by the two great number of guards. In fine, accomplish the destruction of the Muscovites, the sworn and implacable enemies of our faith, for which end I give you the most unlimited powers."

34. The disappointment of the French in their late attempt to bring about a Quadruple Alliance between the Crown, the Emperor, Russia, and Spain, is a second overthrow given to the scheme of their Ministry, by the steady politics of our present rulers. But notwithstanding these repeated miscarriages of the Cabinet of Versailles, it is not to be doubted but that restless nation, perpetually goaded on by the stimulatives of ambition and universal empire, will very soon attempt, by some new mode, to disturb the peace of Europe, in order to check the growing prosperity of Great Britain.

The civil dissensions in France are much increased by religious disputes; the whole body of the clergy are thundering away, in the true spirit of the church militant, against the repealing act in favour of the protestants; but these are not days when persecution is likely to rear her crest with any likelihood of success.

Private letters from Paris state, that the Duke of Orleans has certainly had an offer of being recalled from his exile, on conditions which his Royal Highness would not accept.

Such was the management of our Ministers, that, when it was almost certain that we were on the eve of a war with the House of Bourbon, our forces were so injudiciously distributed, for the defence of our Colonies, that in the West Indies we have no soldiers, and in the East no ships. The former had not above 300 men in the several garrisons, while the latter was provided with more than 50,000.

By the new Treaty of Commerce, France has granted to Russia *all the privileges of the most favoured nations*.

And Russia, in return, has granted to France, *reciprocal privileges*.

In consequence of this Treaty, all the British merchants at Petersburg, and of other ports in Russia, have had notice given them, in form, that they *must* henceforth pay all customs, on their merchandise, *in ready money*.

It is *this* Treaty, which prevents a renewal of the treaties with Great Britain, which are expired.

France has, to a certain extent, *fixed* herself with Russia.

## BERWICK

*To country people travelling to London.*—A Gentleman, who went up in a light Coach from Liverpool, about a fortnight ago, was defrauded of his Trunk, containing linen, and other wearing apparel of a considerable value, in the following manner: On arriving at the Inn, where the coach stopt in London, he was shewn into a room, and his trunk brought and set down close beside him; soon after a man, genteelly dressed, entered as a waiter, with a pint pot in his hand, and taking up the trunk, de-

liberately walked out with it, unsuspected, in the presence of the owner, and ten or twelve other people, who happened to be in the room, and got clear off before the fraud was discovered.

*Against a swindler* of the name of Green, who goes about the country taking up goods of different persons, and has had the effrontery to use the name of many respectable Gentlemen, to countenance his nefarious practices.

### CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

This being the Day appointed for the Commemoration of the Nativity of our Saviour, the same was observed with the usual demonstrations of pious Joy, which shewed itself in more than ordinary consumption of the good Things of this Life.

It is confessed by Foreigners themselves, that no nation on earth furnishes such variety of plenty on the Table as the English—if any particular proof were wanting this Day would furnish it—and furnish something more—a proof that the English know how to treat what is set before them with a becoming Profundity. It is to be feared that *Disputes* will take place, and *internal Broils* which the Apothecaries only can determine.

To which may be added—and to which we beg leave to add—*The Compliments of the Season!*

But while we are eating more than we can carry in our Stomachs—and perhaps drinking more than will allow us to carry ourselves—let us think for a Moment on this inclement Season which aggravates the Horrors of Poverty.—An Offer from our Tables will be a feast to a poor Family: And we will get

by it a Something which will give an additional Zelt to our Enjoyments, and take from our Characters all that is selfish and uncharitable.

22. A curious cause was tried in a neighbouring county court between a Clergyman and a Taylor: The taylor sued for a bill for making a great coat, &c. The parson in defence would have stopped a shilling, under pretence of the taylor's cabbaging a quarter of a yard of cloth. After a trial of between two and three hours, the jury gave a verdict that the taylor's bill should be paid with all costs of suit, to the satisfaction of the court in general.

### MARRIAGES.

Dec. 11. Mr Brody, Cabinet-Maker to Miss Elizabeth Michelson.

19. Mr William Fair, Cabinet-Maker, to Miss Margaret Wallace.

24. At Edlingham, by the Rev. Mr Bare, Mr Geo. Culley, to Miss Spours of Broompark.

### DEATHS,

Dec. 19. Mrs Margery Guthrie, Tweedmouth, aged 70.

24. Mr. James Hall of Thornington, near Wooler, aged 65. He was a sincere friend, a kind husband, an affectionate parent, and a social companion, his loss is much regretted by all who knew his worth, but in particular by his amiable family, and poor neighbours.

31. Mrs Ford, wife of Mr W. Ford, Merchant.

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THE EDITOR of the BERWICK MUSEUM returns his most grateful Thanks to his Subscribers and Correspondents for their Patronage and assistance, and is extremely sorry to inform them, that from unavoidable business interveening, he is obliged to decline the publication of the Work ; perhaps at a future period he may call upon his Friends, and the Sons and Daughters of Genius for their support. The Ladies and Gentlemen, who have of late been so obliging as to signify their approbation, and promise of future aid, will be remembered with gratitude. He also returns Thanks to his new Friends who have signified their intention of patronizing the Berwick Museum for 1788; and he most humbly begs of all those, who have been Subscribers during the Three Years reign of the Museum, to settle Accounts: